

HOMER
 HIS
 ODYSSEY
 TRANSLATED,
 ADORN'D
 WITH
 SCULPTURE,
 AND
 ILLUSTRATED
 WITH
 ANNOTATIONS,

BY
 JOHN OGILBY, Esq;
 Master of His MAJESTIES Revels in the Kingdom of
 IRELAND.

L O N D O N,
 Printed by JAMES FLESHER, for the
 Authour, MDCLXIX.

TO THE
MOST NOBLE PRINCE,
JAMES,
DUKE, MARQUES AND EARL
OF

ORMOND,
EARL OF OSSORY AND BRECKNOCK,
VISCOUNT THURLES,

LORD BARON OF ARCLO AND LANTHONY,

LORD OF THE REGALITIES AND LIBERTIES
OF THE COUNTY OF TIPERARY,

CHANCELOUR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN,

LORD LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND GENERAL
GOVERNOUR OF HIS MAJESTY'S KINGDOM
OF IRELAND,

ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL OF HIS MAJESTY'S
KINGDOMS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND,

GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BED-CHAMBER,

LORD STEWARD OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

LORD LIEUTENANT AND LORD HIGH STEWARD OF THE
CITY OF BRISTOL,

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER,

THIS

The most Ancient and Best Piece of Moral and Political
Learning is humbly Presented and Dedicated,

By the most Obliged

And most Obedient

Of His Servants,

JOHN OGILBY.

CHARLES R.



CHARLES, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all Our loving Subjects, of what degree, condition or quality soever, within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, Greeting. Whereas upon the humble Request of Our Trusty and Wel-beloved Servant, JOHN OGILBY, Esquire, We were Graciously pleased by Our Warrant of the 25. of May, in the seventeenth Year of Our Reign, to grant him the sole Privilege and Immunity of Printing in fair Volumes, Adorned with Sculptures, Virgil Translated, Homer's Iliads, Æsop Paraphrased, and Our Entertainment in Passing through Our City of London, and Coronation, together with Homer's Odysses, and his fore-mentioned Æsop with his Additions and Annotations in Folio, with a Prohibition, that none should Print or Re-print the same in any Volumes, without the Consent and Approbation of him, the said John Ogilby, his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns, within the term of Fifteen Years next ensuing the Date of Our said Warrant; And whereas the said John Ogilby hath humbly besought Us to grant him farther Licence and Authority, to have the sole Privilege of Printing Homer's Works in the Original, Adorned with Sculptures, a Second Collection of Æsop's Fables Paraphrased, and Adorned with Sculptures, the Embassy of the Neatherland East-India Company to the Emperour of China with Sculptures, and an Octavo Virgil in English without Sculptures, heretofore by him Printed: We taking it into Our Princely Consideration, and for his farther Incouragement, have thought fit to grant, and We do hereby give and grant him the sole Privilege of Printing the said Books: and We do by these Presents streightly charge, prohibit and forbid all our Subjects to Print or Re-print the said Books in any Volumes, or any of them, or to Copy or Counterfeit any the Sculptures or Ingravements therein, within the term of Fifteen Years next ensuing the Date of these Presents, without the Consent and Approbation of the said John Ogilby, his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns; as they and every of them so offending will answer the contrary at their utmost Perill: whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obedience be given to this Our Royall Command. Given under Our Signet and Sign Mannall, at Our Court at White-hall, the 20. day of March, in the 19. Year of Our Reign, 1664.

By his MAJESTIE'S Command.

ARLINGTON.



Illustrissimo et Potentissimo
Marchi et Com. de
Gen. "Huber" Palatii
periscelidis Equiti: &
Principi Jacobo Duca
Ormond & Subernatori
Regij Senescalla Aurea
Tabulam hanc. LMDDEI. O. 1751



HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Court of Gods: Telemachus complains
To Pallas. Sutors Riot. Phemius Strains
Penelope disgust. Pallas inspires
The Prince with Strength and Prudence, then retires.
Astinous girls, Telemachus retorts,
Eurymachus sides: Night closeth Strife and Sports.*



HAT Prudent Heroe's Wan-
dring, Muse, rehearse,
Who (Troy being Sack'd) coast-
ing the Univerſe,
Saw many Cities, and their va-
rious Modes,

Much ſuffering toſ'd by Storms on raging Floods,
His Friends Conducting to their Native Coaſt;
But all in vain: for he his Navy loſt,
And they their Lives, prophanely feaſting on
Herds Conſecrated to the Glorious Sun;

A

Who

Who much incens'd, obstructed so their way,
They ne're return'd: *Jove's* Daughter this display!

All now by Wars and Billows undestroy'd
Were safe at home; He onely not enjoy'd
His dearest Spouse, nor with'd-for Passage gain'd,
Whilst in her Cave *Calypso* him detain'd,
And hop'd to Wed. But when the Circling Spheres
Compleated had the Fate-appointed Years,
That he his Home and Native Soil should see,
(Not from intestine Broils and Troubles free)
The Gods all pittied him; but *Neptune's* Rage,
Until he Landed, Vows could ne're assuage:
Who now to (a) *Ethiops* distant Regions gone,
(That verge the (b) Rising and Descending Sun)
At plenteous Tables highly entertain'd,
Sate, where his Altars *Hecatombs* distain'd;
Whilst th' other Gods in Heavens high Palace met,
There *Jove* reminding with no small regret,
Ægisthus Story, whom *Atrides* Son

Orestes slew, thus in full Court begun:

How fondly Mortals us accuse, that we
Both of their Crimes and Sufferings Authors be,
When by their Folly they themselves destroy!

So *Agamemnon* new return'd from *Troy*
Ægisthus murder'd, then Espous'd his Wife,
Though *Hermes* him on forfeit of his Life
From us forbad; Kill not the King, he said,
Nor *Clytemnestra* that Adultress Wed,
Left young *Orestes* his Revenger come,
And these Usurped Kingdoms reassume:
Yet obstinate he would not us regard,
So his foul Crime hath met a due Reward.

Then *Pallas*, Thou who rul'st these blest'd Abodes,
Great King of Kings, and Father of the Gods,

Deserv'dly

(a) It is observ'd by *Herodotus*, that *Neptune* was a God brought out of *Lybia* into *Greece*, and therefore properly feign'd by *Homer* to delight in the Countrys thereabout.

(b) There is great variety of Exposition upon this Place amongst the Ancients of the *Greek* Gram-marians, *Aristarchus*, *Crates*, &c. all whose Conjectures are produc'd and refuted by *Strabo*, in the First Book of his *Geography*. After which, he thus delivers his own Opinion: That as the ancient *Greeks* call'd all the more Northern People *Scythians*, or *Nomades*, and the Western *Celts*, *Iberes*, or *Celt-Iberes*, &c. so they call'd all that liv'd upon the Southern Ocean, from East to West, *Ethiopsians*, not those onely which lie South of *Aegypt*. This he confirms with Authorities out of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, which are something obscure, by reason those Tragedies from whence he borrow'd them are now lost: We shall therefore supply their Room with those which are more clear and evident. *Æschylus* in his *Prometheus*,

— πῶλον δὲ γῆν
Ἥξει καλαῖον φύλον, οἱ πορὶ ἡλίῳ
Ναῖσι παρὰ τὴν ἰθά περὶ τὴν Αἰ-
θίοψιν.

Thou shalt Black People find, where ri-
sing Suns
First gild the Earth, and swelling
Ethiops runs.

Ptolemy in his *Geography*, ἀπὸ δυοῶν μέρεσιν ἀναπλῶν ὡς πᾶσι μέλανες τῆς χροῆς Αἰθίοπες. There live under the Zodiac, from East to West, Men of black colour, *Ethiopsians*. And in another Place he divides *Ethiopia* into Eastern and Western. These *Ethiopsians* then, according to *Homer*, διὰ τὴν διὰ διὰ διὰ, were divided into Eastern and Western by the *Arabian* or *Egyptian* Gulf, which though *Homer* never makes mention of, as *Aristarchus* observ'd, yet it is not probable, saith *Strabo*, that he should be ignorant of that Gulf, which is but 1000 Stades distant from the *Mediterranean*, and be so well acquainted with *Thebes* of *Aegypt*, 4000 Stades farther off.

Deserv'dly he fell, and may they all
Who murder Princes, in like manner fall.
But much my Bowels for *Ulysses* yern,
Who pin'd with Grief, remote from his Concern,
A Sea-girt Isle, the Navel of the Main,
And fair (c) *Calypso's* Blandishments detain.
Him *Atlas* Daughter, who Heavens starry Rounds
Supports, and th' Oceans deepest Channels sounds,
With charming Beauty, Flattery, and Wit,
Labors that he his Country might forget;
Who rather would, though there he then should die,
Behold his native Smoke ascend the Skie.
Halt thou for him, O *Jove*, no more regret,
Who ne're thy Altars slighted at the (d) Fleet,
That thou offended, laist him thus aside?

Why me thus taxest thou, Heav'n's King reply'd?
How should I him forget, who so excells

Mortals in Prudence, and all Virtues else?
Who oft this Court with *Hecatombs* engag'd?
But *Neptune* still for (e) *Polypheme* enrag'd,
The *Cyclops* Prince, whom he on *Thosa* got,
The Nymph comprising in a shady Grot,
Though he not kil'd him, yet midst swallowing deeps,
Coopt in an Isle, far from his Country keeps.

Well, let us now consult how best we may
Work his Return, and *Neptune's* VVrath allay,
Who never sure a VVar dares undertake
Single against us all. Then *Pallas* spake;
O thou Great King, and Father of the Gods,
If that *Ulysses* shall his own Abodes
Again behold, let *Hermes* streight repair
To bright *Calypso*, and your will declare,
That she must him discharge without delay,
Whilst I with speed descend to *Ithaca*.

There

(c) A Nymph, the Daughter of *Atlas*, according to *Homer*, whom others make the Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*. She being in love with *Ulysses*, detain'd him seven Years in the Island *Ogygia*, though *Ovid* mentions but fix.

An grave sex annis pulchram soviisse
Calypso?
Æqueaque fuit concubuisse Dea?
Suffer'd *Ulysses* much, six years' en-
joy
Calypso? with a Nymph to sport and
toy?

(d) Πολλὸν γὰρ ἢ ἀναύειδε μέ-
γας ἐρύατο νῆες
Θιν' ἐφ' ἄλός πολλῆς, αὐτὸς γὰρ περὶ
τὰς μεθ' ὁδοῦ
Εἴποντο, ἀνὰ τὴν τῆς Θέτιος περὶ μνη-
στὴν ἰδὲ μέγαν, &c.

Their Vessels at great distance from
the Fight,
Did on the briny Oceans Margens lie,
The foremost bedded in the Sand safe
dry.
Walls ranging with their Sterns, their
streight Prows
Lay pinched up upon the narrow shores
Like Ladders steps, in Ranks the Vess-
els lay,
The large Faws fringing of the tren-
ding Bay. *Iliad* 14.

The word *Walls* makes it appear evidently that the Fleet was their Camp, out of this, *Iliad* 7.

Then Towers and Walls, strong Bul-
warks they erect,
Which might their Navy and them-
selves protect;
Next hung on Gates, with Bars well
fortify'd,
Through which the Princes might in
Chariots ride,
Which they enclos'd with Trenches
steep and large,
And Palladoes, to break off the
Charge.

(e) Whose Eye *Ulysses* put out with a Fire brand. Which Story is related at large, *Odys.* 9.

There I his Son, better to act his Part,
 Shall Prudence give, and a Courageous Heart;
 So he his House shall of those Sutors rid,
 And their Disorders in full Court forbid,
 Whose Ryots make such Havock there and Spoil.
 Next him I'll send to *Sparta*, then to *Pyle*,
 To seek his Sire: So he in Foreign Parts
 Shall purchase Honor by acquir'd Deserts.
 This said, she fits her Golden Talaries,
 Which her o're Hills and Dales and swelling Seas
 With fanning Winds through Aery Regions bear;
 Then up she takes her strong and ponderous Spear,
 With which, descended from so great a Sire,
 Oft Regiments of *Heroes* feel her Ire.
 Next stooping from *Olympus* spiry Heights,
 Transform'd to *Mentes*, (f) *Taphians* Prince, alights
 Before *Ulysses* Gate, then makes a stand,
 A Brazen-pointed Javelin in her Hand;
 Where the proud Sutors (g) Gaming she beheld,
 Seated on Hides of Bullocks they had kill'd.
 Heralds, with meaner Officers, attend;
 Some in large Vessels Wine and Water blend,
 Others the Boards with pory Sponges dry'd,
 And Tables cover'd, serv'd-up Cates divide.
 Her first *Telemachus*, 'mongst the debosh'd
 Corrivals sitting, saw as she approach'd:
 Then sadly fancying to himself, Should there
 His Valiant Father suddenly appear,
 Routing them all, how he would spoil their Sport,
 And soon regain his Honour, Wealth, and Court:
 Troubled a Stranger there so long should stand,
 He rose, and gently took her by the Hand,
 And it disburthening of her Javelin, spake;
 Since you are freely Welcom, please to take

With

(f) *Taphos* was a City on the Island *Cephalonia*, near adjoining to *Ithaca*, the Country of *Ulysses*, so call'd from *Taphus* the Son of *Pterelas*.—

(g) It is not agreed on by the ancient *Grammarians* what this Game was which *Penelope's* Sutors are feign'd by *Homer* to recreate themselves with. Some expound the *mosi*: here by *uisti*, Dice: but *Herodotus* doth clearly distinguish between these two, where he says, that the *Lydians* were the Inventors of Dice, and the rest of the Sports, except the *mosi*. *Apollon*, an eminent *Grammarians* in his time, call'd by *Tiberius* the Emperor *Cymbalum Mundi*, says that, according as he receiv'd it from *Cnoso* a Native of *Ithaca*, where 'tis probable the Sport might remain in use; 'twas this. The number of the Sutors being 108, they equally divided their Balls, that is, 54, on each side, directly opposite to each other. Betwixt the two Ranks remain'd a vacant Place, in the middle of which they plac'd a Mark, which they call'd *Penelope*, the scope which they were all to aim at. They took their turns by Lot, and he that hit the *Penelope*, and removing that further, lay in its place, and afterwards should with another hit the *Penelope* again, without touching any of the other Gamesters Men, was acknowledg'd Victor, and took it as a good Omen of obtaining his Mistress.

With us of what supplies our Boards a share;
 And when your Spirits, Sir, recruited are,
 How I may serve you intimate. This said,
 Up to the Hall the Goddess he convey'd:
 There 'gainst a Column sets her Lance, where stood
Ulysses Javelins planted like a Wood.
 Then in a Chair, with a rich Cushion grac'd
 And a carv'd Foot-stool, he *Minerva* plac'd:
 Then sets himself against her, from the rest,
 That nor their rude deportments should his Guest
 Disturb, nor their impertinencies tire;
 And better so of's Father to inquire,
 Water to wash their hands a Damsel-Sewer
 Pours forth in Silver from a Golden Ewer,
 Then spreads the Board, and on pure Manchet sets;
 The Cook the Table loads with various Cates,
 With richest Wines Attendants crown the Feast:
 When to their places the proud Sutors prest.
 Soon as they walk'd, and Bread up Virgins serv'd,
 All charg'd at once, and cut, and each where carv'd:
 Bowls fill'd and emptied wander here and there.
 When thirst and hunger satisfied were,
 Songs and Dances they begin to think:
 Sports heighten Banquets more than Meat and Drink.
 The Herald *Phemius* brings a Harp well strung,
 Who, though unwilling, play'd and sweetly sung:
 When thus *Telemachus* in *Pallas* ear;
 With this our rudeness, Sir, be pleas'd to bear.
 Songs are their business, with a well-set Aire,
 And thus to feast without a Bill of Fare: (Rain,
 Whilst on some Shore His Bones lie bleach'd with
 Or tumbled are with Billows through the Main,
 Whom should they see, rather they'd Wings desire
 Than large Possessions, Gold, or rich Attire.

B

But

But of my Father now remains no hope.
 If any born under Heaven's glorious cope
 Should me inform that here he would arrive,
 Since the time's past, I should not him believe.
 But tell me, Sir, your Country, Stock, and Name,
 And how, and why into these parts you came;
 Whether a stranger, or were heretofore
 Known to my Sire; since many on that score
 Visit our Court: He Correspondents had
 Through all these Isles. Then thus *Minerva* said;
 I *Mentes* am, *Ancibalus* Son, and reign
 O're *Taphians*, Traders through the boisterous Main:
 Hither I came to Anchor, as we pass

At ^(b) *Temese* to barter Iron for Brads.

Our Vessel in the *Rbeitbran* Harbour rides
 Safe under *Neium's* Grove from Wind and Tides.
 I often and thy hospitable Sire
 Treated each other. This thou mayst enquire
 Of old *Laertes*, who, as they report,
 Absents both from the City and the Court:

Where his old Maid, when faint with toyl and sweat,
 Pruning his spreading Vines, provides him Meat.
 I hear the Gods thy wandering Sire impede

In his return: For sure he is not dead.
 Him fierce men in the navel of the Main,
 A Sea-girt Isle, against his will detain.
 Though I no Prophet am, nor Augurie boast,
 Know he ere long shall reach his native Coast.
 Not him from home shall brazen Fetters keep,
 Nor raging Billows of the boisterous Deep.
 Are you his Son? Him you resemble much:
 Such were his Eyes, his manly Visage such.
 Me for his Friend *Ulysses* pleas'd to own
 Before the *Trojan* Expedition.

(b) *Temesa* was a City of the *Bruttii* in the foot of *Italy*, now called, as *Pontanus* conjectures in his History of *Naples*, *Longobus*. That this is the City meant by *Homer*, not that of *Cyprus* of the same name, appears, because the *Neapollitan Temesa* was famous for its veins of Brads, for which *Mentes* saies he traded thither, as appears by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, l. 15.

Hippodamiaque domus Regis, *Temese* *estque metalla*, *Hippodates* Palace, and *Temesian* Steel.

And *Statius*, in his *Sylva*,

—*se totis Temese dedit hausta metallis*, *Temese* whose Iron mines are drain'd.

And *Strabo* witnesses that the rooms for preparing of Brads remain'd there in his time, though empty. To which may be added the vicinity of this place to *Cephalenia*, and the great distance of the other.

But

But since the *Grecian* Princes launch'd their Fleet,
 We ne're enjoy'd the happiness to meet.

Then he reply'd; My Mother tells me so:
 Nor Children more of their own Parents know.
 Would I the Son were of a happy Sire,
 Who aged might in his own Court expire:
 But mine th' unfortunat' e're trod the Earth.

Then *Pallas*; Such a Mother brought thee forth,
 At such a time, that no unworthy Fate
 Shall thee attend. Sir, please to intimate,
 What means this Concourse? why such store of Guests?
 Is ~~it~~ some Treatment, or else Nuptial Feasts?
 This seems no Club, where each one paises his share;
 And yet extremely insolent they are.

A sober person ill would brook to view
 The ruffian pranks of this disorder'd Crew. (reign'd,

Then thus the Prince; Whilst here my Father
 Good Orders he and plenteous Boards maintain'd:
 Whom now cross powers, who alwaies mischief plot,
 Of mortals make the most unfortunate.

Nor for his Death should I so much complain,
 Had at the *Trojan* Leaguer he been slain,
 Or escaping Wars and Billows dy'd at home:
 Our Princes then erected had his Tomb,
 Investing me with his Estate and Power.

But greedy ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Harpyes* now his Corps devour,
 Leaving to me, his most unhappy Heir,
 In stead of Riches, sorrow and despair.

Nor wail I his disasters thus alone:
 The Gods have giv'n me sufferings of my own.
 Those Princes who these scattered Isles command,

⁽ⁱ⁾ *Dulichium*, *Samos*, and *Zacynthus* Strand,
 And *Ithaca*, my Mother to espouse

Daily addressing, thus molest my House:

(i) The *Harpyes* were the Daughters of *Pontus* and *Terra*, from whence they were feign'd to have their dominion partly on the Seas, partly on Land. They were Fowls with the faces of Women. Their form is to be seen in Sculpture in the Church of St. *Martin* at *Paris*, frequented as a Master-piece to draw these Monsters by both by Carvers and Painters. That they had Wings we learn from *Aeschylus*, who, mentioning the *Furies* asleep by *Orestes*, concludes they were not *Harpyes*, because they were *Aeschylus*, without Wings. There is a Coin yet extant of *L. Valerius*, where there is a *Harpy* represented.

(i) *Hellanicus*, one of the ancientest of the Greek Historians, took *Dulichium* here mentioned to have been *Cephalenia*. But *Strabo* has manifested that to be a groundless error; first, because *Dulichium* was under the command of *Aegeus*, the *Cephalenians* under the command of *Ulysses*. Secondly, because if *Dulichium* had been the same with *Cephalenia*, *Homer* would not have said that there went fifty Sailors from *Dulichium*, and four and twenty from *Samos*, which was a City of *Cephalenia*. *Strabo* reckons *Dulichium*, and that rightly, one of the *Echinades*, near the mouth of the river *Achelous*, in his time called *Dolicha*.

B 2

Whose

Whose Suit she not rejects nor grants, and now
Would gladly shake them off, but knows not how :
Whose riots waſt my ſtock ; on this pretext,
Me they perhaps will tear in pieces next.
Much pitying him, then thus *Minerva* ſaid ;

Thou want'ſt (alas !) thy valiant Father's aid ;
He ſoon their ranting humours would abate.
Could I but ſee him ſtanding at the Gate,
As in our Court when firſt I him beheld,
Arm'd with two Spears, a Cask and glittering Shield,
New come from ⁽¹⁾ *Ilus*, (for the boiſterous Main

(1) *Ilus* was Great-grand-child to *Medea*, a Lady famous for her exquisite ſkill in all manner of Poisons.

(m) There are four Cities of this name. Some of the Ancients conceive *Homer* to mean that of the *Thelpruians*, others that of the *Corinthians*. *Strabo* rather inclines to *Ephyra* of *Etolia*, becauſe *Homer* makes *Agamemnon* the Daughter of *Augias* King of the *Epeans* to have the knowledge of all ſorts of Poisons.

He plow'd to ^(m) *Ephyra*, Poiſon to obtain
To 'noint his Barbs, which wary he deni'd ;
Yet then my loving Father thine ſupply'd :)
Should he now enter in that poſture here,
Bitter would prove their Nuptials, ſad their Cheer.
But 'tis at the appointment of the Gods,
If ever he review his own aboads,
Or be reveng'd : yet now conſider well
How beſt thou may'ſt this haughty Crew expell.
A Court to morrow early ſummon, there
Require them all thy Palace to forbear :
And if thy Mother one muſt needs eſpouſe,
Let her return to her rich Father's houſe ;
There let them wed, there let her wary Sire
After her Dowre, or what'e'r elſe, inquire.
Next, if I may adviſe, make ready ſtraight
A nimble Veſſel of the ſecond Rate ;
Then ſail in queſt of thy long abſent Sire
To ſandy *Pyle*, of *Nefor* there inquire :
From thence to *Spartan Menelaus* haſt,
Who of the ſcattered Fleet arriv'd laſt ;
Of him perhaps ſome tidings thou may'ſt hear.
Make this thy buſineſs of the following year.

But

But hear'ſt thou of his death, return ſtraight home,
Perform his Obits, and erect his Tomb.

Then let thy Mother wed, and laſt imploy
Thy wits how thou theſe Suiters may'ſt deſtroy,
By force or fraud : and ſince of age thou art,
Leave childiſh ſports, and bravely act thy part.

Haſt thou not of *Oreſtes* heard, whoſe name
His gallant acts through all the World proclaim ?

He in *Ægiſthus* breſt, that Regicide
Who *Agamemnon* ſlew, his Weapon dy'd :

Thou art as likely ſo to purchaſe Fame.

But I expected at my Veſſel am,

And muſt aboard with ſpeed : What I adviſe

Be ſure to doe. When thus the Prince replies ;

You counſel like a friend, a Father ſuch

Would give a Son, which me concerns ſo much,

That I ſhall it purſue : here onely ſtay,

Though poſting time and buſineſs call away,

Bathe and reſoſe, till I a Gift prepare,

Which thou with joy may'ſt to thy Veſſel bear,

And keep as precious Treafure for my ſake,

Such as lov'd Gueſts from thoſe that treat them take.

Then *Pallas* ; Sir, I ſhould be loth t' offend ;

What favour you ſoe'r for me intend,

Reſerve till my return, that then I may

Accept your Preſent, and the like repay.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd like a Bird from thence,

Giving him courage and a tender ſenſe

Of his dear Sire. A while he wondring ſtood ;

But when reſolv'd this Stranger was ſome God,

He to the Suiters went, who ſilent at

Old *Phemius* Muſick and attentive ſate :

He ſung the *Greeks* hard paſs, from *Ithum* hurl'd

By *Pallas* heavy wrath about the World.

B 3

Penelope

Penelope hears him from her upper Rooms,
And down stairs with two Maids attending comes.
Entring the Hall a Veil her Beauty hides;
And, weeping, thus the sweet Musician chides;

Haſt thou no other Layes which deeds relate
Of men and Gods which Poets celebrate?
Such chufe whiſt they carowſe: theſe but foment
Old grief, and work afreſh on diſcontent.
Forbear this woſul Theam, ſince I not yet
Can one ſo honour'd through all *Greece* forget.

Then ſpake the Prince; Why, Mother, him d' ye blame
Pleaſing himſelf, or tax the Poet's Theam?
When greateſt *Jove* inſpires their ſacred Verſe,
Well he the *Greeks* miſfortunes may rehearſe.
What moſt concerns us moſt our ears invite;
What's new and rare ſtill heighten our delight.
My Father not alone his Voyage loſt,
But many more tie're reach'd their native Coaſt.
Look to your houſe, and your affairs at home,
See that your Maids ſpin, card, and ply their Loom:
Leave ſuch Diſputes to men who underſtand,
And me to umpire who ſhould here command.

This ſaid, aſtoniſh'd at her prudent Son,
She thence returns by two attended on;
And in her Chamber for her Lord did weep,
Till *Pallas* cloſ'd her Eyes with gentle ſleep.
When from the Board the proud *Corrivals* roſe,
And drowſie haſten to deſir'd repoſe.

Then ſpake the Prince; You that ſo haunt my houſe,
And vex my Mother, hoping to eſpouſe,
Ceafe your rude clamour, this diſorder curb,
Nor this high pleaſure with ſuch noiſe diſturb:
But hearken to his heavenly Voice and Lyre.
Next, I to morrow early you require

To

To meet in Counſel, where I ſhall ſuch Gueſts
Forbid my Court, elſe-where to make their Feaſts.
Which if thus warn'd you flight, and not forbear
To ruine me, by all the Gods I ſwear,
If *Jove* ſo pleaſe, you unlamented ſhall,
Juſt Vengeance feeling, periſh in this Hall.
This ſaid, all bit their lips, his Speech admir'd,
That he redreſs ſo boldly had requir'd.

Atinuous then; What God, my little Prince,
Inſpir'd thee with ſuch pretty Eloquentce?
Jove not decreed that thou ſhould'ſt rule this Land,
Beauſe thy Father once did us command.

Then thus the Prince; I ſhould thy wrath condemn,
Would *Jove* confer on me the Diadem;
To Reign is good, Courts are with plenty ſtor'd;
Princes are ſerv'd, are honour'd, and ador'd.
But there be many great ones here who may,
Since that my Father's dead, this Kingdom ſway:
Yet I a King ſhall in this Palace reign,
And, with Paternal wealth, due State maintain.

Then ſpake *Eurymachus*, *Polybus* Son;
Heaven's pleaſure muſt, *Telemachus*, be done.
But whoſoe're ſhall fill our empty Throne,
Rule thou thy Manſions and enjoy thy own:
None who this Iſle inhabits thee ſhall wrong.
But ſay, what Stranger talk'd with thee ſo long?
Ought knows he of your Sire, or hither comes
To pay old Debts, and clear contracted Sums?
He ſtay'd no time, did company decline;
He hath a noble Look and princely Mien.

Then thus the Prince; No news of him I hear:
I to no Wizzard now will give an ear,
For whom my Mother to this Country ſends.
This Stranger's one of my Sire's ancient Friends.

Mentes,

Mentes, *Anchialus* Son, who now commands
The *Taphians*, Traders into foreign Lands.

Thus said the Prince, though he the Goddess knew:
Then they to Dancing and their Songs withdrew.
When routed *Day* sought refuge in the West,
They to their several seats repair'd to rest.
When to his Lodgings built with wondrous art,
Which mid'st *Ulysses* Palace stood apart,
Thoughtfull *Telemachus* to rest ascends,
Whom *Euryclæa* with a Light attends:
(*Laertes* her had purchased of old,
At no small rate, for twenty *Bullocks* sold:
Her lov'd he, as his Spouse, but ne'er enjoy'd,
His jealous Wife's displeasure to avoid.
She up the Prince with much affection bred.)
Opening the door, down sits he on his Bed,
And off with speed his pliant Garments gets,
Which up she hanging puts in comely pleats
Close by his Bed. Her business thus dispatch'd,
The Door, pluck'd by a silver Ring, she latch'd;
Whilst pliant Blankets o're himself he laid,
Minding his Voyage, and what *Pallas* said.

HOMER'S



Illustrissimæ Dominæ
de Ormond Fabulam



Dⁿⁱ Elizabethæ Dⁿⁱ
hanc L M D D D I O L^{re}



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus a Council summons : all
The Island Princes meet : a frequent Hall.
Corrivals charge : sharp Answers and Replies.
Eagles disturb the Court : the Concourse rise.
The Prince (a Vessel with Provision stor'd)
And Pallas, like old Mentor, go aboard.*

NO sooner had the Daughter of the
Dawn
With rose Fingers Day's Portcullice
drawn,
But from his Bed *Laertes* Grand-child springs,
Puts on his Vest, and 'thwart his shoulders flings
His well-hatch'd Falchion, on his Sandals ties,
And forth with a majestic preference hies:
His Heralds then commanding straight to call
The Island Princes to the Council-Hall.

C

Soon

(a) It is observable that *Telemachus*, Prince of *Ithaca*, has no Guard or Attendance to accompany him to the Council: neither do I find in the Poems of *Homer* that ever Prince used any but in time of War: though *Eustathius* thinks, his Attendants had forsaken him for fear of the Suitors.

(b) It is not altogether unusual with *Homer*, to make the appellative name of a Country the proper name of a Man; as he does here *Aegyptius*, which signifies a Native of *Aegypt*; to be the proper name of a Prince of *Ithaca*: for so, in his *Illiads*, he feigns several proper names, as *Aeolus*, *Dardanius*, *Imbrinus*, *Epeus*, and the like, all which are properly relative to the native Country of any persons so called; which in succeeding Ages grew more common; *Achaeus* the name of a famous Poet, *Scythia* of a Philosopher, and *Carysius* an Historian.

(c) This is spoken according to the custom of those ancient times. And therefore *Agamemnon* made an Apology for himself, when he went not into the middle of the Assembly, but spake to them from his own Seat.

Soon as conven'd in Court the Heroes were,
In comes the Prince arm'd with a glittering Spear,
(*) Two Dogs attend; whose Face *Minerva* deck'd
With Heavenly raies and a Divine aspect:
All who beheld admire his winning grace,
And, whilst he mounts his Father's Throne, give place.
Then first arose (b) *Aegyptius*, a grave Sage,
Bow'd with the burthen of unwieldy Age.
Four Sons he had; one to the *Ilian* Plain
Follow'd *Ulysses* fortune through the Main:
Him *Polyphemus* in his Dungeon kill'd
The last, whose Flesh his rav'nous Stomach fill'd.
Three more surviv'd; one to the Queen made love,
The other did their Father's ground improve.
But he, as if he had no other Son,
Still mourns his loss, and weeping thus begun;

Me first to hear, you Princes, condescend:
We never here in Counsel thus conven'd
Since good *Ulysses* fail'd for *Ilium*.
For what then are we summon'd, or by whom?
Can any us newly arriv'd inform
Of some approaching Foes, impending Storm,
Or ought else that concerns the publick good?
His presence speaks him one of Noble Blood;
May *Jove* succeed his fair Designs. This said,
No longer sits the Prince, but highly glad
At what he heard amidst (c) the Concourse stands;
And when *Pisenor* had into his hands
A Scepter put, & *Aegyptius* the Prince
Himself addressing, thus declares his sense;

The Man's not far, and you shall quickly see
Who call'd this Court, forc'd by hard Destinie.
Not lately hearriv'd, nor can inform
Of any Foes approach, or gathering Storm,

Nor

Norought concerns the publick good relate.
My bus'ness all my own, my torn Estate
By two sad chances: First, my Sire I lost,
Who like a loving Father rul'd this Coast:
Then, what is worse, the House that he enjoy'd
Istoppie-turvy turn'd, his Stock destroy'd.
Our Grandees Sons do daily there resort,
And 'gainst her will my dearest Mother court;
Waving to visit her rich Father's House,
Who might the Contract draw, and her espouse
To one he likes, with a sufficient Dowre.
Daily repairing thither they devour
Fat Beeves, Sheep, Goats, and highly sup and dine,
Gratis Carowling deep on richest Wine.
Havock they make, whilst I a Champion want,
Such as my Sire, these Ranters to supplant;
Since I'm too weak to charge such waisting swarms,
Nurtur'd in Peace, unseen in feats of Arms.
But were my strength proportion'd to my mind,
Who act such pranks should soon my vengeance find;
I'd prop my sinking House. You Patriots, fear
Your Neighbours ill reports, the Gods revere,
Lest they should punish you for your neglect;
My case condole, and my Estate protect.
But I by *Jove* implore and *Themis*, who
All Counsels (d) summons and dissolves, that You
Refrain my House; suffer me there alone,
My self and my Misfortunes to bemoan.
If ere my Father by Hostility
Wrong'd any here, retaliate that on me.
Better it were that you such havock made,
Devour'd my State, then might I be repay'd:
For in the City I'de upon you call,
Untill you clear'd Accounts and gave me all.

C 2

But

(d) *Eustathius* on this place notes that the Statue of *Themis*, according to some Grammmarians, was brought into all publick Assemblies at their beginning, and carried forth at their dissolution: to which they will have *Homer* here to allude.

Most sober in advice, in counsel grave,
Thus on the Prodigie his judgment gave;
You Princes, this concerns the Suitors most,
Whom sudden Danger threatens; his Native Coast
And Friends e're long *Ulysses* shall enjoy:
He comes will them and many more destroy.
You Princes who this famous Isle possess,
Consult before how we may acquiesce:
Advise them straight all Courtship to forbear,
His House refrain, that he their Lives may spare.
I am no idle Prophet, wanting skill,
What-e're I have foretold hath happen'd still.
When first to *Troy* the *Græcians* steer'd their Fleet,
And Sails with them Renown'd *Ulysses* set,
I said, That suffering much, his Friends all lost,
He in the twentieth year his native Coast (said
Unknown should reach: which will prove true. Then
Eurymachus; Thy Children so perswade,

(1) Though prediction by Augury was religiously maintain'd by both Greek and Roman States, yet the more discreet of them seldom took farther notice of it than stood with their own advantage: of which *Homer* himself has given ample testimony in an elegant Speech of *Heitor*'s, *Iliad* 12.

Τὸν δ' αἰνέοντι ποσειδάωνος καλαῖας
Ποσειδάων, ὃ δ' ἐν γενεῇ ἑστῶτι,
ἔστι δὲ δέξῃ, ἵνα, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἑλίου, τῷ
ἔρῃ, καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡλίου, τῷ
ἡμῶν δ' ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡλίου, τῷ
ὅς μιν ἀνέστη, καὶ ἀνέστη, τῷ
ἐπὶ αἰὶνός, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡλίου, τῷ

Must I mark Birds when they their
wings expand,
Leave sure designs upon their Counter-
mand?
Let them, for me, to right or left hand
fly,
Where the Sun riseth, or forsakes the
Skie.
Jove's pleasure we should do without
delay,
Whom mortals and immortal Gods obey,
'Tis a good sign, we for our Country
fight.

From which last Verse *Q. Fabius Maximus*, a Roman Augur, took that saying of his; *Ubiq; ubi* is done to the benefit of the Commonwealth, is done optima auspiciis: what's ever is acted to its ruin, fit contra auspiciis.

(1) Dotard, at home, lest they should suffer: I
On this account can better prophecy.
Many Birds fly beneath the glorious Sun,
But all not fit to make a Judgment on.
Far off *Ulysses* dy'd, would thou hadst there
Perish'd with him, and never talk'd so here,
And with vain Prophecies this Youth incens'd,
Expecting at thy House a recompence.
But truth I'll thee foretell: If thou engage
The Prince with poy'sning words, provoking rage,
It shall prove bad for him, and worse for thee,
And thy design shall vain and fruitless be.
Dotard, on thee we'll punishment inflict,
Nor can we in our Vengeance be too strict.
But this advice I to the Prince commend.
Let him his Mother to *Icarus* fend.

There

There let them wed, there let her wary Sire
After her Dowre, or whate're else, inquire:
But we till then shall to his House repair,
And court the Queen, since none alive we fear;
No not *Telemachus*, although so high
He rants, nor yet thy fustian Prophecy,
Which thou, fond Buzzard, scandalizing Fate,
Prattlest to purchase our united Hate.
Still we shall haunt his House, there sup and dine,
Till she with one of us in Wedlock joyn;
Her Beauty takes us so, and curious Arts;
None else but She can captivate our hearts.

Then said the Prince; *Eurymachus*, I crave
That you and this Assembly now would wave
Former dispute, and I the like shall doe,
Since all the Gods and Greece our difference know:
And me a Vessell of the second Rate,
Well mann'd, provide, that I imbarcking strait
May sail for ^(m) *Pyle* and *Sparta*, to enquire,
As duty bids, of my long absent Sire,
If any there can tell, or Fame, that Post,
Who brings Intelligence from Coast to Coast.
Yet if I nothing hear of his Return,
A year his Absence patiently I'll mourn.
But of his Death inform'd, and that no more
He shall alive behold his native Shore,
Due Rites perform'd, I'll rear his Monument,
Then match my Mother with her own consent.

This said he fate, and up old *Mentor* rose,
Whom 'mongst his trustiest Friends *Ulysses* chose
His Steward, when for *Troy* he Anchors weigh'd,
And Supervisor of his Household made,
And thus began; You who our Princes are,
Hear with attention what I shall declare.

(m) *Pyle*, the Seat of old *Nestor*, as appears by the following Verses. But there were three Cities of that name in *Peloponnesus*, each of them in after-Ages challenging to themselves the honor of having been the Seat of *Nestor*'s Empire; the one in *Aradica*, the other in *Adeffene*, and the last in *Triphylia*. *Strabo* attributes it to the last, and proves it at large out of *Homer* himself, in the eighth Book of his Geography.

No

No more let Kings be pious, mild, nor just,
Nor act by Law, nor Reason, but their Lust;
Since none *Ulysses* minds who rul'd this Land,
Rul'd, like a Father, with a gentle hand.
I these proud Suitors not at all envy,
Who by depraved Counsells act so high,
Vent'ring their Lives his Riches to consume,
And thus, as ne're he would return, presume:
But I'm concern'd that all sit silent here,
And none rebuke, nor force them to forbear,
Since they a few, and we so many are.

Then spake *Leocritus*, *Euenor*'s Heir;
Well such advice might be, old *Mentor*, spar'd;
To force us to forbear, that task were hard:
When we with Wine are heightned at a Feast,
Should then *Ulysses*, an unwelcome Guest,
Arrive, and think to drive us from his House,
Small joy would find his long-expecting Spouse,
O're-match'd, to see him slain at his return.
You counsel ill: Let straight this Court adjourn,
Then thou and *Haliaberses*, if you list;
Who were his Father's friends, may him assist:
But here he long may sit e're news arrive
Of his Return, or that he is alive.

This said, the Concourse rose, and each repairs
To his Relations and their own Affairs,
The Suitors to the Court. The Prince mean-while
Down to the Sea-wash'd Margents of the Isle
Withdraws alone. Soon as his hands he had
With salt Waves ^(*) cleans'd, he thus to *Pallas* prai'd;

Hear me, who honour'dst yesterday my rooks,
And with thy presence gav'st such ample proofs,
Virgin, of thy affection, with commands
That I should seek my Sire in foreign Lands.

(*) It was the constant practice of the *Greeks*, to purify and cleanse themselves, by washing, before Prayer and Sacrifice. So *Chryses* in the first of the *Iliad*,

Χρυσέη δ' ἑστίασεν, ὃν ἄλοχ' ἔσπευε δ' ἑλθεῖν.
Ταῖσιν ὃ Χρυσὸς ὡπλὴν εὖ χέλει χερσὶν ἀνα-
χέει.

Up with wash'd hands they hurried
Barley cake.
When *Chryses* thus his earnest prayer did
make.

Which is not confirm'd onely by exam-
ple of particular persons, but by a ge-
neral precept, recorded by *Hesiod*,

Μυσθὲν δ' ἐν αἷσι δάκρυον αἵματι οἶον
Χερσὶν ἀνίσταται, καὶ δ' αἰὶναι δ' ἄνακτα.

To Jove nor any who in heaven com-
mands
Early libate before thou wash thy hands.

The Court me in my expectations fails,
And the proud Suitors Interest prevails.

Straight *Pallas*, like old *Mentor*, as he pray'd,
To him appear'd, and comforting, thus say'd;

Thy Father's Principles I shall instill
(Thou shalt not coldly act thy part nor ill)

Into thy bosom, and his Courage too;

Nor shalt thou onely speak like him, but doe.

Thou in thy 'ntended Voiage shalt go on.

But if th' art not *Icarus* Daughter's Son,

Of what thou undertak'st thou may'st despair.

Although few Children like their Fathers are;

Some better be; but many worse by far;

Thou not degenerat'st, but may'st compare

With thy great Father: so thou need'st not doubt

Thy Enterprize, what-e're, to bring about.

Let the fond Suitors to vain Projects trust,

Since they are neither Politick nor Just,

Who little know, their Fate approaching, they

Are destin'd all to perish in one day.

But I will, as a Father and a Friend,

Provide a Vessel, and on thee attend.

Now first go home, the Suitors kindly treat,

Pure Flow'r, rich Wine, such good Provision get,

Put in *Borachio*'s up and Sacks well fow'd,

Whilst I shall raise thee Volunteers abroad.

Mongst many Ships I'll chuse one tight and staunch,

And all our Goods aboard to th' Offine launch.

Thus *Pallas*. Straight *Telemachus* obey'd,

And with a heavy Heart hast homeward made;

Where stripping Goats the Princes he beheld,

And Porkers dressing in the Portal kill'd.

Ainonius, smiling, met him in the Hall,

And his Hand grasping, thus began to Droll;

The

D

My

My pretty Speaker, wrangle now no more,
But merry eat and drink, as heretofore :
Because the *Greeks* will rigg thy Ship meanwhile,
That thou mayst seek thy valiant Sire at *Pyle*.

Who thus reply'd ; Should I with Ranters feast
Against my will, who Privacy love best ?
Is't not enough you my Estate destroy,
My Stock consume, as still I were a Boy ?
But now of Age I'll take advice, and learn
With Courage how to mannage my Concern.
I shall attempt, either at *Pyle* or here,
To make you pay large Reck'nings for your Cheer.
Nor shall I lose my Voyage, though I want
A Ship, (which you were pleas'd they would not grant)
Since as a Passenger I'll leave this Land.

Thus say'd, he from *Antinous* plucks his Hand.
They went to Feasts prepar'd, and merry make,
Cavill and prate; when thus a proud Youth spake;

This Boy will kill us all : Bravoes he'll hire
At *Pyle* or *Sparta*, or from *Ephyre* dire
Poyson transport; and when we take our Rowle,
Wine mix'd with deadly Bane shall clear his House.

Another said; He may a Voyage make
Bad as his Father erst did undertake,
And perish far off, on a Foreign Shore:
Which rather will incumber us the more,
How we his Goods shall share; but we this House
Shall give his Mother, or whom she'll espouse.

Thus drolling they their Pride and Folly vent,
Whilst he up to his Father's Chamber went ;
Where Gold and Bras congested stood in piles
Along the wall, and Jars of several Oyls,
And Vests lay'd up : a Pipe of richest Wine
Lay farther in, whose liquor was divine,

Kept

Kept for *Ulysses* glad Return from Sea
By *Enryclea* under Lock and Key.

To whom the Prince ; Draw, next that richer Piece
Which for my hapless Sire provided is,
Twelve Runlets, Nurse, let them be staunch and sweet;
And twenty measures sack of purest Wheat.
Doe this alone; which, when my Mother goes
At night up to her Chamber, I'll dispose.
I must to *Pyle* and *Sparta*, to enquire
And listen after my long-absent Sire.

Aloud, this said, the bitterly complain'd:
Why wilt thou venture to a Foreign Land,
Who art *Ulysses* dear and onely Son ?
So perish'd he, far off in Realms unknown.

And now for thee some mischief they'll prepare :
Thou once destroy'd, thy Fortunes they will share.
Ah! stay thou here, thy Enterprize decline,
Nor furrow Billows through the raging Brine.

Then he reply'd ; No danger, Nurse, suspect :
That Power who me advis'd will me protect.
But swear, you my Departure keep unknown
To my dear Mother till twelve daies are gone,
(Unless that she of this my Absence hears)
Left she her Beauty wrong with briny Tears.

Then swearing Secrecy to his Design,
Pure Wheat she sacks, and runlets up rich Wine.
But down the Prince amongst the Suitors went :
Whilst *Pallas* did another Plot invent,
And, him resembling, gives about the word,
That at Sun-setting all should come aboard;
Desiring *Noemon* to lend his Bark.
He kindly grants, and when the Streets grew dark,
His Vessel launch'd, where she might lie afloat,
And Oars aboard, Yards, Sails and Tackle brought

D 2

With

Whilst they with furl'd-up Sails for Harbour bore;
Then mooring fast their Vessel, leap'd ashore.
But *Pallas* forth *Telemachus* conducts,
And on the Peer safe mounted thus instructs;

Now simpering Modesty and Blushes spare.
Since thou hast sail'd to make inquiry where
Thy Father lies, and how he dy'd; let's go
And see if ought of him old *Nestor* know;
Request the prudent King to tell the truth,
Nor ought extenuate to sooth thy Youth.

Then he reply'd; How shall I make address?
How him salute? that Language want t' express
My self in at th' Accost, who bashfull am,
And he a Prince as great in Age as Fame.

Telemachus, the Goddess then replies,
Be confident, nor thy own Parts despise:
Some God shall thee inspire; for I suppose
Thou hast in *Jove's* Celestial Court no Foes.

This said, off from the Beach *Minerva* leaps:
He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps.
And up they came where all the *Pylean* State,
Old *Nestor* and his valiant Off-spring, fate, (young
Whilst others dress'd their Cates: straight old and
About such Guests, so unexpected, throng,
Desiring with glad Welcomes to sit down.

But first *Pisistratus*, old *Nestor's* Son,
Them to the Board led up in either hand,
Placing on Skins, upon a bed of Sand,
Next *Nestor* and his Brother: part then brought
Of Sacred Inwards, and with rich Wine fraught
A Golden Bowl, which he to *Pallas* bore,
And thus presents: Sir, *Neptune* now implore,
Since thou hast fortun'd here, a welcome Guest,
To celebrate the World-Embracer's Feast.

And

And when with Prayer th' hast pay'd Libations due,
Give him the Cup, that he may offer too:

Whom I suppose thou need'st not much persuade
To implore the Gods: All Mortals want their aid.

But he's thy junior much, resembling me
In Age, therefore I bring this first to thee:

Giving the Bowl. *Minerva*, as he spoke,
With his discretion extreamly took,
Rejoyc'd that his respects to her he pay'd
Before the Prince, and thus to *Neptune* pray'd;

O thou great King, whose circling arms are hurl'd
Round the vast body of the mighty World,
Honour on *Nestor* and his Sons bestow;
And next, these civil People favour shew,
Whose Offerings on thy sacred Altars burn;
Last, grant this Prince and me a safe Return,
His business well effected, for whose sake
We hither furrow'd up the briny Lake.

Thus pray'd she, and, all Ceremonies done,
The Golden Bowl presents *Ulysses* Son:
Who in like manner paid Libations due.
Then Cates well roasted off with speed they drew,
And Messing up, all plentifully fare.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
To raise Discourse, thus ancient *Nestor* said;

Our Stomachs, worthy Guests, now well allaid,
Let us with Table-talk the time awhile,
And customary Questions, beguile.
Who are you, Sirs, and from what Country come?
Trade you abroad, or else as ^(c) Pirats roam,
Your Lives extending through the boisterous Flouds,
To seize as lawful Prize all foreign Goods?

When thus the Prince, embolden'd by the Maid
To ask about his long lost Father, said;

O thou

(c) It may seem strange, that *Nestor* should entertain his strange Guests with that ignominious, as it is now esteem'd, title of *Pirats*. But it does appear by the ancient Historians, that both the Islanders, and those of the Continent who bordered upon the Sea, chiefly maintained themselves by the Inroads they made into strange Countries and Towns unfortified, esteeming it the part of base and inferior spirits to live upon their own labour; and on the other side a token of Valour and Eminency to live upon Rapine and the Spoils of others. This *Thucydides* delivers in the Preface to his History, and confirms with this very place of *Homer*, though but obscurely intimated, where he saies, *In the ancient Poets, when Mariners were interrogated whether they were Pirats or no, they counted it no dishonour to confess it; nor did they think they had upbraided them, who asked them the question.*

O thou to whom all *Greece* prime honour pay,
 Hither we come, from *Neian Ithaca*,
 On private, not a publick score, t' inquire
 If dead or living be my absent Sire,
Ulysses, who, with thy especial aid,
 As Fame reports, proud *Troy* in *Ashes* laid.
 Who-e're there peris'd by th' insulting *Foe*,
 The place and manner of their Death we know:
 But *Jove* his Fate absconding, none can tell
 Nor certainly inform us where he fell;
 If slaughter'd by the *Trojans* in Campaign,
 Or lost 'mongst Billows in the boist'rous Main.
 On this account I now thy Suppliant am,
 If thou did'st see, or since by flying Fame
 Heard'st his sad Fate, that thou would'st tell the truth,
 And nought extenuate, pitying my Youth.
 But sure a hapless Son his Mother bore.
 I by my valiant Father thee implore,
 If e're his word he good by Action made
 Against the *Foe* in Field or Ambuscade,
 When worsted *Greeks* were in their greatest streight,
 That to remind, and all the truth relate.

Then *Nestor* said; Thou mak'st my heart to melt,
 Recalling all those Miseries we felt
 Under *Achilles*, plundering Towns by Sea;
 Or that sad Leaguer where so long we lay,
 Where our prime Chiefs we lost: There *Ajax* lies,
Patroclus, and renown'd *Æacides*:
 Where toils and sorrows fell on us so thick,
 To cast them up would pose Arithmetick.
 There fell *Antilochus*, my Off-spring, who
 Well kept his ground, and could as well pursue.
 Five years should'st thou inquiring here remain,
 What hardship there we suffer'd in Campaign;

Thou

Thou might'st the sixth return unsatisf'd.
 Nine years all Plots and Stratagems we tri'd,
 Which *Jove* scarce ended then. In that sad War
 None with thy prudent Father could compare,
 On all occasions acting best his part
 At close designing; if his Son thou art.
 And now I view thee better, I admire,
 Thou look'st so like and speak'st so like thy Sire.
 Nor need thy Blushes thee excuse as young,
 Who hast his Eloquence and silver Tongue.
 We ne're in publick, handling points of State,
 Thwarted each other, nor in close debate;
 But of one Judgment jump'd still on the same,
 Playing the best of a hard *Græcian* Game.
Ilium once sack'd, our Navy Anchors weigh'd:
 But *Jove*, offended, long our Voyage made.
 We were not Pious all, Prudent nor Just;
 Hence some for Riot suffer'd, some for Lust.
 And ^(d) *Pallas* 'twixt th' *Atrides* Strife begun;
 Who call'd a Council late, at setting Sun.
 Heated with Wine, the *Greeks* divided straight,
 And from harsh Language fell to high Debate.
 Then *Menelaus* orders all to weigh,
 And, minding Home, to plow the broad-back'd Sea.
 But *Agamemnon*, not so pleas'd, denies;
 Not one must stir before they Sacrifice,
 That so *Minerva's* Wrath might be appeas'd.
 Gods once incens'd are not so eas'ly pleas'd.
 Thus they contesting made a bitter close,
 And in divided Factions clamouring rose.
 That night our Sleep but little us reviv'd,
 Whilst greater sorrows *Jove* for us contriv'd.
 Next morn we launch, our Goods and Treasure stow'd,
 And with our long-veil'd Captives leave the Road.

E

The

(d) *Pallas* favoured the *Græcians* during the whole *Trojan* War, nor does *Homer* give any account whence she was so incensed against them. The later Poets say that *Ajax* despoiled her Priestess *Cassandra*, a Virgin and Prophetess.

Which dishonour she revenged not only on *Ajax* himself, but the whole Nation. And thence *Virgil* follows,

Æn. 1.
 — *Palladæ exurere classem*
Argivam, atque ipsos pavit submergere
pontus,
Unius obnoxam & furias Ajaxis Oilei?
Illa Jovis rapidum jaculata è nubibus
ignem
Disjunctique rates, everitque aquora
venit.
Illos expirantem transfixa pectore flam-
mas
Turbine corripuit, scopiisque infixit
acuta.

— could *Pallas* burn
 And sink the *Græcian* Navy in the Sea
 For one man's Lust, *Ajax* Impiety?
 She cast *Jove's* winged Lightning from
 a Cloud,
 Dispers'd their Fleet, with Wind the
 Ocean plow'd.
 Him, breathing flames, which through
 his bosom broke,
 Stok'd with a Whirl-wind on a pointed
 Rock.

The other half with *Agamemnon* stay,
 And as their King and General obey.
Tenedos, plowing Billows, soon we made,
 And on the Beach our Offerings duly paid
 For a safe Passage: but this *Jove* deni'd,
 And did our Fleet a second time divide.
Ulysses Squadron on our General's score
 Sail'd back, and anchor'd where they rode before.
 But I, perceiving *Jove* offended, fled
 With my whole Fleet, and honour'd *Diomed*.
 Us *Menelaus* found at ^(f) *Lesbos*, there
 Consulting if we should 'bove ^(g) *Chios* steer
 To ^(h) *Pfyria*, or, on our Lar-board hand,
 For stormy * *Mimas* under *Chios* stand.
 Then we great *Jove* besought, who gave a ⁽ⁱ⁾ Sign,
 Would we be safe, to plow ^(j) *Eubæan* Brine.
 Thence through swoln Billows, with a favouring Gale,
 In one short night we to ^(k) *Geræstus* sail;
 Where we with Thighs of fatted Bulls stain'd
^(m) *Neptunian* Altars, then forsake the Land.
 The fourth day *Diomed* at *Argos* lands;
 Thence turning straight for *Pyle* my Navy stands:
 Nor the same Wind that *Jove* first sent us sail'd:
 So I, dear Son, in safety hither sail'd,
 Nor know who 'scap'd, or were of life depriv'd.
 But what I learn'd since I at home arriv'd,
 I shall to thee relate. *Pyrrhus*, they say,
 His Navy safe to *Phibia* did convey.
 Safe *Philoctetes* harbour'd his tall Fleet.
 None lost *Idomeneus*, but to *Creet*
 His flying Squadron he in safety steer'd.
 How *Agamemnon* landed you have heard,
 And how *Ægisthus* him supplanting slew;
 Where he receiv'd Retaliation due,

(f) An Island in the *Ægean* Sea not far distant from *Troy*.

(g) Another Island in the *Ægean* Sea four hundred Stades distant from *Lesbos*.

(h) An Island distant sixty Stades from *Chios*.

* A Mountain in *Ionia*, abounding with Trees and wild Beasts, directly over against *Chios*; so call'd from *Mimas* a Giant there buried.

(i) The Poet mentions not what Sign it was, which has given liberty to the conjectures of the Commentators. But I conceive he meant no more than a favourable Gale for their passage to *Eubæa*.

(k) A large Island near unto *Greece*, now call'd *Negropont*.

(j) A Port-town in *Eubæa*, but not mentioned by *Homer* in his *Iliad*.

(m) *Strabo* mentions the Temple of *Neptune* at *Geræstus* standing in his time.

Slain

Slain by *Orestes*, who his Faulchion dy'd
 In Bloud of that accursed Regicide.
 Be Valiant thou too, Son; thy Face hath lines
 Which speak thee fam'd to be for bold Designs.
 Then thus the Prince; Thou who the Glory art
 Of all the *Greeks*, be met his just desert;
 And through the World *Greece* shall his Fame divulge.
 Ah! that the Gods would me so much indulge,
 That I might take the like Revenge on them
 Who plot my Ruine, and my Youth contemn.
 But th' unkind Pow'rs allow my Sire nor me
 No happiness, we still must Sufferers be.
 Then *Nestor*; Truth thou saist, so all report,
 That several Princes to thy House resort,
 Courting thy Mother, melting thy Estate.
 Is it thy will, or is't thy People's hate,
 Stir'd up by ⁽ⁿ⁾ Oracles? Who knows but he
 Returning may on them Revenged be
 Alone, or else for him a Party rather?
 Should *Pallas* aid thee, as she did thy Father
 Against the *Trojans*, when we suffer'd so,
 (I ne'r saw any God such favour show
 To Mortal in distress as she to him)
 Had'st thou from her like favour and esteem,
 Soon Nuptial fancies they should lay aside.
 When thus the prudent Youth to him repli'd;
Nestor, what thou hast said will never be;
 For I despair that happy day to see,
 Although revenging Gods with us should side.
Telemachus, *Minerva* then repli'd,
 How scap'd such words thy Teeth, their Ivory guard?
 Nor *Jove* from Heaven's high Turrets finds it hard
 In Exigencies Mortals to relieve.
 I rather, suffering many woes, would live,

(n) *Enstabus* on this place observes, that Princes have often been depoted by their Subjects, incited thereto by some Oracle.

E 2

And

And home returning my Estate enjoy,
Then that some Stranger there should me destroy.
So hapless *Agamemnon* lost his life
By fly *Ægisthus*, and his curst Wife.
Nor can the Gods those whom they most esteem
Rescue from Death, nor from the Grave redeem
Who, once arrested, to th' Infernal shade
Are hurried hence. *Telemachus* then said;

Mentor, of this sad Argument no more:
I fear he ne're shall see his Native Shore,
Since he is dead. Of *Nestor* now I'll learn
Some other News, waving my own Concern,
Who by his years hath much Experience gain'd,
And, like a God, hath now three Ages reign'd.

Great Prince, thou Glory of thy Nation, tell
How that Renowned *Agamemnon* fell;
Where then was *Menelaus*; by what Plot
One in his pow'r subtil *Ægisthus* got,
So much the better Prince; whether he were
At *Argos*, or in forein Lands else-where.

Then *Nestor* thus; I shall, most noble Youth,
Resolve thee straight; thou hint'st upon the truth.
Had *Menelaus* there arriving found
Ægisthus living; he not under ground
Had laid his Body, but upon the Shore,
Expos'd for Dogs and Vultures to devour
Far from the City, nor fond *Gracian* Dames
Had pitying tears shed at his Funeral flames.
At *Argos* he, whilst we beleagu'rd *Troy*,
Indulg'd his pleasure, courting to enjoy
His Spouse, fair *Clytemnestra*. The chaste Queen
Long time stood out, loathing so foul a sin.
Besides, the King departing left in trust
Her to a learned ^(c) *Bard*, discreet and just;

(c) The name of this Bard, or Musician, the Poet no-where delivers. Some Writers call him *Chariades*, others *Demodocus*, or *Glaucon*. *Demetrius Phalerus* relates the story thus: *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* were sent to consult the Oracle at *Delphos* about the *Trojan* Expedition, at what time were celebrated the *Pythian* Games, where *Demodocus*, one of the Scholars of *Amomides*, was Victor; whom they persuaded to return with them, and whom *Agamemnon* left Overseer of his Queen.

Whole

Whose Fate him to his Ruine did beguile,
Subtil *Ægisthus* on a desert Isle
Leaves him to Vultures and wild Beasts a prey:
Then, She consenting, keeps their Wedding-day
In her own Court, and th' Altars of the Gods
With Hecatombs of fatted Bullocks loads,
Their Fanes with *Agras* grac'd, their Priests with Copes;
Proud of a Prize so much beyond his hopes.
Whilst we our constant course from *Ilium* bend,
And with me *Menelaus*, my dear Friend,
Untill we near *Athenian* ^(d) *Sunium* drew,
Where ^(e) *Phæbus Menelaus* Pilot slew
As at the Helm he stood, *Phrontis*, who best
Of Mortals steer'd a Ship with weather 'trest.
Here, though in haste, his Voiage he deferr'd,
Till he his Friend with Funeral Rites interr'd.
This done, their Squadron through the Ocean glides,
Untill they reach steep ^(f) *Mæda's* Rookie fides.
There *Jove* a dangerous Passage them design'd,
And Waves like Mountains, rais'd with blustering wind,
Which them dispers'd: a part for *Creta* stood,
Where the ^(g) *Cydonians* plant, near *Jardan's* Flood.
On *Cretan* Coasts a Rock with Sea-worn Cliffs
His towry Scalp above swollen billows lifts,
Where Southern gusts rowl on rough ^(h) *Phæstus* Tides
On the left hand, which a small Rock divides.
Hither they steer, and hardly death escape,
Whilst all their Fleet but five bulg'd on the Cape;
Which sail'd for *Ægypt's* fertile Margents straight,
Where with rich Goods their crazy Ships they freight:
Meanwhile *Ægisthus* his dire Plot pursues,
Murthers the King, the Queen corrupts, subdues
His Realms, and seven years them in Slav'ry held.
The eighth, *Orestes* the Usurper kill'd.

(d) A Promontory belonging to the City of *Athens*, where was the Temple of *Jupiter Suniensis*.

(e) All sudden deaths of Men the Poet ascribes to *Apollo*, as of Women to *Diana*.

(f) A Promontory belonging to the *Lacedæmonians*, where Navigation was counted so dangerous, by reason of the contrariety of winds, that the *Asian* and *Italian* Merchants chose rather to transfit their Goods over Land at the *Corinthian Isthmus*, then trust them to that Channel.

(g) A People on the Island *Creta*, over against *Laconia*.

(h) A City of *Creta*, where *Epimenides* was born.

Whole

Whose Obits, and his Mother's Funeral Rites,
Perform'd, the *Greeks* he to a Feast invites:
And *Menelaus*, landing the same day,
A world of Riches brought into the Bay.
Then stay not long, nor travel far, lest those
Thou left'st behind thy Goods to spoil expose,
And for this fruitless Voyage thee despise.
But go to *Menelaus*, I advise,
For he came lately home whence he again
Ne're hop'd return, driv'n by a *Hurricane*
Into a Sea so broad, that Birds might ask
A year to cross o're, and no easie task.
But sail thou hence, or, if thou go'st by Land,
My Steeds and Chariot are at thy command,
And thee my Sons to *Sparta* shall conduct:
Atrides there thee farther may instruct.

This said, Sun-setting, Night her Flag unfurl'd,
Spreading black Ensigns o're the waterie World.

Then *Pallas*; Thou speak'st, *Nestor*, like a Friend:
Now part the ^(*) Tongues, and Wine with Water
To offer *Neptune* and th' Immortal Gods, (blend,
That all may then repose in their abodes,
Since late it grows and dark; nor is it fit
That long we should at Feasts Celestial sit.

This said, the Concourse follow her commands:
Water the Heralds pour upon their hands;
Yong men with sparkling Wine their Goblets crown'd;
They drink about, and still the Bowl goes round.
Tongues broil'd on Sacred Flames all, rising up,
Libations pay, and take their parting Cup.
Then *Pallas* and *Telemachus* desire
They might depart, and to their Ship retire.
But *Nestor* staying them, thus gently chid;

Jove and th' immortal Deities forbid:

That

That you my House should baulk, and lie aboard,
As if our Court no Lodging could afford,
Nor ought that Strangers might accommodate.
I furnish'd Chambers have, and Rooms for State,
Adorn'd with Arras and rich Tapestry.
Ulysses Son shall ne're a-Ship-board lie
Whilst I or mine survive; who-e're resort,
Shall civilly be treated in our Court.

Then *Pallas*; *Nestor*, thou hast nobly say'd,
And may'st *Telemachus* to stay perswade:
But I must down, our Company to cheer
With my wish'd preface (who am Oldest) there.
Young men they are, much of the Prince's Age,
Who on his Friendship's score with him engage.
But early I to ^(*) *Caucones* must repair,
To state Accounts which of concernment are.
And when thou kindly him hast entertain'd,
Lend him your Steeds and Chariot, then command
Thy Son to guide the Prince; let him, I crave,
Since 'tis your Grant, your fleetest Horses have.

Pallas, this said, thence like an Eagle flew,
Which all the Concourse, struck with terour, view.
Then by the Hand the Prince old *Nestor* took,
And thus to him, admiring, kindly spoke;

There's hope of thee, brave Youth, whom Gods
And thus in thy Minority conduct. (instruct,

This, of all Pow'rs who plant the Starrie Sky,
Is *Pallas*, for no other Deity

Thy Father so-befriended. Virgin, be
Propitious to my Family and me;

And a broad-fronted Heifer, one year old,
I'll offer thee, and tip his ^(*) Horns with Gold.

Thus *Nestor* pray'd, and *Pallas* heard his Pray'r,
Then home with his Relations did repair.

There

(*) *Strabo*, in the eighth Book of his Geography, proves that the *Caucones* here mentioned were a People that lived near *Dyme* in *Elis*, not those of *Triphylia*. She makes this excuse, that she may not accompany *Telemachus* to *Lacedaemon*, where the Marriage of *Menelaus* Daughter was celebrated, the being a Virgin-Goddess.

(*) It was an usual Rite among the *Graecians*, to consecrate the Tongues of their Sacrifice at the end of their entertainment, mentioned by *Athenaus* and *Didymus*; by *Homer* meant onely as a Symbol of Silence.

(*) It was one of the Rites among the *Graecians*, to adorn the Horns of their larger Sacrifices with Gold; which from them descended to the *Romans*; for the Senate of *Rome* decreed that the *Decemviri* should sacrifice to *Apollo Graco ritis*, after the manner of the *Graecians*, an Ox and two Goats with their Horns gilded. *Ovid*,

— blandis induit cornibus auron
Considerant: ista nivea cervicis juvenae.
Virgil *En.* 10.

Et statim ante aras auratis fronte ju-
vencam
Candentem, pariterque caput cum matre
serentem.

There in his Palace seated, he in Gold
Presents them Wine new pier'd, eleven years old:
Pallas Libating, each one cheers his Heart
With a full Bowl, and thence to Rest depart.
Under the high-arch'd Portals *Nestor* led
Telemachus unto a curious Bed.

Near him *Pisistratus*, his valiant Son,
Who, yet unmarried, Lodgings had alone.
Then he retires to Chambers farther in,
And a soft Couch prepared by his Queen.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rose Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
But *Nestor* rose, and down before his Gate
On *Neleus* Throne of polish'd Marble sat;
Whose Prudence living match'd th' Immortal Gods,
Now dead descend'd to th' Infernal Floods.
There Scepter'd *Nestor* sat, his Sons about
Him places took, *Thrasymedes* first, and stout
Perseus, *Aretus*, *Stratius*, *Ecbepbron*,
And last *Pisistratus* his youngest Son.
These to a Seat *Telemachus* convey'd
Next to old *Nestor*, who thus rising said;

Pallas let's now atone, since she our Feast
In publick grac'd as an invited Guest.
Let one of you command our Herds-man straight,
A Heifer bring to offer at the Gate:
And let a second to the Vessel go,
And summon all their Company but two:
Laërceus a third, our Gold-smith, who adorns
Our Gifts, to gild the sacred Victims Horns.
Let all the rest here in their Seats abide;
But bid the Damfells all things fit provide,
Seats, Wood, and Water: Their old Father they,
As soon as said, do Filial Duty pay.

From

From Field the Heifer comes, those from the Ship.
Ready the Gold-smith stands, the Horns to tip,
With Anvil, Tongs and Hammer: *Pallas* would
Not absent be: ^(c) *Nestor* gives out the Gold,
That such their Cost might more the Goddess glad:
Stratius the Beast and *Ecbepolus* led
Out by the Horns: *Aretus* Water brought,
And in's left hand with Cakes a Charger fraught:
Ready stood *Thrasymedes* with an Ax:
Perseus the Bacon holds, *Nestor* the Cakes:
And *Pallas*, supplicating, plucks the Hair
Betwixt her Brows, and burns, closing their Pray'r.
Straight *Nestor*'s Off-spring thence the Barley took:
His Ax exalting *Thrasymedes* strook.
The Victim straight, her Nerves dissected, fell:
The Women shriek, raising a hideous Yell.
Pisistratus soon cuts the Heifer's Throat:
Forth with the Bloud her Vital Spirits float.
Which slay'd, they to the Thighs lopp'd off affix
A double Cawl, and lean with fat commix:
Next thinner Steaks from parts extremest cut,
And round the Thighs about the Altar put; (Wine:
Which *Nestor* burns with Wood, then pours on
His Sons brought Spits, which five in one conjoyn.
The Thighs consum'd, they on the Inwards feast;
And what remain'd in pieces cut and dress'd.
Polycaeste, *Nestor*'s youngest Daughter, 'noynts
And bathes the Prince, and Vestments him appoints:
Which when put on, he, with a God-like grace,
By Ancient *Nestor* re-assumes his place.

Soon as the Joynts well roasted were, they drew
And dish'd them up; the Princes straight fall too.
Then some arising pour in Golden Bowls
The richer Wine, that cures despairing Souls.

F

When

(c) For in those times Gold was a Rarity for a Prince's Closet, not a Subject's Purse. *Athenaeus* saies that when *Ilius* King of *Syracuse* had resolv'd to consecrate a Golden Victory and *Tripes* to *Apollo* at *Delphos*, *Greece* and *Sicily* could not afford him matter sufficient, till after long search he met with some at a Merchant's house in *Corinth*. Nor does it appear that there was any plenty of Gold in *Greece*, till the *Phoenians* had sacrilegiously robb'd the Temple of *Apollo*, enrich'd with several Monuments of Gold by the Princes of *Lydia*, *Gyges* and *Craesus*.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 Said *Nestor*; Sons, my Chariot straight prepare,
 Put in my Steeds, that he may go. This said,
 The ready Princes their old Sire obey'd,
 And to the Teem-Pole his swift Horses joyn.
 Forth brings a Damfel Viands, Bread and Wine.
 Up to his place *Ulysses* Off-spring gets,
 And next *Pisistratus*, who by him sits.
 Taking the Whip and Rein they *Pyle* forsake,
 Plying the Lash; their Steeds free mettle shake
 The jolting Teem, which rattles all the way,
 Till Night's black Regiments secluded Day.
 To ^(as) *Pheræ*; *Diocles* Palace, drove they on;
 His Sire *Orsilocbus*, *Alpheus* Son.
 There they all night well treated took Repose:
 But when the rose-finger'd Morn arose,
 They joyn their Steeds, and mounted ply the Whip,
 O're smooth Champain their Horses nimbly trip,
 Till, the Sun setting, night her Flag unfurl'd,
 Hanging her fable Ensign o're the World.

(as) A City of Lacedæmon betwixt
Pyle and *Lacedæmon*.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Menelaus Nuptials keeps; unlook'd-for Guests,
 Telemachus and Nestor's Off-spring, feasts:
 His long and dangerous Voyages relates.
 Proteus his Brother's and Ulysses Fates,
 Then Ajax's tells. A Plot the Suitors lay
 To intercept Telemachus at Sea.*



Traight on they drive to *Menelaus*
 Court,
 Who now sat Feasting with a great
 Resort
 Of Friends and Neighbours all invited, where
 Together with great State solemniz'd were
 His Son's and Daughter's Nuptials. Her he sent
 (At *Troy* Contracted first by his consent)

(a) *Homer* mentions only the Contract made between *Pyrrhus* and *Hermione*, by the content and order of *Menelaus*; but *Sophocles* and other Greek Poets speak of a former Contract between her and *Orestes*, made by their Grand-father *Tyndareus*, who in revenge of his lost Mistress slew *Pyrrhus* at his return. These later Poets both *Virgil* and *Ovid* follow. The first in his *Æneid*, l. 3.

*Nus, patriâ incensa diversa per aquora
vellet,
Sicrip Achilleæ fassus juvenemque sa-
perbum
Servitio enixa tulimus; qui deinde se-
cutus
Ledaean Hermionem Lacedæmoniof-
que Hymenæus,
Me famulam famulæque Heleno trans-
misit habendam.
At illam crepta magno inflammatus
amore
Conjugiis, & scelerum Fœdus agitantis,
Orcides
Excepit incantans, patriisque obruncat
ad Aras.*

We, from our Country's flames through
all Seas born,
Felt the proud Youth's, *Achilles* Off-
spring's, scorn
Who after fair *Hermione* did wed,
And, Fatal still, enjoy'd a *Spartan* bed,
And me to *Helenus* his Servant gave.
But him *Orestes*, who did strangely rave
For his lost Spouse, impatient did
purge,
Surpriz'd, and at his Father's Altars
slew.

The other in his Epistles.

(b) *Athenæus* observes, that *Aristarchus* took these five Verses, wherein the Feast with its Appendages is described, out of the 15. Book of the *Iliad*, and plac'd them here, lest the Poet should seem too slightly to pass over so solemn an Entertainment: but with what bad success, he proves afterward at length. First, because the Nuptial Feast was now over, and *Menelaus* his Daughter sent away unto *Phibia*, and himself left alone with *Heena*. Secondly, because it is a *Cretan* Dance which is here described, not used at *Lacedæmon*. Thirdly, because the Language is incongruous, the word *κῆρυξ* being proper to the Harp or Voice, not to those that dance after it: so *Hesiod* uses it,

— κῆρυξ δὲ κῆρυγος ἀνὰ τὴν
Μέμνηται.

and *Archilochus*,

Αὐτὸς κῆρυγος πρὸς αὐτὸν ἀναβῆναι
οἶα.

With Horse, with Chariots, and a stately Train,
To *Pyrrhus*, where in *Phibia* he did reign.
Him he *Alektor's* beauteous Daughter gave,
Bold *Megapenthes*, gotten on his Slave
When aged grown: For Heav'n so pleas'd that he
Onely, by *Helen*, had (a) *Hermione*,

Fair like bright *Venus*. (b) Whilst they treated were
In his high Palace thus with sumptuous Fare,
Two Dancers moving 'midst th' admiring Throng
To a learn'd Bard, who play'd and sweetly sung;
Telemachus and *Nestor's* Son drive up,

And in the echoing Porch their Chariot stop.
Them *Eteon*, *Menelaus* Steward, spies,
Who, with his Royal Master to advise,
Hasting to's presence, said; Sir, at your Gate
Two Princes, like *Jove's* Heav'nly Issue, wait.
Shall we take out their Steeds, and treat them fair;
Or let them Entertainment seek else-where?

Who thus, incens'd, replies; Art thou a Fool,
Or shallow Novice lately come from School,
To raise such Doubts? We had not liv'd to see
Jove grant a period to our Miserie,
If we abroad had mis'd like Kindness. Go,
Take out their Steeds, and in the Strangers show.

Back with like speed, thus order'd, *Eteon* comes,
Calling to his assistance ready Grooms,
Who straight unloose their Steeds, to Mangers tie,
Which they with Oats and Barly mixt supply;
Their well-hung Chariots place against the Wall;
The Strangers then conducting to the Hall:
Who wondring view his stately Court, which shone
Like *Titan's* Beams, and quite eclips'd the Moon:
With so much Cost and Art his House he built,
His Columns, Walls, and lofty Cielings gilt.

Their

Their Eyes with Objects feasted, they descend
To a warm Bath, fair Virgins them attend:
Whom when they had anointed, bath'd, and dress'd
In costly Weeds, they usher'd to the Feast,
Placing them nigh the King. A Damfel-Sewer
To wash their Hands fills, from a Golden Ewer;
A Silver Basin; near a Table brought,
And straight with many fav'ry Dishes fraught;
And Golden Bowls. Then thus *Atrides* spake,
Giving them kindly his right hand; Partake
Of what you see; and when suffic'd you are,
Your Country and your Parentage declare.
You seem to be of high Extraction; sure
From no mean Stock you spring, nor yet obscure:
Princes you are by your majestick Mien.
And his own Dish, this said, a roasted Chine,
Before them plac'd, on which they highly fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Telemachus in *Nestor's* Off-spring's ear
Thus softly whisper'd; What a House is here!
The Splendour of this stately Hall behold,
How daub'd with Silver, Ivory, Brass, and Gold,
Like *Jove's* own Court that crowns th' Olympick Spire.
The more I look, the more I still admire.

The King o're-hearing said; None must compare
Manfions with *Jove*, his Seats immortal are:
But with me any may, who eight years tost
Through worlds of Miseries from Coast to Coast,
Mongst unknown Seas, of my Return small hope,
(c) *Cyprus*, *Phœnicia*, *Ægypt*, (d) *Æthiop*,
Sidon, (e) *Erembos* found, and *Libya*, where
Their Lambs are horn'd, their Ewes teem thrice a year:
Whose Lords and Peasants Flesh and Cheese have store,
And all the year the milking Pail runs o're.

Whilst

(c) An Island in the Mediterranean, whither, it seems, he was driven from *Crete*.

(d) The Commentatours on *Homer* have been very inquisitive to find out *Menelaus's* Voyage into *Æthiopia*. *Cretæ* supposed that he pass'd out at the Straights, doubled the Southern Cape, and so arriv'd thither. *Erasmus* conjectures that in the time of *Homer* the Straights mouth was an Isthmus, and the *Ægyptian* Isthmus overflowed by the Sea, which afforded him a shorter passage. But that is most probable which *Strabo* delivers, that he then went to the borders of *Æthiopia* when he pass'd up *Ægypt* to the City of *Thebes*; the Borders of *Æthiopia* being not far distant from thence in *Strabo's* time, probably very near it in *Homer's*.

(e) It is most probable that they were the *Arabians* lying on the other side of the Gulf, directly over against *Ægypt* and *Æthiopia*.

Whilst I thus coasting store of Riches got,
 One, with his Queen conspiring, by a Plot
 My Brother slew; so that small comfort I
 Of this my Palace, Wealth and Realms enjoy.
 And you perhaps may from your Parents hear
 What my great Losses, what my Sufferings were;
 My ransack'd Court of Jewels, massie Plate,
 Of Vests, of what or serv'd for Use or State:
 A third of which I rather would enjoy,
 So those were living yet who dy'd at *Troy*;
 For whom so oft disconsolate alone
 Here sit I sighing, and their Fates bemoan.
 Now Sorrow pleaseeth, now sad Thoughts I wave:
 Quickly of griping Woes our fill we have.
 But more for one then for them all I weep,
 Whom minding, I neglect Repose and Sleep;
Ulysses: none of all the *Græcian* Hoast
 Could Parts like him, Prudence or Valour boast.
 None like thy Sire 'gainst *Troy* maintain'd our Cause,
 Nor purchas'd equal Fame, nor like Applause.
 Yet all his Toils turn'd to no more account,
 But that his future should pass Woes surmount.
 And I am 'fett of Tears a constant rate,
 Since none knows how or where he met his Fate.
 His Father, his dear Wife, and onely Heir,
 Whom he an Infant left, like me despair.

This said, the Prince a briny Deluge sheds,
 And o're his Face his Purple Vestment spreads.
 Him *Menelaus* knew, and pond'ring sate,
 If he should suffer him to intimate
 His Business, or his Father mention first.

Whilst thus *Atrides* to himself discours'd
 Forth from her perfum'd Chamber *Helen* came,
 Like Quiver'd *Cynthia*, the Forest's Dame.

Adrasta

Adrasta plac'd her Chair; Tap'stry well wrought
Alcippe; her rich Cabinet ^(f) *Phyllo* brought,
Alcandra's costly Gift, *Polybins* Spouse,
 Who in *Egyptian Thebes* a stately House
 Well-furnish'd kept. Caps of a curious mould
 Two, and two Tripods, Talents ten of Gold,
 He gave the King: to *Helen* then address'd
 A Golden Distaff and a Silver Chest,
 The edges Gilt; which, pleas'd, she did accept,
 And in't her Work and curious Worksted kept.
 This modest *Phyllo* bare the Distaff full
 With segregated streaks of Purple Wool.
 Well settled on a Foot-stool in her Throne,
 The Queen to *Menelaus* thus begun; (Coast
 Know'st thou not who these are, nor from what
 These Strangers come, what Parentage they boast?
 I would guess right; speak truth, and be no Lier,
 For still the more I look, I more admire:
 Since I ne're any yet beheld, not one,
 More like then this to be *Ulysses* Son
Telemachus, whom he then left at home
 An Infant when you launch'd for *Ilium*,
 And on my sad account a numerous Hoast
 Brought, with Destruction, to the *Phrygian* Coast.
 Then he; 'Tis true, him he resembles much,
 His Hands and Feet, his Face, Hair, Eyes were such.
 Now I recall, when of his Sire I spake,
 And Sorrows he had suffer'd for my sake,
 Tears down his Checks in riv'lets deaw'd his Breast,
 And o're his Face he threw his Purple Vest.
 When to the King *Pisistratus* begun;
 Y' are not mistaken; this, Sir, is his Son,
 Who, modest, thought not fit that he before
 Him whom like *Jove* we honour and adore

(f) *Enstathius* observes, that *Helen* has not the same Attendants here which she had in the *Iliads*: it being not consentaneous to Honesty, that those should now remain of her Retinue who were conscious of the foul fact of her Adultery.

A Speech

Therefore let us here Feasting take delight
 In pleasant talk : and somewhat I'll recite
 (To reckon all, Arithmetick would pose)
Ulysses acted, when by pressing Foes
 You streightned were. He like a ^(k) Begger went
 Through hostile *Troy*, his Garments patch'd and rent,
 Who had no equal at the *Græcian* Fleet,
 Alms of the *Trojans* crav'd from street to street.
 I found the King, though thus disguis'd, who oft
 Disarm'd my Questions, meeting Craft with Craft ;
 'Till him I bath'd, anointed, and did cloath,
 And to conceal him took the solemn Oath.
 Then he to me discover'd all his Plot,
 And slaught'ring many off in safety got,
 Slighting the *Trojans* and their Guards debauch'd.
 Loud *Trojan* Ladies mourn'd, whilst I rejoyc'd,
 Hoping to see my Native Soil. I wept
 That *Venus*, who transported me, had kept
 Me from my Daughter and my Lord so long,
 And thee a Prince so worthy I should wrong.

Then said the King ; Thy Character is true :
 I far have travell'd, many Hero's knew ;
 But yet amongst them all I ne're beheld
 One with *Ulysses* to be parallel'd ;
 Who such things acted, and so well could plot,
 When all our prime Commanders close were shut
 In that stupendious ^(l) Steed, pregnant with Fate,
 Big with Destruction of the *Trojan* State.
 Thither some God did thee, my Dearest, send,
^(m) *Deiphobus* inforcing to attend,
 To obstruct the *Trojan* fame. Thrice didst thou walk
 About the Steed, and like ⁽ⁿ⁾ their Wives didst talk,
 Their voices feigning, our prime Leaders didst
 Call by their names, I sitting in the midst.

Tydides

(k) On what design he thus enter'd
Troy, *Homer* delivers not : whether
 to observe the height of the Walls and
 the largeness of the Gate, for the better
 proportioning the Horse immediately
 here mentioned ; or to steal the *Palladium*, as *Lycophron* writes in his *Cassandra* : but in this action whereas *Virgil*
 allows him *Diomedes* a Companion,
 here he is alone.

—impious ex quo
Tydidēs, sed enim scelerumque inventor
Ulyssēs,
Fausse aggrēssī sacrato avellere Templo
Palladium, cēssi summa custodibus Arcis,
Corripere sacram Effigiem.

'Till impious *Diomed* with *Ulysses* went,
 (The best that ever mischief did invent)
 And boldly from her sacred Fane convey'd
 Fatal *Palladium*, and dire slaughter made.

(l) The History of the *Trojan* Horse
 is most incomparably delivered by *Virgil*
 in the 2-Book of his *Aeneid*.

(m) Her Husband after the death of
Paris, according to some Writers.

(n) This Fiction of *Homer's* is re-
 ceived by none of the succeeding Poets ;
 nor can it, for several reasons, be al-
 lowed of.

Tydidēs and *Ulysses* heard thee speak :
 We two would answer straight, or forth would break.
 But *Ithacus*, though we so earnest were,
 Persuaded us and others to forbear :
 Onely *Anticlus* opens : straight his Chaps
Ithacus starting up with both hands stops :
 So by his Strength and Prudence saves us all,
 'Till thee from thence *Minerva* pleas'd to call.
 Then to the King *Telemachus* thus said ;

O thou that art most honour'd and obey'd,
 Yet cruel Death his Courage, Strength nor Skill
 Could keep off, nor his Breast, though solid Steel.
 Now, Sir, be pleas'd to grant me my Repose,
 That gentle Sleep, grown late, our eyes may close.
Helen, this said, straight bids them make a Bed,
 And Purple o're and royal Tap'stry spread.
 Forth went her Damfels with a lighted Torch,
 The Guests a Herald ushers to the Porch.
 O're the resounding Gates the Princes lay,
 Whom *Morpheus* golden Fetters bound till day.

Atrides thence to Chambers farther in
 Went, where fair *Helen* lay, her Sexe's Queen.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
 With rose Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
 But from his Bed up *Menelaus* springs,
 Puts on his Vest, athwart his Shoulders flings
 His well-hatch'd Faulchion, on his Sandals ties,
 And forth with a majestic presence hies.

Then sitting by *Telemachus* thus saies ;

On what Concern hast thou plow'd swelling Seas
 To *Sparta* ? publick is't or private score ?

The Prince replies ; I from my Native Shore
 Set sail, of thee, *Atrides*, to inquire
 If ought thou know'st of my long-absent Sire.

G 2

My

My House stands thwack'd with Foes who me o'rpow'r,
 And my fair Flocks and stall-fed Beeves devour:
 Love their pretence, *Penelope* they woo;
 But they design us fairly to undo.
 On this account here I thy Suppliant am,
 If thou hast seen, or heard by flying Fame,
 Ought of his Death, in pity of my Youth
 Extenuate not nor yet conceal the truth.
 If ever he by Prowels or by Plot
 Upon the *Trojans* Reputation got,
 When you at *Troy* were in your greatest Streight,
 Remember that, and truly tell his Fate.

Base Wretches then, *Atrides* sighing said,
 May tumble on an absent Hero's Bed.
 As in a Lion's Den a Hinde her Fauns
 Securing straits o're Hills and fertile Lawns;
 Whilst he returning finds unbidden Guests,
 And their Bloud guzzling on their Entrails feasts:
 So they, when strong *Ulysses* comes, shall fare.
 Would *Pallas*, *Jove* and *Phæbus*, as they were

Then, be to him propitious, and assist,
 As when at *Lesbos* entering the List
 He threw ^(c) *Philomelides* on his back,
 Loud Shouts resounding like a Thunder-crack;
 To these Corrivals he would prove so kind,
 They soon should sad and bitter Nuptials find.
 But I'll to answer your desires be plain,
 Nor shall I heighten ought, decline, or feign:
 What I from *Proteus* the Sea-Prophet had,
 I shall recount indifferent, good or bad.

Long angry Gods in *Ægypt* me detain'd,
 Because with slighter Victims I profan'd
 Their Altars oft; we their Commands should keep.
^(d) *Pbarus*, an Isle amidst the swelling Deep,

^(c) King of the Island *Lesbos*, who, according to his custom, challenged the chief of the *Græcians* to wrestle with him.

^(d) It is now part of the Continent of *Ægypt*, which in *Homer's* time was an Isle: the reason whereof is, because the River *Nile* by its continual evomition of dirt has constantly gained upon the Sea. Of the same nature is the River *Pyramus*, which swept along with it so much dirt and sand out of *Catania* and the fields of *Cilecia*, that an Oracle declared, that in future Ages it should run into the Island of *Cyprus*.

Ἰσθμὸν ἐκπελάσσει τὴν Πύλον, ὅς τις ἰσθμὸν ἔσται.

Swift *Pyramus* the circulating Sun
 Shall, carrying Sand, see into *Cyprus* run.

To this place of *Homer* *Lucan* alludes in his tenth Book thus,

*Tunc claustrum pelagi cepit Pharon:
 Insula quondam
 In medio stetit illa Mari, sub tempore
 Vatis
 Proteos, at nunc est Pellæis proxima
 maris.*

Then he took *Pharos*, circled with the
 Main
 When Prophet *Proteus* of old did
 reign,
 But now to *Alexandria* conjoin'd.

'Gainst *Ægypt* lies, from whence a nimble Ship
 May sail 'twixt Sun and Sun with Sails a-trip.
 There twenty daies the Gods my Navy ^(e) kept,
 Nor the least Breeze up silver Billows swept,
 That might conduct us thence, with Sails unfurl'd,
 O're moving Mountains, through the watery World.
 Our Victuals spent, us, in a heavy case,
 The Nymph *Idothea* pity'd, *Proteus* race.
 Her I implor'd: she, finding me alone,
 My famish'd people all a-Fishing gone,

Thus drawing near me said; Art thou a Fool,
 Or to bear Sorrows mak'st this place thy School,
 And tarriest here, no nearer thy Design,
 Whilst all thy Friends with Want and Famine pine?

Who-e're thou art, blest'd Goddess, I reply'd,
 That in this Sea-wall'd Prison I abide
 'Tis 'gainst my will. But I some God, perhaps,
 Who dwells on steep *Olympus* spiry tops,
 Offended have. Say, since thou all things know'st,
 What Pow'r thus keeps me from my Native Coast,
 And here so long impedes? She thus replies;

The best I may, Stranger, I'll thee advise.
 Here ^(f) *Proteus*, *Neptune's* Minister of State,
 The Sounder of the Ocean, keeps his Seat,
 Th' *Ægyptian* Bard, who me they say begot:
 Him could'st thou seize by some ingenious Plot,
 He would discover how with Sails unfurl'd
 Thou should'st return, plowing the watery World;
 And, if thou'rt curious, shew thee by his Skill
 What chance to thy Domesticks, good or ill,
 Hath in thy Absence happen'd. Then said I;

But how shall we secure a Deity,
 Who will foresee what-e're we shall contrive?
 Hard 'tis for Mortals with a God to strive.

^(e) It is a strange mistake of the latter Commentatours, who say, the Ships stay'd in the Port till the water they had received were pump'd out. We have followed the Ancients, amongst those *Strabo*, in our Translation,

^(f) He was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, who is therefore feign'd to be Father of Sea-Calves or Horses, because his Dominions were upon the Maritime Coasts.

(1) *Virgil* feigns him carried in his Chariot by these Sea-Horses.

*Est in Carpathio Neptuni gorgiæ Vates,
Ceruleus Proteus, magnam qui piscibus
æquor
Et junctis bipedum curra micant equo-
ram.*

Green *Proteus* there in the *Carpathian*
Main,
Th' *Ægyptian* Prophet, thorough broad
Seas glides,
And in his Chariot with Sea-Horses
rides.

Where observe *Virgil* calls them bi-
pedes, *Homer* tripedes.

(2) Nothing is more familiar a-
mong the ancient Poets than this Trans-
formation of *Proteus*. *Virgil*, from this
place of *Homer*, thus describes it in his
Georgicks.

*Fiet enim subitò Sus horridus, atrâque
Tigris,
Squamosaque Draco, & fulvâ cervicæ
Leone;
At ætrem Flammæ sonitum dabit, atque
ita vincit
Excidet, aut in Aquas tenues delapsus
abit.*

A savage Boar he'll be, a Tigre, Snake,
And a huge Lion with a shaggy neck;
Or, to escape, shall thunder like a
Flame,
Or glide from thee in a swift crystal
Stream.

The Moral of which Fiction some re-
fer to the Diadems of the *Ægyptian*
Kings, which according to their fashi-
on were various, and bore sometimes a
Ball, a Lion, a Flame, and the like.
See *Diodorus Siculus* lib. 2. Many o-
ther Mythologies are reckon'd up by
Natalis Comes.

I'll shew thee, said she, by what means thou shalt.
When *Titan* bends from arch'd Heav'n's highest Vault,
Then the old Prophet riseth from the Flouds,
Cloath'd with grosse Vapours and a Cloak of Clouds,
And his Cave en'ring sleeps; (1) Sea-Monsters shore
Round him, supinely slumbring on the Shore,
Breathing foul Sents deriv'd from briny Seas.
Early I'll place thee in his dark Recefs.

But chuse to help thee three prime persons more,
And I'll acquaint thee with his Sleights before.
First, he will counting view his Scaly fry;
Then down amid't his quarter'd Life-guard lie,
As Shepherds use amid't their fleecy Sheep.
As soon as thou shalt spy the God asleep,
Then seise on him; be sure he not escapes.

(2) He'll straight transform himself to several Shapes,
To creeping Monsters, Beasts or wild or tame,
A swelling River, or devouring Flame:
Then grapple harder, and him faster keep.
But when he questions, as when fall'n asleep,
His former Shape resum'g, then desist,
Free the old Hero, and ask what you list,
What angry God thee from thy Home detains;
Permitting not to plow the azure Plains.

This said, she dives 'mongst foamy Waves, and I
Went musing where my Ships lay on the dry:
Where taking some Repast, when Night arose
On th' Ocean's sandy Margents we repose.
No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rosie Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
But I, the Gods imploring, chose out three,
Valiant and strong, whilst four Sea-Calves Skins I
Brought newly stript, her Father so to catch,
And us expecting bedded on the Beach.

Soon

Soon as we came, she, placing us within,
Threw over each of us a Fish's Skin.
But much offensive prov'd our Ambuscade,
The slimy Husks a smell so loathsome made.
T' embrace a rank Sea-Monster who'll indure?
But the straight thought upon a present Cure.

Ambrosia she, which, Aromatick, shuts
Foul Odours forth, into our Nostrils puts.
Till Noon we patient there expecting lay,
When Shoals of Water-Monsters leave the Sea
To (3) sleep ashore: old *Proteus* last comes up,
And us four reckons 'mongst his scaly Troop:
Then down he lies suspecting no Deceit.

We clamouring charge and seise upon him straight.
He, skilful such Conspirators t' evade,
Himself at first a shaggy Lion made;
A Serpent's form, a Pard's, a Sow's receives,
A crystal Stream, a Tree with shady leaves.
Yet we with patience arm'd him faster grasp.
But when with struggling he begun to gasp,

Thus me he question'd; *Atreus* Son, declare
What God thee thus advis'd me to enslave:
Your business speak. Then I reply'd; Thou know'st,
Then why thus ask'st thou? On this fatal Coast
Long I'm detain'd, no hope of favouring Gales
To bear me off, my Strength and Courage fails.
Say, since thou all things know'st, what angry God
Obstructs my Passage through the briny Flood?

Thou must, said he, before thou art dismiss,
Great *Jove* implore, and the Supernall List:
Nor shalt thou see thy Friends and Native Soil,
Untill thou offer'st on the Banks of (4) *Nile*
To them a Hecatomb: with Sails unfurl'd
Then homewards maist thou plow the watery World.

This

(*) That Sea-Calves are sleepy
Animals, is observ'd by the Authors of
Natural History. *Martial* in his Epi-
grams,

*Dormitis nimium gilres, Vitalique
marini.*

Whence among the *Ægyptians* they
were the Hieroglyphicks of drowsy
persons, saies *Pierius*. *Ælian* also notes
that they take the Noon-day for their
time of rest on the Shore.

(*) It is observable that *Homer* never
calls the famous River of *Ægypt* by
the name of *Nile*, but *Ægypt*: as,

Περσέων δ' Αἰγυπτοῦ ὑπὸ πύρρον ἰκνέσθαι.

And, *Odys.* 14.

Στίχον δ' ἐν Ἀργυρῷ μελαῦν ῥέει—

From whence it's conjectured, not im-
probably, that the Country received its
name.

This rack'd my Soul, to think that I must back,
And such a long and dangerous Voiage take.

Then I reply'd; We shall perform the task.
But I must yet another Question ask:

Are all our Friends arriv'd in safety Home
Which I and Nestor left at Ilium?

By Sea who perish'd? who escap'd raging Waves,
At home by Friends attended to their Graves?

Then he; No farther ask, I'll not reveal
Things not for thee to know; or me to tell:
Should I, thou wouldst not long from Tears refrain.
Many are dead, many alive remain.

Two Princes only of that numerous Hoast
Who sail'd from Troy in their Return were lost:
One in a Sea-girt Isle his Fates detain;

But ^(a) Ajax, he was swallow'd in ^(a) the Main,
Whom Neptune drove on ^(b) Gyrae, and had sav'd
On jutting Rocks; although Minerva rav'd,
But that the Impious said, those raging Flouds
He would escape in spite of all the Gods.

Neptune straight, hearing the blasphemous Wretch,
With his huge hand did up his Trident snatch,
And the Gyraean Rock he cleft in twain;
Half stood, the other half dropt in the Main;

On which he sitting under Billows sunk,
And perish'd, after he Salt-water drunk.

Thy Brother then escap'd by Juno's aid:
But when the Malean Mountain he had made,
Him much lamenting a rough Tempest tost
To th' utmost confines of the Agrian Coast,
Where once ^(c) Thyestes, then Ægisthus dwelt.
But then the Gods with him more kindly dealt,
Changing the Wind straight home his course he stands
His Native Soil then kissing as he lands,

(a) Ajax the son of Oileus, for there was another Graecian Prince of that name, the Son of Telamon.

(b) Ajax's Shipwreck Silius Italicus thus describes,

Qualis Orides, fulmen jaculante Minerva,
Surgentes domuit fluctus ardentibus unis.

As Ajax, struck with Pallas Thunder, storms
The rising Billows with his flaming Arms.

Pliny in his Natural History relates, that the Story of Ajax struck with a Thunder-bolt was most exquisitely painted by Apollodorus the Athenian, and in his time shew'd at Pergamus for a Master-piece of that Art.

(b) Rocks near unto Myconus, one of the Cyclades, so call'd from the Roundness of them.

(c) Father of Ægisthus.

With a full Floud of joyful Tears bedews.
When him a Spy from an high Tower views,
By Ægisthus hir'd for Talents two of Gold:
There a whole Year he suffer'd Heat and Cold.
With speed the News he carries to the Court.
Ægisthus twenty of the baser sort
Hides in his House, provides a Feast, and bids
The King, his Chariot sending and his Steeds:
Then at the Treatment kills him in his Hall.
A Butcher so th' Ox slaughters in the Stall.

This sad News pierc'd my Heart; down on the
Weeping I fate, and wish'd that I no more (Shore
Might see the glorious Sun, but there expire.
When I with vying Tears began to tire,

Said Proteus; Sigh no longer, Atreus Son,
Nor dew thy Cheeks, since Remedy there's none.
But when thy Native Soil thou shalt obtain,
Ægisthus thou shalt finde alive, or slain
Else by Orestes; then erect his Tomb.
This said, my Sorrow gave fresh Comfort room,
And thus I said; I know the Fates of two,
But thou a third to me didst mention, who
Pent in an Isle remains, alive or dead;
Of him I fain would hear. Then Proteus said;

Ulysses I, the King of Ithaca,
Extremely weeping in an Island saw,
By fair Calypso in her Cave detain'd,
Not knowing how to reach his Native Land,
Since he hath neither Men, Sails, Oars, nor Ship,
That may transport him through the raging Deep.
And, Menelaus, know, 'tis not thy Fate
To die at Home; the Gods will thee translate
To Seats of Bliss, the blest Elysian Plains
At the World's End, where Rhadamanthus reigns;

H

Where

With

Where comes no Winter, Snow, nor Winds, nor Rain;
But constant Breezes, rising from the Main,
With cooling breath still fainting spirits revive.

(4) For *Helena* was Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Leda*, whom he begot in the form of a Swan.

(5) It was customary among the ancient both *Greeks* and *Romans*, to erect Honorary Tombs to their deceased Friends when they were absent; where were exhibited the same Solemnities that were usual at the real Funerals. *Andromache*, led Captive into *Epirus*, in *Virgil*,

*Solennes tum fore aspes & tristia dona
Ante artem in lucis, falsi Simoentis ad
undam,
Libabat cuncti Andromache, manesque
vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem
cessante iuvantem,
Et geminas, casum lacrymis, sacra-
tas arde.*

By chance sad Gifts and annual Rites
that day
Andromache pay'd his Ashes, and im-
plores
At *Heitor's* Tomb near feign'd *Simois*
Shores,
Before the Town in consecrated
Woods,
She rais'd his empty Monument of
Sods.

When *Drausus* died in *Italy*, in his re-
turn to the Forces he led against the
Germans, and his Body was sent back
to *Rome*, *Exercitus honorarium ei Tumulus
excitavit, circa quem deinceps statim
die quotannis miles decurreret, Galliarumque
Civitates publice supplicarent.*
Sueton. in the Life of *Claudius Caesar*.
The like mentions *Lampridius* in the
Life of *Alexander Severus*; *Cenotaphium
in Gallia, Romae amplissimum Sepulchrum
meruit.* He obtain'd a large
Sepulchre at *Rome*, and an Honorary in
France.

(f) This place *Horace* relates to in his Epistles, L. 1. Ep. 7.

*Hæd' malè Telemachus, proles patien-
tis Ulyssis;
Non est opus equis Ithacæ locus, ut ne-
que planities
Porrectus spatium, neque multa prodigiosa
læta.
Atque, magis opta tibi tua dona retin-
quam.*

Telemachus well reply'd, that no fit
place
Was *Ithaca* for Horses, wanting grass:
Therefore your Presents spare, for me
unfit.

This said, the God beneath the Waves descends.

I to our Fleet went musing with my Friends;
There taking some Repast, when Night arose
On th' Ocean's flowry Margents we repose.
No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rosie Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
But up our Masts we rear, our Sails unfurl'd,
And launch our Vessel to the watery World.
The Sailors settle on acquainted Banks,
And sweep the briny Foam in triple Ranks.
Thence plowing Waves unto the Banks of *Nile*,
There Hecatombs I on rais'd Altars pile.
The Gods appeas'd next rear'd my Brother's (4) Tomb,
To keep his Fame. My Course thence steering Home,
Celestials sent fair Winds, which never fail'd
To court our Canvas till we *Sparta* fail'd.

But stay with me till twice six days are spent,
Then thee a Chariot I'll and Steeds present,
A Golden Cup, that thou may'st mindfull be
(If thou surviv'st, great Sir) of mine and me.

Then said the Prince; Great Sir, it much may wrong
Me and my Business here to stay so long:
I could a year your sweet Discourse admire,
My House forgetting and my absent Sire;
But if thou stay'st me longer, 'twill afflict
My Friends in *Pyle*, who me ere this expect.
Your Presents, Sir, I thankfully accept;
But Steeds for (5) *Ithaca* none ever ship't:
Let in this large Champain thy generous Breed,
Wantoning on, on Delicacies feed,

Where

Where *Lotus* springs and *Cyperon* unfet,
Store of white Barley, Spelt, and purest Wheat.
We have no Chariot-course, our Meadow feeds
Scarce shaggy Goats, not ranck enough for Steeds.
Our Sea-girt Isles, with Barrenness accurst,
Are bad for Horses, and *Ithaca* the worst.

Then smiling, by the hand the Prince he takes,
And saies; These words Noble thy Extrañt speaks;
Thou shalt some other have, I well am stor'd,
What ere my House or Treasuries afford,
What's fairest, richest, or of most esteem:
A Silver Goblet with a Golden Brim
I'll thee present, by *Vulcan* rarely wrought,
Which the (6) *Sidonian* King, that Hero, brought
Me, when I feasted in his Royal Court.

Whilst thus they held Discourse, a great Resort
Came to the Palace, Sheep and Wine they brought,
And their fair (6) Wives the Boards with Manchet
And they provided high and plenteous Fare. (fraught,

But at *Ulysses* Gates the Suitors were
At Coits delighted, or else casting Darts,
Acting with no mean Insolence their parts;
Antinous and *Eurymachus*, the best
Of all the Suitors, fate there 'mong the rest,
To whom came *Noemon*, old *Phronius* Son,
And, questioning *Antinous*, thus begun;
When, Sirs, *Telemachus* at home will be,
Knows any here? A Ship he had from me,
To sail for *Pyle*; the Vessel now I need,
That I at *Elis*, where I have a Breed
Of Mares and Mules, may break one for the Plow.

All were amaz'd, they never heard till now
He launch'd to Sea, but him suppos'd withdrawn
To see his Flocks, or to his Herdsmen gone.

(g) *Sidon* was a City in *Phœnicia*, famous for Curiosity in all sorts of Workmanship. The name of the Prince, which the Poet mentions not, some Historians deliver to be *Sababus*, others *Sablu*.

(h) The Servants of *Penelope*, whom they familiarly used as their Wives.

Be pleas'd, *Antinous* said, to tell me true,
When went the Prince? and to attend him who?
Were they choice young men, of their own accord,
Or Mercenaries, whom he took aboard?
That he should venture from his Native Shore!
And not to trouble you, one Question more;
Hath he your Ship against your will impress'd,
Or you consign'd it on his own request?

I parted freely with her, he replies;
Me how would you or any else advise?
When such a Person hath an earnest Suit,
A Shrug's uncivil or the least Dispute.
His Company are Youths of great esteem,
Mentor their Chief, or else some God like him.
But I admire, their Captain yesterday
Early I saw, who long since launch'd to Sea.

This said, he left them. At the strange Report
The Suitors gather, and forsake their Sport.
Whilst Grief and Anger swell *Antinous* Breast,
His Eyes like fire, thus he his mind express;

This may prove dangerous, no idle Toy:
Could we believe a Child, a sawcy Boy,
Would hence without our joynt-Commission slip,
And Youths of better rank to man his Ship?
Let him plot Mischief, and let *Jove* destroy
His Machinations e're they us annoy.
Straight rig me forth with twenty men a Bark,
And I'll his Motion in returning mark:
Him, in our Bay conceal'd, 'mongst ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Samian* Creeks
We'll intercept, whilst he his Father seeks.

This said, the Plot approving, all consent,
And rising straight into the Palace went.

This *Medon* to *Penelope* convey'd,
Who over-heard when their Design they lay'd.

Haste

(i) *Samus* was the name of the Island afterwards call'd *Cephalenia*, and also the name of a City in the same Island, near adjoining to *Ithaca*.

Haste to the Queen her careful Herald makes;
To whom, as soon as enter'd, thus she speaks;
Why have they sent thee? must our Maids aside
All Business lay, and Supper straight provide?
Ah! would they'd quit my House, and that this might
Their farewell-Banquet be and last Good-night,
Who thus at Meetings waft my Son's Estate.
Did ne're to you your Sires renumerate
Ulysses Wont? Mildly with all he dealt,
Nor any e're his pond'rous Scepter felt:
In publick none he prais'd, nor loud would rate,
Like Kings accusom'd this to love, that hate.
But your Demeanour clears your Character,
Who for his kinder use so thankless are.

Then *Medon* thus reply'd; Ah! would, best Queen,
Ingratitude their greatest Crime had been.
They to the height of Villany proceed,
Your Son to murder (which great *Jove* forbid)
Returning home, who went to *Pyle* to inquire,
And *Sparta*, after his long-absent Sire.

Trembling, this said, and silent long she stood,
Her bright Eys clouded with a briny Flood.
At last she said; Why from us did he slip?
What forc'd my Son to ascend a nimble Ship, (Coast)
That Horse that scours through Waves from Coast to
Would he his Name should be for ever lost?

Then *Medon* said; I know not if some God,
Or his own Genius, through the swelling Flood
Forc'd him to *Pyle*, expecting there to hear
If dead or living his dear Father were.

This said, he ^(k) left her: but th' afflicted Queen,
As if with Grief she had distracted been,
No longer in her Chair her self contains,
But on the Threshold sitting loud complains:

Her

(k) *Spondanus* supposes that he left *Penelope*, and went to the Palace of *Ulysses*, and therefore makes two distinct Palaces. But that conjecture is refuted by the Verses immediately following, where *Iphimache* is sent to *Penelope* to comfort her.

Πάρις δ' ἵκεν αὖτις Ἀλκίον' Ὀδυσσεύς τε;
Ἢν ποτὶ Πηνελόπειαν ἰδὲ μετὰ τὴν γάμον
Πάριος ἀναβύτιο γαίῃ τῇ διαμείνειτο.

The phrase in this place, which he mistook, *ἂν ποτὶ* *ἰδὲ μετὰ*, is not to go to, but, to descend down the House.

Her Women young and old about her ran
With dismal Shreeks. Thus weeping she began;

The Gods on me no common Grievs impose,
Who far beyond all Queens have suffer'd Woes.
First I a wife and valiant Husband lost,
His Fame divulg'd through all the *Græcian* Coast.
Now they will kill my Son: and (Wretches) you
Ne're call'd me, though you his Departure knew.
But had I known when he his Anchour weigh'd,
For all his haste he should awhile have staid,
Or dead he should have left me in the Hall.
But one of you must straight old *Dolius* call,
Whom me my Sire when I came hither gave,
Who keeps my Orchard, now no more my Slave,
That he may straight to old *Laertes* go,
And this their dire Designment let him know.
He would the People with their Project fill,
How they conspire *Ulysses* Son to kill.

Then *Euryclea*; Cast me off or kill,
All this I, dearest Madam, knew, and will
No longer hide: I Wine and Manchet both
Supply'd him with, and took a solemn Oath
Not in twelve daies to make his Absence known,
(Unless you ask'd, or heard the Prince was gone)
Lest you with Weeping should your Beauty wrong.
But bathe and dress your self, then take along
With you your Maids, and when you are withdrawn,
Implore *Minerva* to preserve your Son;
Nor old *Laertes* with this News afflict:
The Gods his Progeny not disrespect,
But one shall still survive his Realm to bless,
Who shall this Court and fertile Fields possess.

These words her Grief asswag'd, her Tears suppress'd;
And bathing straight her self she neatly dress'd:

Then

Then with her Train haste to her Chamber made,
And thus to *Pallas*, sacrificing, pray'd;
Jove's Daughter, hear: If e're my Lord the Thighs
Of Beeves and Sheep to thee did sacrifice,
Remember him; ah! save his Son and mine,
Turning on these Conspirers their Design.

Thus begs she weeping, and the Goddess grants.
Meanwhile the Suitors deaf the Walls with Rants:

When one thus said; The Queen will now elect
Mongst us her Spouse, yet not our Plot detect
Upon her Son. Then said *Antinous*; Fie,
Make no such idle Brags, lest any night
Ore-hear and tell within: no time protract,
But rising let's what we agreed on act.

This said, he twenty men selects, and strait
Looks out a Vessel of the second Rate,
And hires one in the Harbour, yare and stanch;
Her Masts and Sails brought up, from shore they lanch,
Then fit their pliant Oars, their Sails unfurl'd,
In readiness to plow the watery World;
And last the Comp'ny went aboard, where they
Refresh themselves, and for the Evening stay.

Meanwhile *Penelope* her Chamber keeps,
And musing takes no Sustainance, nor sleeps;
Twixt hopes and fears, how that her guiltless Son
Thimpious may kill, or he the Danger shun;
A Lion so suspects the Hunter's guile,
Whom hedging in they drive upon the Toyl.
Such wandring Fancies her from Slumber kept.
At last, wearied with burthening Cares, she slept:
The thoughtfull Queen then gentle *Morpheus* bound,
And fretting Cares in mild Oblivion drown'd.

Whilst *Pallas* fashion'd out an empty Shade,
Like to her Sister fair *Iphthima* made;

At

(1) King of *Pheræ* a City in *Thessaly*,
the Son of *Admetus* and *Alceste*.

At *Pheræ* whom ⁽¹⁾ *Eumelus* did espouse.
This straight she sent into *Ulysses* House,
Charging to free the Queen from tort'ring Fears,
From eating Grief, and inundating Tears.
Wh' entering her Chamber through the narrow Lock,
Drawn near her Bed, these words of Comfort spoke;
Dost thou, *Penelope*, afflicted sleep?

Thou must no longer pensive be nor weep.
Thy Son, who little hath displeas'd the Gods,
From Foes shall safe return and swallowing Floods.
Then sweetly slumb'ring in Sleep's pleasant Port

Thus spake the Queen; Dear Sister, to our Court
Why com'st thou, who before wert never here,
Dwelling remote? Would'st thou that I should Fear
And Grief shake off, which me so much molest,
Must'ring fresh parties in my troubled Breast,
Who such a Lord and so accomplish'd lost,
Through ample *Greece* admir'd and honour'd most?
And now my Son's adventur'd to the Seas,
Not us'd to Traffick nor hard Voiages;
For whom far greater Cares my Breast invade
Then for his Father, lest he be betray'd
By Land or Sea; of Life him to deprive
Many conspire ere he at Home arrive.

When thus the Shadow said; In me confide,
Laying all Fears and Jealousies aside;
For a great Goddess looks upon thy Son,
Pallas, who pitying thee sent me alone
This to acquaint thee with, and to persuade
From fruitless Tears. To whom the Queen thus said;

If thou a Goddess hast a Goddess heard;
Say if *Ulysses* live, or be interr'd,
And 's Soul descended to th' Infernal Shade.
Then to the Queen the Airie Fantom said;

Be

Be he alive or dead, I must not yet
Declare, nor answer Questions now unfit.

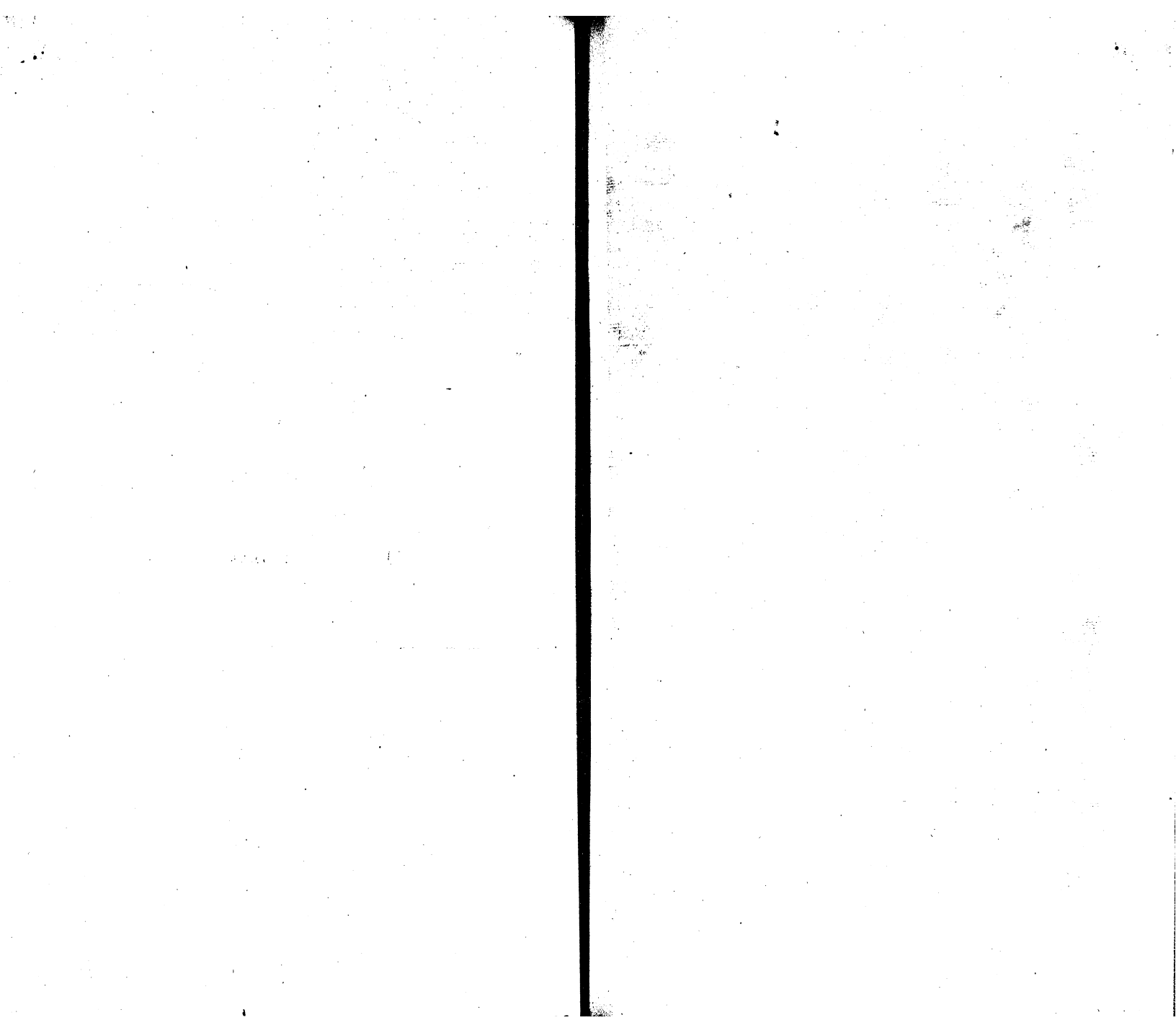
This said, it vanish'd, stealing through the Lock.
She shakes off drowsie Sleep, and Comfort took.
And whilst the Vision fled, with Sails unfurl'd
The plotting Suitors plow the waterie World,
To kill *Telemachus*. A Rockie Isle

Twixt *Ithaca* and *Samos*, which they style
^(*) *Aster*, lies, small, for Ambush fitting: they
Enter this Port, and him expecting lay.

(*) A small Island betwixt *Cephalonia* and *Ithaca*. It retains no name in the *Italian* Charts, though *Apollodorus* saies that in his time there was a Port there, and a small City called *Alacomena*.

I

HOMER'S





Illustratio
Domino Do. Rich.
Duce Comiti Tullogh
Tabulam hanc



Comiti de Arran
Baroni de Cloghgreman
L.M.D.D.D.I.O. Lib.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hermes Calypso bids Ulysses free :
Who makes himself a Bark, then puts to Sea.
A Storm by Neptune rais'd his Vessel splits :
To Land he by a Sea-Nymph's Favour gets :
Naked and tir'd he to a Cœvert creeps,
And bid in Leaves all night securely sleeps.



Aurora, leaving ^(c) Titbon's golden
Bed,
O're Heav'n and Earth Day's glorious
Luster spread,

When Jove and all the Gods assembled fate
In Consultation ; where much troubled at
Ulysses danger in the Nymph's Aboads,

The Court thus Pallas mov'd ; Jove, and you Gods,
No more let Kings be pious, mild, or just,
But let their Will be Law, their Rage and Lust ;

(c) The Fable of *Tithonus*, Brother to *Prion*, being married to *Aurora*, according to the Mythologists signifies no more than that he took a Wife out of the East : to which that History agrees which delivers him Founder of the City *Susa*, not far from the River *Chodpes*, the Seat afterwards of the *Perſian* Emperour. There is no Fable more familiar among the Poets than this, *Virgil*, in the 4. of his *Æneids*,

*Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine ter-
ram
Tithoni crecum linquens Aurora cubile.*

Aurora now had early Dawning spread,
And weary left old *Tithon's* golden
Bed.

Since his own People not *Ulysses* mind,
 Who Parent-like was to his Subjects kind.
 He suffering in a Sea-girt Isle remains,
 Whom fair *Calypso* in her Cave detains,
 Despairing to review his Native Coast,
 That neither can of Friends nor Vessell boast
 Home to transport him through the foamy Brine.
 And now his Son to murder they design
 In his Return, who sail'd to *Pyle* to inquire,
 And *Sparta*, after his long-absent Sire.

How scap'd these words thy Teeth, thy Ivory guard,
 Said *Jove*? Who here thy Business would retard?
 Hast not thou laid the Plot, *Ulysses* shall
 Returning be reveng'd upon them all?
 Fetch back his Son with speed, (for well you may)
 And him in safety to his Home convey:
 So, frivolous the Suitors Voiage make.
 This said, thus *Jove* to his Son *Hermes* spake;

Go thou, that art the Gods Embassador,
 And this our Order to *Calypso* bear:
Ulysses, say, must reach his own Abodes
 'Thout man's Assistance or immortal Gods:
 Him a new Vessell must the twentieth day
 To ^(b) *Scheria* and *Pheacian* Tow'rs convey;
 Where Silver, Brass and Vests will him attend,
 More worth then all his *Trojan* Dividend.
 He must his Wife and Friends, (thus Fates decree)
 His Palace and his Native Countrey see.

His Father straight obeying, *Hermes* goes,
 And buckles on with speed his golden Shoes,
 With which the Aire he cuts o're Sea and Land,
 As born ^(c) on th' Winds; then takes his charming Wand,
 That Mortals lulls asleep, and sleeping wakes.

^(d) *Pieria* reach'd, a Stoop from Heav'n he makes,

Like

Like a Sea-Fowl, whose fanning Pinions sweep
 The furrow'd Visage of the frowning Deep.
 The God there lighting leaves the purple Floods,
 Thence walking, finds her in her own Abodes,
 Burning sweet Incense in a heap'd-up Pile,
 Which spread a sweet Perfume through all the Isle:
 Whilst she sung rarely, through her curious Frame
 Her golden Shuttle nimbly went and came.
 A pleasant Grove her shady Mansion round
 With Poplar, Alder and tall Cypress crown'd;
 Upon whose Boughs Birds various built and bred,
 Hawks, Owls, and Choughs, who on Sea-margents fed;
 A circling Vine, which purpling Clusters lade,
 Whose verdant Branches her low Palace shade.
 Four stately Founts, in comely order plac'd,
 With disemboing Spouts each other fac'd.
 Inworn'd 'twas with pleasant Meads, which round
 Soft Violets and pleasant Smallage crown'd.
 Which if a God wandring by chance had seen,
 He had admir'd and much delighted been.
 There *Hermes* wondring stops. When he his eye
 Had surfeited with strange variety,
 Straight to her cool Apartment *Hermes* goes.
Calypso him sooner then enter'd knows.
 Immortal Pow'rs who ne're converse, although
 They far from other dwell, each other know.
 But not the Nymph he with *Ulysses* found:
 He, sitting on the Shore deep sighing, drown'd
 His Cheeks with Tears, his Breast with Sorrow swell'd,
 And restless Seas as restless there beheld.
 But when *Calypso* in her golden Throne
 Had *Hermes* plac'd, the Goddess thus begun;
 Why, my dear *Hermes*, mak'st thou this Address
 To me, that ne're didst visit my recess?

Lay

(b) It is agreed on by most of the Ancients, that the Island *Scheria* is that which was after call'd *Cercyra*, from *Cercyra* the Daughter of *Alopius*, which lies in the *Ionian* Gulf, (not far distant from *Ithaca*) now nam'd *Cepha*. But *Apollodorus* takes the name of the Isle, as well as the rest of the Story, to be a mere Figure of the Poet's.

(c) This whole relation of *Mercurie's* passage is translated by *Virgil* in the fourth Book of his *Aeneid*, which we have here transcribed, to the end we may observe his translation of one phrase in *Homer*.

—Ille patris magni parere parabat Imperio, & primum pedibus Talaria necesse

Aurora, quae sublimem alis, seu aquora supra
 Sea terram, rapido pariter cum flumine portant.

—hinc toto praecipit se corpore ad undas
Mysis; avi similis quae circum littora, circum

Risofos sepulchris humilis volat aquora juveta.

Here *Aura* must signify, he translates rapido pariter cum flumine, as if it had been *Aura* cum modo aris, in which sense the word *Aura* is usually taken in *Homer*, as, *ἀπὸ τοῦ αὐροῦ*: and *can Aurora* apperente. But in this place I take it in a different sense and meaning, *Aura* for *quas*, perinde ac *se ventis vehetur*, that is, his winged Shoes carried him as swift as the wind. This interpretation of ours is confirm'd not only by the sense of the place, but by the authority too of *Eufrastius*, who explains it *hinc modo*.

(d) A high Mountain in *Macedonia*, the Seat of the *Muses*, so called from a certain Hero of that name.

Lay your Commands, your pleasure I'll obey,
If in my pow'r, if possible I may :
But first take some Repast. This said, the Board
She with brisk *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* stor'd.
When he had tasted her Celestial Fare,
Ask you, he said, why hither I repair?

Know, beauteous Nymph, *Jove's* pleasure I fulfill;
He sent me hither, much against my will.
Who o're such vast and swelling Floods would fly,
No City near, nor Sacred Temple nigh,
Where pious Mortals on our Altars lay
Whole Hecatombs? But *Jove* we must obey.

One of those hapless Chiefs nine years employ'd
Beleag'ring *Troy*; which they the tenth destroy'd,
Whom in's Return offended *Pallas* hurl'd
With raging Tempests through the watry World,
His Friends destroy'd, him with rough Billows drove
Upon your Coasts, you must dismiss, saies *Jove*.
'Tis not his Fate to perish in Exile;

He must his Court review and Native Soil.
She troubled said; You envious Gods delight
In nothing more then thus to wreak your Spight;

Who'l not allow a Goddess in her House
To treat a Mortal, though she him espouse.
So when *Aurora* with ^(c) *Orion* match'd,
Their private Meetings you still prying watch'd;
Untill her golden Bow ^(c) *Diana* drew,
And with her Shafts him in this Island slew.

And so when *Ceres* did to Passion yield,
Injoying ^(c) *Jasion* in a thrice-plow'd Field,
Jove, soon inform'd, adjudg'd the fact a Fault,
And slew him with a blazing Thunder-bolt.
So I a Mortal 'spousing shall be serv'd.
On's turn'd-up Keel him riding I preserv'd,

When

When *Jove* with Lightning 'midst the raging Sound
His Vessel sunk, and his Associates drown'd.
Drove on this Coast by Wind and Billows rage,
I lov'd and cherish'd him, promis'd from Age
And Death to free. In vain our selves w' afflict,
Great *Jove* or any God to contradict.
To quit this Isle the Ruler of the Sky
May him command, but I shall ne're, nor I;
Since we a well-mann'd, Vessel want which may
Him safe through th' Ocean's broad-back'd Waves con-
But I'll advise, and best to his avail, (vey.
How he to's Country may in safety sail.

Hermes reply'd; Keep touch, *Jove's* Anger shun,
Nor farther into his Displeasure run.

This said, the God departs. She not delays,
But, straight *Ulysses* seeking, *Jove* obeys.
Whom finding on the Beach disconsolate,
With floods of Tears lamenting his sad Fate,
No hope of getting thence, seven years expir'd,
Now with a Goddesse's Imbraces tir'd,
Infore'd each night within her shady Grot
To warm her Side, will he or will he not,
(Yet all the day plac'd on the rocky Shores,
Viewing the restless Billows, he deploras
Himself with Sighs would rend a Heart in twain)

The Nymph thus said; Fie, Sir, no more complain,
Save precious time, my Int'rest I'll resign,
And set thee free: Go, fell some lofty Pine,
And make thy self a Vessel tight and staunch,
In which thou may'st to Sea in safety launch.
I Bread, Wine, Water will and Garments find,
Thee to supply, and send a prosperous Wind.
That, if the Gods so please, thou in short time
Shalt steer in safety to thy Native Clime.

Some

(c) The Moral of this Fable of *Orion* being taken away by *Aurora* is only this, That he dying an immature death, before he came to ripeness of age, was buried presently upon break of day, they not thinking it fit that the Sun should behold so grievous an evil. *Enslab.*

(*) *Homer* delivers not the reason why *Orion* was slain by *Diana*; but the later Poets say that he attempted her Chastity. *Horace*,

— & integra
Teatator Orion Diana,
Virginæ demitus fugitid.

Orion chaff *Diana* strove 't obtain,
When by the Virgin's Arrow he was slain.

Enslabion gives the same reason of his being slain, but different means; for he says that he was stung on the Ankle by a Scorpion produc'd to that purpose by *Diana*, of which he died.

(f) *Jasion* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Electra*; he was a Husband-man, and therefore feign'd to be beloved of *Ceres*, of whom he begat *Plutus*. *Hesiod* in his Generation of the Gods, *Εἰς αὐτὴν γὰρ Πλάτων ἐξέσταν δὲ θεῶν, Ἰάσων ἦν γυνὴ τοῦ Κρόνου αἰσάνου.*

Ceres the Goddess, with the golden hair,
Impregnated by *Jasion*, *Plutus* bore.

The Thunder-bolt with which he is slain signifies, according to *Enslabius*, the extremity of Heat and Drought in the Summer, by which the hopes of Husband-men are frustrated. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis* acknowledges not his death, but makes *Ceres* complain of his old age, Book 9.

— queritur veteres Pallantias annos
Coningis esse sui, queritur canescere
militem
Jasion *Ceres* —

Aurora means her Husband's age, and
fair
Ceres her *Jasion's* silver Hair,

Some new and quaint Device, then he reply'd,
Not my Diffinits : or would'st I should confide
In a small Bark, where Vessells ablest built
Knock at Hell-gates, and at Heav'n's Arches tilt,
When Tempests rage? Against thy will I loth
Should be to fail, unless thou take an Oath
Thou hast no Plot. Then said she, with a Smile;

For me thou art too crafty to beguile :
I swear by Heav'n and Earth, and ^(c) Stygian Floods,
An Oath ne're violated by the Gods,
I have no Plot against thee, no Design,
But am as cordial as thy Cause were mine :
My Heart is soft, not Adamant, nor Steel ;
So I on thy Concern Compassion feel.

The Nymph, this said, before him lightly trips;
He, following close, reprints *Calypso's* steps.
Into the Cave a Prince and Goddess goes,
Who seats him straight whence *Hermes* lately rose,
Filling his Board with various Humane Fare,
Then o're against him fills her golden Chair :
Renown'd *Ulysses*, thou, with no small Care,
Dost for thy Home and Native Soil prepare :
But thou would'st not rejoyce if thou didst know
What Sufferings wait on thee, what Woe on Woe,
E're thou at home arriv'st. Come, dwell with me,
Rule this my Palace, and immortal be.
Although thou hanker'st still after thy Wife,
And rather would'st injoy her then thy Life;
Her Beauty, Feature, nor her comely *Mien*,
Not our's eclipse; and if they did outshine,
Not with Immortals Mortals must compare.
Then thus *Ulysses* did himself declare;

Ah! my dear Goddess, tax, ah! tax not me;
My Wife that day must not be nam'd with thee,

(c) Swearing by *Styx*, an Infernal Lake, was accounted the most solemn and most rever'd Oath : as *Homer* in his *Iliads* declares, *Il.* 14.

* *Ἀγχι νυκτὶ καὶ ἑσπέρῃ ἀδελὸν Στυγὴν ὕδατος, καὶ ἐπὶ τῇ ἑστέρῃ αὐτῆς ἡβέρα πινυμένη, τῇ δ' ἑστέρῃ ἀλα μαρμαίρου*—

Swear by th' inviolable Stygian Lake,
Taking in one hand Earth, in th' other
Seas,
And the fix'd Land with floating Water
pulse.

Which whosoever of the Celestial Gods violated, was interdicted not only the Table, but all Society and Company of the rest for the space of ten years. Hejaid in his *Theogonia*,

* *Οἱ καὶ τὰς ὑπὲρ ὀρέων ἀπὸ τῆς ἑσπέρης
ἡβήρας, καὶ ἑσπέρης τῆς νυκτὸς ὀλομένης,
καὶ τῆς νυκτὸς τῆς ἡμέρας ἐν τῇ αὐτῇ
ὀδῇ αὐτῇ ἀμβροσίῃς ἐνέσθουσιν ἐν τῇ
ἑστέρῃ, ἀδελὸν καὶ ἑσπέρῃ καὶ ἡβέρῃ
καὶ ἑσπέρῃ ἐν τῇ αὐτῇ, &c.*

What God sw're swears by the Stygian
Lake;
That dwells on steep Olympus crown, and
breaks
His sacred Vow, lies breathless one whole
year,
Nor comes to Noctar and Ambrosia
near;
Silent he lies upon an ill-made Bed,
A dawning Lethargie all o're him spread.
After twelve months he this hath under-
dargues
Follows the heavier Affliction :
In nine years more the Gods not him ad-
mit
With them in Counsel nor at Feasts to sit.

So far beneath in Beauty and Defert:
She is but Mortal, thou Immortal art.
And if some angry God should rage at Sea,
I must with patience bear it as I may.
I much have suffer'd, much have undergone
In Camps and Seas; and this too may be done.

This said, the Sun descending, Darkness hurl'd
His sable Mantle over all the World.
They to her Cave's recess together went,
And tedious Night in sweet Embraces spent.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rosy Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
But up he starting puts his Gariments on ;
She her bright Stole, her Veil and golden Zone.
Then forth the Nymph, thus dress'd in Royal Weeds,
To hasten her *Ulysses* Business speeds,
First in his Hand a Steel-edg'd Axe she pur,
The polish'd Haft from smooth-rind Olive cut,
A sharp Wedge next : so him she down convey'd
Where a tall Forrest cast a spreading Shade,
Whose Poplar, Firr and Alder scale the Sky,
Which plow Waves lightly, season'd well and dry.
When she had shew'd him where the largest grew,
The Goddess to her Mansion thence withdrew :
Whilst he fells Poplar, Firr, and lofty Pine,
Twenty fair Trees, then squares by Plumb and Line.
Then fair *Calypso* him a Wimble brought,
On which he hard to joyn the But-ends wrought,
And starting Planchers pegg'd; a Rudder last
The Helm to answer makes with Joyntings fast.
What-e're Materials would a Ship-wright ask
To build a Ship, and well perform his task ;
Of such and such a Mold his Ketch he made,
And close his Decks and well-clinch'd Planchers laid;

Cloſe lay the jutting Ribs, the Planks at length;
 Next ſhapes a Maſt with Yards of fitting ſtrength;
 A Helm next ſmooths for Steerage, which he round
 With Sallow Twigs gainſt angry Billows bound.
 Canvas for ſpreading Sails *Calypſo* brought,
 With great and ſmaller Cordage ſtrongly wrought.
 So the fourth day his Veſſel tight and ſtaunch
 He, from the Stocks by Rowlers free'd, did launch.
 The fifth, the Nymph him from the Iſle diſmiſt,
 Bathing him kindly in ſweet Garments dreſt;
 Next pureſt Wine, and Water, puts aboard,
 And him with Cates and good Proviſion ſtor'd,
 And ſends to wait on him a gentle Gale.
 Joyful *Ulyſſes* ſtraight unfurls his Sail;
 And ſitting at the Helm through ſwelling Deepſ
 A ſteady Courſe ſteers on, and never ſleeps,
 But gazing contemplates Heav'n's ample Sphear,
 The *Pleiades*, *Orion*, and the Bear,
 And watcheth ſtill *Orion*, *Charles* his Wain,
 Whoſe Wheels ne're dip beneath the ſwelling Main.
Calypſo ſtrictly him advis'd to ſtand
 Through briny Billows to the Lar-board hand.
 Thus ſeventeen days and nights he onward ſteer'd.
 The eighteenth morn *Phaæcian* Hills appear'd,
 Whoſe hazy Crown not far off he beheld
 From the dark Ocean, riſing like a Shield.

When *Neptune* him, from ^(b) *Solym's* lofty ſide,
 (Return'd from *Æthiop*) plowing Waves eſpy'd,
 Shaking his Trefſes, thus h' intrag'd ſaid;

The Court of Gods have other Orders made,
 I abſent; yonder ſails *Ulyſſes* free,
 And ſoon will reach that Land where Fates decree
 His Woes muſt end; which ſtraight I'll contradict,
 And him before that more then e're affliçt.

This

This ſaid, his Trident taking, he alarms
 And from all quarters muſters new-raiſ'd Storms,
 Liſting ſwolv Billows; Seas, high Heav'n and Earth
 Muffles in Clouds: at once all Winds burſt forth,
Eurus and *Notus*, *Zephyr*; *Boreas* raves,
 Tumbling in thwart-plow'd Furrows hideous Waves.
 Trembling and pale, *Ulyſſes* then complains;

What Miſerie for hapleſs me remains!

The Nymph, I fear, ſpake true, who ſaid, before
 I ſhould in Safety touch my Native Shore,
 I much ſhould ſuffer. Ah! what Winds intrage
 Theſe ſwelling Waves, and my ſad Death preſage!

(c) Thrice happy you who on the *Trojan* Plain
 Dy'd bravely, in *Atrides* Quarrel ſlain!

Would I had periſh'd there, and breath'd my laſt
 When ſhowrs of Spears at me the *Trojans* caſt,
 As off (c) *Achilles* Corps I guarding came:
 Then they had kept my Obits, and my Fame
 Divulg'd through all the World: But, ah! now I
 Muſt here obſcure and unlamented die.

Againſt his Boat, this ſaid, a Billow daſh'd,
 And him o're-board from Helm and Steerage waſh'd:
 Which ſeconded with a reſounding Blaſt,
 The Yard flies from the Sail, and ſpends his Maſt:
 Nor he his Head could 'bove the Water get,
 Preſt down with ſurging Waves and Garments wet.
 Long ſtruggled he, but up he buoy'd at laſt,
 And Briny draughts his Stomach eaſing caſt:
 Yet he his Boat re-minds, though out of breath,
 And in he gets, avoiding ſudden Death.
 Him in the middle plac'd vaſt Billows bear,
 Raiſ'd by uncertain Guſts, now here, now there.
 As erſt th' Autumnal Storm through Champion
 Light Thittle-down, which yet in cluſters keeps: (ſweeps

(c) *Plutarch* tells a ſtory of *Memmius*, the *Roman* General, that after he had ſack'd the City of *Corinth*, and had made Slaves of all that ſurviv'd the Ruine of their Country, he commiſſed one of the Youth to write a Verſe, with which the General was ſo ſuppris'd that he fell a-weeping, and ſet at liberty the Child with all that had any relation to him.

(c) *Homer* no-where relates the Story of *Achilles's* Death, only hints at it here: but *Dares Phrygius* delivers it at large thus,

Huc Hecuba, in facinus audax, invitat Achillem, Conjugii ſacræ ſidem. Venit ille, ſed arma, Sed comites nulli, ſolum ſibi Neſtore natum Jungit, vix gladio cingi metor: omnia linguæ, Dum miſer optatos properas uſurus Amores.

Hecuba's Fraud *Achilles* hither led, Him promiſing he ſhould her Daughter wed. He came unarm'd, ſcarce takes his Sword, by none Accompanied but old *Nefter's* Son; Leaves all behind, no Danger fears nor Life, Haſting to ſee his ſo-deſired Wife.

Where before the Altar of *Apollo* he was ſlain by *Paris* and an Ambuſcade of armed *Trojans*.

(b) The Geographers, finding no ſuch Mountains in *Æthiopia* or the Southern parts of the World, ſuppoſe them feign'd by *Homer* in ſimilitude and correſpondence to the Mountains fo called in *Piſidia*, which were the moſt conspicuous and eminent Southerly to thoſe that ſail'd in the *Euxine* Sea, as theſe muſt be ſuppoſed to be in reſpect of *Ulyſſes* now ſailing in the Ocean. *Strabo* in the firſt Book of his *Geography*.

(1) She was the Wife of *Athamas* King of *Thebes*, who in his Madness slew *Learchus* the Son which he had by her. Whereupon she, out of impatience, taking her other Child in her Arms, cast her self into the Sea. But upon the intreaty of *Venus* was made a Goddess of the Sea by *Neptune*, as *Ovid* writes in the 4. of his *Metamorphosis*.

*At Venus immerita Neptis miserata labores,
Sic Patris blandita suo est; O Numen aquarum,
Proxima cui Caelo cessit, Neptune, possessas
Magna quidem posces, sed in miserrere moram
Jussit quae cernis in Ionio immenso,
Et Diis addit ius*—

Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's Fate,
Her Uncle thus intreats; O thou whose State
Is next to *Jove's*, great Ruler of the Flood,
My Suit is bold, yet pity thou my Bloud
Now tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas,
And joyn them to thy watry Deities.

Whence all that were sav'd from Shipwreck paid their Vows to her with the rest of the Guardians of the Sea, as *Lucian* in one of his Epigrams testifies,

*Ἐνδρος, ὃ Νηπτι, ὃ Ἰωνί, ὃ Μινυάστῃ,
Καὶ βύθῳ Κρονίδῃ, ὃ Σαυθῳπυρί Δωρί,
Σελήνῃ καὶ πύργῳ Νηλεΐδος ὠδὲν ἑξῆς
Τὰς τριπλᾶς ἐν νεμεσύνῃ δὴ δέδοτο ἔργα*

To *Glaucus*, *Nereus*, *ino*, and *Melicertes*,
Neptune and *Samothracian Deities*,
Lucillus I., scap'd Shipwreck, consecrate
My Hair, all that is left of my Estate.

So went she tost about 'mong Billows rough,
Now *Boreas* her, now *Eurus*, *Zephyre* cuff,
Banding the crazy Boat from side to side.

(1) *Leucothoe*, *Cadmus* Daughter, him esp'd,
Who had a Mortal been, but now the Gods
Allotted her the honour of the Floods.

Pitying *Ulysses* in so sad a plight,
She, rising like a Sea-fowl, straight did light
Upon his Boat, and said; Unhappy Prince,

Why *Neptune* didst thou so, so much incense,
That thus he prosecutes thee? yet he shall
Not be thy Ruine should he burst his Gall.
Take my advice, thou seem'st discreet. Thy Coat
Put off, and to the Winds bequeath thy Boat,
And thy Course, swimming, to *Phaacia* shape;
Those Confines Fate decrees for thy Escape.
This Ribband ty'd about thy Bosome bear;
Then Death it self nor any Danger fear.

But soon as thou shalt long'd-for Land obtain,
Unloose the Charm, and throw't into the Main.

The Goddess him, this said, her Fillet gave,
Then diving hides beneath a foamy Wave.

At this *Ulysses* troubled and dismay'd,
A deep Sigh fetching, to himself thus say'd;

Alas! what God contrives this subtil Plot
'Gainst me, persuading to desert my Boat?
I'll not obey; the Land's far off I see,
Where the Nymph told me should my Refuge be:
Whilst Boat together holds, here I'll remain,
And all the brunt of Winds and Waves sustain:
But when she splits, I'll swim, and Death evade.

Whilst thus consulting to himself he said,
From deep Seas *Neptune* a huge Billow drew,
And charg'd his Vessell, which in Splinters flew.

As



Illustris simae Dominae
de Arran Tabulam



D. Marie Comitissae
Franc. LMDDDIO. lib. 6

As Chaff dispers'd by blust'ring Tempests born,
So his ripp'd Pink divides, in pieces torn.
When on a Plancher getting up he strides,
Himself then stripping, as on Horse-back rides;
Then wound about him ties the Ribband fast,
And in himself, his Hands extended, cast.
When Neptune in this Posture him survey'd,
His curled Tresses shaking, thus he said;

So swim for Life, by o're-grown Billows drove,
'Till thou arriv'st 'mong People dear to Jove:
Yet all thou hast not 'scap'd. This said, the God
Drove on to ^(m) Æge, where his Palace stood.

But here her Favourite Minerva minds,
Stopping the passages of thundering Winds,
Commanding in their Caverns all to sleep;
Boreas must onely smooth the furrow'd Deep,
Till to Phæacian Shores Ulysses came.
Two daies and nights on bounding Waves he swam,
Expecting Death: when the third Morn appear'd,
The Winds all hush'd, the Sky from Vapours clear'd,
Mounted upon a swelling Billow, he
The trending Shore not distant far could see.

As to kind Children their Sire's Health appears,
Who Bed-rid lay, Consumptive many years,
By sad Diseases and their Demon charg'd,
At last from all by milder Gods enlarg'd:
So to Ulysses shew'd the Grove and Land.
But swimming, that he might the Shore ascend
Upon his Feet, he heard loud Billows roar
Amongst the Rocks, and thunder 'gainst the Shore,
A great Surf rising with a briny Spry,
From broken Cliffs retorted, brush'd the Sky.
For there no Harbour was, no Port, nor Bay,
But Rocks and Stones guarding the Confines lay.

Much

(m) A City in Eubœa, not that of
Achæa, as Strabo observes, (where
notwithstanding there was a Temple of
Neptune's) which gave the name to the
Ægean Sea.

Much troubled then, he fighting thus complain'd;
 By *Jove's* assistance Land I have obtain'd
 Through boist'rous Waves, yet now no Harbour see
 Where I may scape from farther Danger free. (Shocks,
 Each-where Waves storm the Coasts with thundring
 Which hanging Cliffs surround and slipp'ry Rocks,
 And the deep Ocean's near; not any gap
 Where I may footing find, and so escape.
 Me the swoln Surge, Land striving to obtain,
 Will bruise 'gainst Stones, and I shall strive in vain.
 But I will farther swim, perhaps I may
 Find smoother Shores, and some protecting Bay:
 Meanwhile I fear a sudden Gust again
 May drive me fighting back into the Main;
 Or *Neptune*, whom I have offended much,
 May send a huge Sea-Monster; many such
 The Ocean breeds. Whilst thus the Prince discours'd,
 Him on rough Shores a swelling Billow forc'd.
 There had his Flesh been rent, fractur'd his Bones
 'Mongst rowling Pebbles and sharp-pointed Stones,
 Had *Pallas* this not put into his mind:
 Fast a firm Rock with both hands he intwin'd,
 And fighting stuck about her Marble waft,
 Till over him the swelling Billow past;
 Which re-advancing charged once again,
 And swept him sinking back into the Main.
 Upon the rough-skinn'd *Polypus* so thick
 (Drawn from his Lodging) brittle Pebbles stick,
 As in his Palms, when the retiring Shock
 Of a huge Wave divorc'd him from the Rock.
 There had, in spite of Fate, *Ulysses* dy'd,
 Had not *Minerva* from th' o'rewelming Tyde
 Her Favourite rais'd, and on a Billow bore,
 Where he could see a Beach and smoother Shore.

At

At last a pleasant River's mouth he finds,
 Free from rough Cliffs, safe from disturbing Winds;
 Then, swimming in, thus to the ^(a) Stream he pray'd;
 Who ere thou art, great King, thy Suppliant aid;
 And me escap'd from *Neptune's* Rage defend
 The Gods do still poor Wanderers defend.
 Ah! to thy *Venerie's* Petition list,
 And him whom much hath suffer'd now assist.

This said, the River levels all his Waves,
 And in his quiet Bosom him receives;
 Who scrambling up on feeble Knees and Hands,
 At last much swoln with soaking Billows lands;
 Drawing short Breath, much Water from his Nose
 And Mouth distilling, down himself he throws.
 But when his Soul dislodg'd was repossess'd,
 And he recover'd with a little Rest,
 From's Bosom he the Goddess's Ribband took,
 And threw't into the Sea-descending Brook;
 Which a swoln Billow carrying to the Main,
 Straight to the Nymphs fair Hands convey'd again.
 Leaving the Stream, shelter 'mongst Reeds he took,
 And kissing th' Earth with a deep Sigh thus spoke;
 Ah me! what shall I doe? what next remains?

If I lie here till Day, Night's cold Serenes,
 Or from the Stream the chiller morning Dew,
 My weary Body will pinch through and through:
 If up to yonder shady Grove I creep,
 I warm at ease 'mongst leavy Shrubs might sleep;
 But if surpriz'd by gentle *Somnus*, may
 Some Serpent's be or savage Monster's Prey.

On this he pitch'd: the Grove then enters straight,
 And found a place fitted for his Receipt.
 Two twin-born Olives near the River stood,
 In prospect skirting the adjacent Wood:

(a) Rivers were counted Sacred among the Ancients, under the protection of some peculiar God: so was *Erydanus* the God of a River so named, described thus by *Claudian*,

— ille Caput placidis sublimis fluminis
 Extulit, & totis lucem spargantia ripis
 Aureararum micant Cornua vul-
 tu, &c.

Raising his Head out of his pleasant Streams,
 His golden Horns the Banks disdain'd
 with Gleams
 Of sprinkling Light, Drops trickling
 from his Face.
 He his moist Hair deck'd not with
 Officers' bays
 And vulgar Reeds; fresh Poplars shade
 his Brows,
 And Amber from his curled Tresses
 flows.
 A Robe his Shoulder hides; *Phaethon's*
 wrought there,
 His blew Vest burning in his Father's
 Chair.

And *Tiberis*, acknowledged for a God
 by *Virgil*, *Æneid*. 8.

Hinc Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tiberinus
 amans,
 Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
 Vjsus, &c.

The Genius of the place, old *Tiber*,
 here
 Amongst the Poplar Branches did ap-
 pear.

Not

Not into this Sun, Rain, nor piercing Wind,
 The Twigs so closely wove, could passage find.
 Here straight *Ulysses* entring makes his Bed,
 And store of Leaves above and under spread.
 There two or three might warm in Winter ly,
 Safe from foul Weather and a raging Sky.
 This Receptacle the glad Prince receives,
 Who lying down himself heaps o're with Leaves.
 As under Ashes one a Brand conceals
 Who far from Neighbours in the Countrey dwells,
 That Fire on all occasions he may keep;
 So cover'd lay *Ulysses*, whom asleep
Minerva casts, (closing his weary Eyes)
 And frees at once from Toyl and Miseries.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Nausicaa's Dream: She to the Fountain speeds:
 They wash, and spread on drying Plots their Weeds.
 Losing their Ball at Play they raise a Cry,
 Which wakes Ulysses: he appears, they fly:
 Onely the Princess stays, his Suit receives,
 And him supply'd with Food and Rayment leaves.*

SO slept *Ulysses* free from Toil and
 Cares,
 Whilst *Pallas* to *Phæacian* Tow'rs re-
 pairs.

This People whilome in ^(a) *Hyperia* dwelt,
 The *Cyclops* near, and oft their Plund'rings felt:
 'Till their Remove *Nausibous* commands,
 Plants them in *Scheria* far from peopled Lands,
 Their ^(b) City fortifies with Bulwarks round,
 Builds Houses, Temples, and divides the Ground.

L

But

(a) Some Grammarians take it to be an Island near unto the Country of the *Cyclops*; but that agrees not with the mind of the Poet: for how could Islanders be endamaged by the *Cyclops*, who, according to *Homer*, used no Shipping? Others conjecture it to be a City of *Sicily*, afterwards called *Camerina*, which is more probable.

(b) The Poet has briefly here in two Verses comprehended the whole affair of settling a Colony. The first part, that is, the fortifying the City and building Houses for the Inhabitants, contains their Security and Commodity; the other speaks their Religion and Justice.

But he descending to the *Strygian* Shade,
Renown'd *Alcinous* the Scepter swai'd.
Her steps *Minerva* to his Court directs,
Nor ought to haste *Ulysses* Home neglects:
And straight a stately Chamber enters, where
A Virgin slept as the Immortals fair,
Alcinous Daughter, bright *Nausicaa*.
Two Damsels, like the Graces, near her lay.
The two-leav'd Doors on Jaums opposing shin'd;
Through which the Goddess, lighter than the Wind,
Silently stole up to the Princess Couch,
Resembling *Dymas* Daughter, (whom she much
Accompanying in estimation had)
Her Tardiness thus seeming to upbraid;

Why bore thy Mother such a Sluggard? why
Do thy rich Garments foul neglected ly,
Thy Nuptials near? when thou shouldst all transcend
In gorgeous Dress, and those who thee attend.
For these things would thy Fame spread far and near,
And joy th' indulgent Parents Hearts to hear.
Let's to the Fountain with the rising Sun,
I'll help, that we the sooner may have done.
You'll be no Virgin long, a great resort
Of prime *Pheacians* thee prepare to court.
Thy Father's Chariot ask, in which we may
Your Stoles and Veils and richest Garments lay:
Nor stands it with your Dignity or Port
To walk on foot so far off from the Court.

This said, *Minerva* scales ^(c) *Olympick* Tow'rs,
The blessed Seat of Gods, with bitter Show'rs
Never infested, where no Tempests blow,
Ne're cloath'd with crufted Frosts nor fleecy SNOW;
A cloudless Sky still crowns those blest Aboads
Of ever-young and never-dying Gods.

(c) *Olympus* is a high Mountain in the borders of *Thessaly*, whose Top was anciently believed to be above the Region of the Clouds, and therefore feign'd to be the Seat of the Gods; which *Lucretius* thus describes out of this place of *Homer*,

*Apparet Divium nomen, sed sine quiete,
Quas neque concutunt venti, nec nubila
nimbi
Adspargunt, neque nix acri concreta
pruinâ
Cana cadent violat, semperque innotuit
æther
Integru, & large diffuso lumine ridet.*

The

The Dawn now blooming with a tender Beam,
The Princess wakes, much wond'ring at her Dream;
And thence straight goes t' acquaint the King & Queen
With her intents, and finds them both within;
Her with her Maids spinning rich Wool about
A stately Fire, her Father going out
To a great Council where the Princes met:
When thus she on her Royal Parent set;

Your Chariot order, Sir, that straight I may
Your Royal Vests down to the Stream convey,
That there they may be wash'd: 'tis much unfit
You in foil'd Robes should 'mongst our Princes sit.
Five Sons dwell in your Court; for two your care
Provided hath, three yet unmarried are:
They should be neat and clean to dance at Balls.
To look to this under my Duty falls.

Thus said she, not once hinting hopes to wed.
But her Design he farther sounding, said;
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine. Within who wait
Harness my Mules, bring my best Chariot straight.

His word's a Law, the Servants all obey'd,
And what the King commanded ready made.
The Princess from her Chamber brings a Vest,
And puts in her Carroch, the Queen a Chest
With several Cates, and Wine in a *Borach*,
And to her mounting did a Vial reach
Of perfum'd Oyl, to use when she had wash'd.
Taking the Reins her Mules *Nausicaa* lash'd:
They stretch away, not bearing Vests alone,
But all the Damsels her attended on.
When to the pleasant Fountain they drew near,
Where they might wash all seasons of the Year,
Where cleansing Streams like purest Crystal spout;
There they alight, and sweating Mules take out,

L 2

And

And on the Margents of the purling Flood
Drove to sweet Grafs; their Chariot next unload,
And foul Weeds throw into the Cryftall Spring,
Which in full Troughs they trample in a ring,
Each the Buck plying with a tab'ring Foot.
All clear from Spots, difcolouring Stains and Smut,
They fpread them forth in order near the Shore,
Where they fmall Stones and Gravel' fpy moft store.
Themfelves then bath'd, perfum'd, and neatly deckt,
To Dinner went, where fitting, they expect
Untill the Sun whiten their Weeds and dry.
When feasted well, they lay their Chaplets by,
To play at Ball. Amidft her Virgin-train
The Princefs firft warbled a pleafant Strain.
So walks *Diana* o're the Mountain tops,
Through ^(d) *Tayget* or the ^(e) *Erymanthian* Cops,
Mongft Goats and Deer delighted to refort;
The rural Nymphs about the Goddefs fport;
Whilst joy invades *Latona's* filent Breaft,
She by the Shoulders taller then the ref.

Now ready to return, juft when they fhould
Their Mules conjoyn, and up their Garments fold,
Minerva then contriv'd a handfom Sleight
Ulyffes to awake, that fo he might
The Virgin fee muft him from thence convey;
Who the Ball ferving (earnest at her play)
Unto another, fomething mifs'd her aime;
Which fhe not catching, 't fell into the Stream.
At this they fhreek; the Cry *Ulyffes* wakes,
Who to himfelf then fitting up thus fpeaks;
Ah me! who here refide? a Race unjuft,
Rufticks not rul'd by Reafon, but their Luft?
Or thofe who, civiliz'd, Celeftials fear?
That thus a Cry of Nymphs invades my ear,

Dwelling

(d) A Mountain in *Peloponnesus*, fmall in compafs, but high and fteep; part of which being violently thrown down by an Earthquake almoft ruined the whole City of *Sparta*, as *Pliny* in the 2. Book of his Natural Hiftory. From hence was *Diana* called *Taygetea*.

(e) A Mountain in *Arcadia*, in which there were divers Groves abounding with wild Beasts, as *Ovid* writes in the 2. of his *Metamorphofis*.

Dámque feras fequitur, dum falus eligit aptos, Necilibusque plagis Sylvas Erymanthidos ambis, Incidit in matrem—

Whilst he hunts Beasts, and fhady Groves belets, *Erymanthian* Woods beleaguering with Nets, He on his Mother lights—

And therefore properly feign'd by the Poet the place of *Diana's* Recreation.

Dwelling in Mountains, or more bleft Aboads,
Mongft flow'ry Meads water'd with Cryftall Floods.
Or are they Men? I'll fee. This faid, he steals
From fheltring Shrubs, and with a Branch conceals
His modett parts; then up he runs amain.
Like a huge Lion bear with Wind and Rain,
Who forc'd by Want (his Eyes like Beacons) falls
On Sheep, Beeves, Deer, breaks Houfes, storms high
So to the Virgins drawing near he fhowes, (Walls:
Horrid with fcurffing Brine and parched Owfe.
To fhelter all difperfed fly, except
Alcinous Daughter; fhe her Station kept,
By *Pallas* Infatigation bolder made.
Ulyffes here awhile confid'ring ftaid,
Should he draw near, fall humbly at her Knece;
Or at fome diftance move fhe pleas'd would be
Him to the City to direct and clothe.
The laft Advice he firft approves on, loth
By drawing near her Modetty 't invade.
Then thus the King implores the Royal Maid;
If thou art Mortal, or Celeftial Blood,
Pity great Queen. But if fprung from a God
Who plants the Sky, *Diana* th' art, *Jove's* race;
Such thy majettick Perfon, Mien, and Facè.
But if that thee fome Earthly Princefs bare,
O then thrice happy thy Relations are,
When thee 'mongft meaner Stars they fee advance,
Crowning each Figure in a Courtly Dance.
But he's moft happy who fhall thee efpoufe,
And Conquerour lead triumphing to his Houfe;
Since I ne'r Beauty faw like thine before,
Which I, the more I view, admire the more.
But late at *Delos* I a ^(f) Palm beheld,
Next *Phæbus* ^(g) Altar, which, like thee, excell'd

(f) There is frequent mention of this Palm near the Altar of *Apollo* in the Ifland *Delos*, fo admirable for its Height and Beauty. *Callimachus* in his Hymn upon *Apollo*, fpeaking of his Return upon his anniverfary Fefivals at *Delos*,

*Kai Mera me diptetes xanthi meli eiteo-
agant
Ouz legous; katevoun o' d'elou' d'elou' n
eiteo
E'xamens, o' z' adou' o' ides nakhadidre,*

Phæbus the Door Strikes with his beautiful Foot.
The *Delian* Palm-tree nods, perceive you not?
Mark how the Swan fings fweetly in the Air.

And *Cicero* fays, that in his time there was there to be feen a Palm, which the Natives believ'd to be that here commended by *Ulyffes*. *deu apud Homericum Ulyffes Deli f'p'p'ceat' q' veneram Palmam vidiffe dicit, h'p'p'ceat' monftrant eandem.* At this Palm *Latona* brought forth *Apollo*, as *Homer* in his Hymn on *Apollo* delivers it.

*Xanthi, meli' o' d'elou', katevoun d'elou' d'elou' n
eiteo
E'xamens, o' z' adou' o' ides nakhadidre,*

A'p'p'ceat' q' veneram Palmam vidiffe dicit, h'p'p'ceat' monftrant eandem. At this Palm *Latona* brought forth *Apollo*, as *Homer* in his Hymn on *Apollo* delivers it.

Phæbus the Door Strikes with his beautiful Foot.
The *Delian* Palm-tree nods, perceive you not?
Mark how the Swan fings fweetly in the Air.

Her in *Ortygia*, in rough *Delos* him's Learning 'gainft *Cynthus* Mountain near the Stream
Of *Inopus*, under a fpreeding Palm.
Which is fignified too by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphofis*.

Illic inclinata cum Palladis arbore Palma, Edidit invicti geminos Latona naves.

(g) This Altar of *Apollo* was built of the Horns of Goats which *Diana* flew in *Cynthus*, a Mountain in the Ifland of *Delos*, according to *Callimachus*.

A'p'p'ceat' q' veneram Palmam vidiffe dicit, h'p'p'ceat' monftrant eandem. At this Palm *Latona* brought forth *Apollo*, as *Homer* in his Hymn on *Apollo* delivers it.

Phæbus the Door Strikes with his beautiful Foot.
The *Delian* Palm-tree nods, perceive you not?
Mark how the Swan fings fweetly in the Air.

From finging *Phæbus* th' Altar built and wrought,
With Horns the Bafis, and did Horns provide

Fafening the Altar's Joyns on every fide.
Whom *Ovid* follows in his Epitile of *Cydippe*, and admires no lets the Structure of the Altar, then the Palm adjoyning.

*M'ror o' innamuræ ftraclem de cornibus Aram,
Et de qua pariens arbore nixa Dea efl.*

The Altar built with Horns my wonder bred,
And Tree on which the Ican'd who was brought to Bed.

With

(k) As he went to Troy; for *Lycophron* mentions the arrival of the *Greecian* Fleet there in their passage thither, not at their return.

With a fair Train^(b) I thither came; and such
Our dangerous Voiage prov'd, I suffer'd much.
Such and so great a Maze curd'd my Blood
Viewing that Plant, the glory of the Wood;
As now the strange Astonishment I meet,
Fearing my self to prostrate at thy Feet.
Last night I landed here, twenty days toft
With Winds on Waves from the *Ogygian* Coast,
And now some God inforc'd me on this Shore,
Perhaps to make my Miseries the more.
To see of Woes a period I despair,
Though great and many my past Sufferings were.
Pity me, Madam, pity me accurst,
One that hath felt of Fortune's Spight the worst,
Since first I thee implore: I know not one
That tills these Fields or dwells within yon Town.
Shew me the way; and, if so well y' are stor'd,
A Vest, though torn, to cover me afford:
Which Heav'n repay thee in a loving Spouse,
Obedient Servants, and well-order'd House;
Which will displease thy Enemies to hear,
But Musick make to Friends and Kindred's ear.

She thus reply'd; I should be, Stranger, loath
To tax th' of Folly, Cowardise, or Sloth;
Jove where he pleaseth good or ill bestows,
And now perhaps accumulates thy Woes,
Which will with Patience thee become to bear.
But since thou in this plight art landed here,
A Vest thou shalt not, Sir, nor ought else want
That may bestead a woful Suppliant:
And I'll conduct thee to our Walls, and tell
Who plant these Coasts. Here the *Pheacians* dwell:
I am *Alcinous* Daughter, who now reigns
Absolute Monarch o're these fertile Plains.

This

This saying, thus she calls her Damsels; Stay;
Why fly you frightened from a Man away?
Suppose you him a Foe? No Mortal shall
In hostile manner on these Confines fall:
Us far from all Commerce the Gods maintain,
Guarded with thundring Waves amidst the Main.
This a poor Stranger, him it would behove
To comfort: such beloved are of *Jove*.
Small Gifts to them seem great: bring him some Food,
And Bathe him shelter'd in the Crystal Flood.

Stopp'd with these Summons they each other call;
Then plac'd him warm against a Sunney Wall:
A Shirt, Vest, Coat, they to *Ulysses* brought,
And with rich Oyl a golden Vial fraught:
Next, to the pleasant River him conduct;
When his Attendants thus he did instruct;

So favour me, to walk aside awhile,
Till wash'd and sweet I am with perfum'd^(c) Oyl.
Meto be naked 'mong so many Maids,
Bathing my self, my Modesty dissuades.

Advised thus, they all withdraw abash'd,
Whilst he his Neck and ample Shoulders wash'd
From froathy Brine, which like dry Scurf lay spread,
Cleansing from clotted Owse his Hair and Head.
When he had 'noynted with the rich Unguent,
Put on those Garments fair *Nausicaa* sent,
Minerva renders him more tall and fair,
Curling in Rings like *Daffadills* his Hair.
So shews 'bout Silver a gilt Border, wrought
By one whom *Vulcan* and *Minerva* taught:
With so much beauty did the Goddess grace
His spreading Shoulders and majestick Face.
Who walking thence in comely Weeds arraid,
The Queen admiring to her Damsels said;

This

(i) Whence *Jupiter* had the Epithet of *Miner* and *Hospitalis*, as being the revenger of all wrongs done to Strangers, and the protectour of their safety. *Virgil Aeneid. i.*

Jupiter, (Hospitalibus nam: Jove per d loquantur)
Hunc latius Tytiſque diem Trojaque profectis
Esse velis, nostrisque huius meminisse minores.

O *Jove* (for thou protect'st all Guests, they say)
Make to both Nations this a happy day,
Which alwaies let Posterity record.

Cicero in his Oration for *Deiotarus*, *Si Penitus intermissis, Jovis quidem illius HOSPITALIS Numen nunquam celare potuisset, homines fortasse cavissent. Etad he Posset illi, he might perchance have conceal'd it from men, but he could never have hid it from the Deity of Jupiter HOSPITALIS.*

(k) *Plutarch* in his *Symposiack* Discourses makes this Question, Why the Poet, who gives peculiar Epithets to all other moist Bodies, should particularly give that to Oyl which is common to all the rest, to wit, *moist* or *liquid*. To which is replied, That as that is most properly called *white* which least partakes of any other Colour, so that is most properly called *liquid* or *moist* which doth least partake of any dry parts; which is the property of Oyl, as he there proves at large, *lib. 6. c. 9.*

This worthy Person sure at our Abodes
Had ne'r arriv'd but by the will o'th' Gods.
Mean seem'd he first when he himself address'd,
Resembling now one of the ever-blest.
I well could be content to be his Bride,
If pleas'd he in our Palace would reside.
Some Food for him prepare. This said, they set
Before *Ulysses* Wine and sav'ry Meat:
And he, who long had fasted, highly feasts,
Whilst they their Garments folded up and Vests
Laid in their Chariot, and their ⁽¹⁾ Mules put in.

Thus, mounting, to *Ulysses* spake the Queen;
Now, Sir, be pleas'd to rise, nor time neglect,
And thee I'll to my Father's Court direct,
Where the *Pheacian* Princes thou shalt see.
And since thou prudent art, advis'd be:
Follow the traçings of my Chariot-Wheels,
Till we have past these cultivated Fields;
And thou wilt soon unto the City reach,
With strong Tow'rs flanker'd, and a double Beach;
Where narrow Entrances on either side
Within enlarge, where Vessels Land-lock'd ride:
The *Forum's* near, and *Neptune's* Temple all
Of polish'd Stone, environ'd with a Wall.
There hath our Arsenal in several Stores
Magazin'd Cordage, Canvas, Masts and Oars.
We Bows and Quivers mind not, but stout Ships;
Trusting in them we plow the swelling Deep.
Thus shall I shun th' Aspersions of the Croud,
(They commonly uncivil are and proud)

Who thus their Verdicts spending us would taunt;

What Stranger's this? *Nausicaa's* Gallant?
Where found she him? Sure she will prove his Bride:
Or 'tis some Straggler from his Ship sh' has spi'de,

And

And taken up; none such inhabits nigh;
Or 'tis some God descended from the Sky,
And will at her request a Mortal wed.
None but a Foreiner must enjoy her Bed.
She to our primér Youth and Nobles shy,
Returns their Love with scornful Reperty.
Thus would they at my Reputation strike.
And I should spend my Censure much alike
On any, Parents not consenting, dare
Be seen 'mongst Men before they wedded are.
Doe thus, and soon my Father shall transport
Thee to thy long-wish'd Home and Native Port.
A Path to *Pallas* Grove and Fountain leads
Close by the Road, girt in with flowry Meads:
My Father's Ground and Orchard's there, so near
The Town, that thence you may one hallowing hear:
There stay untill thou think'st we are at Home,
Then with all speed up to the City come;
And for the Royal Palace then enquire,
No Building in *Pheacia's* like it, Sir,
And the least Child will shew you. Walking in,
First make thou thy Addresses to the Queen:
Leaning against a Column by the Fire
She sits, and Purple spins, Attendants by her.
My Father's Throne and hers almost conjoyn,
Where like the Gods he drinks delicious Wine.
There her Petition: If she condescends,
Thou soon shalt see thy Native Soil and Friends.

This said, she lash'd her Mules, and guides the Rains;
They print with Iron-shoo'd Hoofs the dusty Plains,
And soon *Ulysses* and her Maids out-strip,
She not till Night sparing at all the Whip.
When *Pallas* Fane they reach'd, *Ulysses* stay'd,
And thus devoutly to the Goddesses pray'd;

M

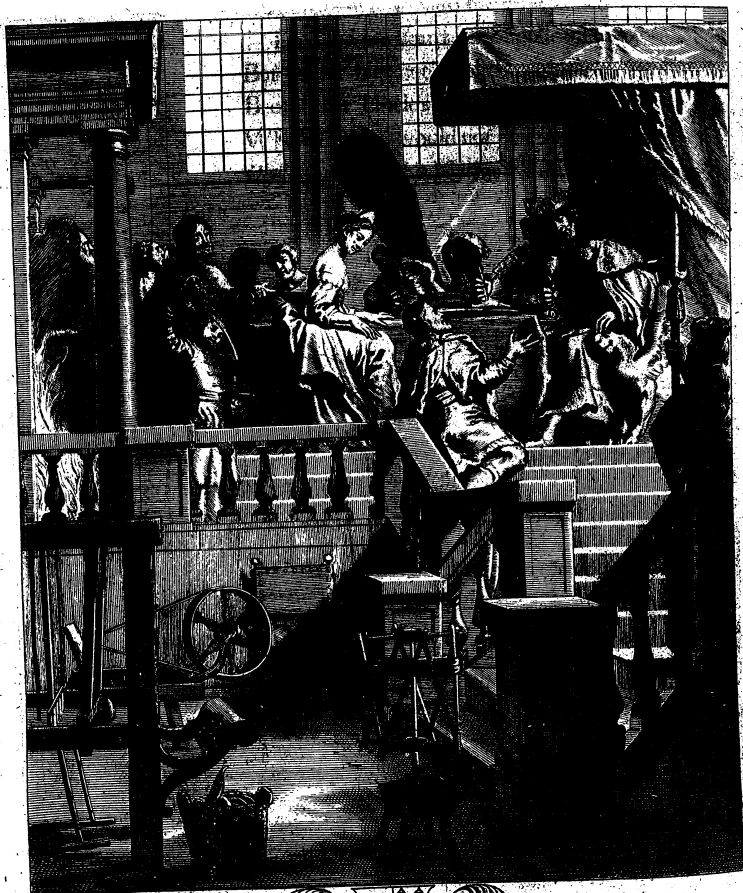
Hear

(1) Amongst the ancient *Græcians* and *Latines* there seem to have been a different use of Horses and Mules. The former were used in Chariots of War, as appears through the whole *Iliad*; and in publick Races, as in the *Olympick* and *Nemean* Games: the latter in Chariots for private use and Journeys. *Aeschines* in his Oration against *Ctesiphon*, *καὶ αὐτοὶ τρία ζεύγη ἔχουσιν*. He let out to them three Chariots of Mules: and *Symonius* in his third *Epistle*, *οὐκ ἐπὶ ζεύγεσσι δὲ αὐτῶν τὸν ἵππον*, ascending the Chariot led by Mules.

Hear me, *Jove's* Daughter, to my Prayer (ah!) list,
Who me so late 'gainst *Neptune* didst assist,
And brought'st alive to the *Phaeacian* Shore.

The Goddess heard her Supplicant implore;
But yet for him not publicly appear'd,
Because her Uncle's Anger much she fear'd,
Whose Raging would not be appeas'd before
Ulysses landed on his Native Shore.

HOMER'S



Honoratissimo Domino
 Tabulam hanc
 D^o Johanni Boteler
 L M D D I O 1717



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Alcinous Garden, Palace, where unseen
 Ulysses makes Addresses to the Queen.
 The Cloud dispersing, he appeareth: all
 are struck with Admiration through the Hall.
 The pitying King hearkens to his Request:
 He promise fair. Arete knows his Vest.*

THUS to's great Patroness Ulysses
 pray'd,
 Whilst to the Palace came the Royal
 Maid.

Entring, her Brothers round about her prest,
 Took out her Mules, and carried in the Vest.
 She to her Chamber went, where her old Maid,
 Eurymedusa, Billets kindled had,
 Whom in her prime they from ^(a) *Apira* sent,
 And did t' *Alcinous* a choice Gift present,

(a) Though the Poet makes the
 Island of the *Phaeacians* a kind of *Ita-
 lia*, yet from this place *Eustathius* ob-
 serves that the true position of it might
 be guessed at, *Apira* here being the
 proper name of this Country afterward
 called *Epirus*.

Born in a Vessel through the boist'rous Main;
For worhipp'd as a God the King did reign.
She bred his Daughter, she her Chamber air'd,
Nor to keep neat and handfom labour spar'd.

Whilst on *Ulysses* going, *Pallas* shrouds
Her Minion in a Cloak of fable Clouds,
Left the affronting ^(b) Rout should on him set,
Roughly examine, and as evilly treat.

No sooner he into the City gets,
But him *Minerva* like a Virgin meets
Bearing a Pitcher; when *Ulysses* said;

Direct me to the Palace, pretty Maid,
Where reigns *Alcinous*, who these Realms commands.

I a poor Stranger, come from forein Lands,
Know none who in this Town or Country dwell.

Then said *Minerva*; Sir, that can I well,
My Father lives close by: but I desire
You, for your own good, of none else t' inquire;

Since we to Travellers that come from far
Uncivil and Inhospitable are,
With swift Ships plowing Seas, as Birds the Skies
With Wings divide, as nimbler Fancie flies.

This said, away before she nimbly trips;
He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps,
And through the City went unseen of proud
Phæacians, hid with an obscuring Cloud.

Where he their Port and stately Ships admires,
Their Forum, Bulwarks crown'd with lofty Spires.
But when they to the Royal Palace came,

This is the Court, said the Celestial Dame,
And thou shalt find our Princes Feasting there:
Venture amongst them boldly, do not fear.
Courage all Business aids. When thou art in,
Thou shalt behold *Arete* first, our Queen.

(b) The vulgar sort of people are prone to use opprobrious and contumacious words against Strangers, as having no Commerce or Society with them. King *Danaus* tells his Daughters, who fled with him out of *Agypt* into *Greece*, among the rest of his Instructions, (*Æschylus Supplic.*)

Τῶς δ' ἐς παντὶς ἡλίκων εὐνοίας φησι
Καλῶς, τὸ, τ' ἀνὸν εὐνοίᾳ ἡμῶν μὴ ποτ'.

All men are ready Strangers: to abuse:
And easy we opprobrious language use.

Wherefore *Venus* shrouds the *Trojans* in a Cloud, (as *Minerva* her *Ulysses*) when they were to pass through *Carthage*. *Virgil. Æneid.*

At *Venus* observo gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nitula circum Dea fudit
amictus.
Cernere nō quis eorū, nē quis contingere
posset,
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere
causam.

But *Venus* with black Mists them walking shrouds,
And covers with a Cloak of fable Clouds;
Left any should or touch them or discern,
And by delays their cause of coming learn.

She and the King of one Extraction are.
To *Neptune* *Peribe Naufsitons* bare,
(Young't Daughter of *Eurymedon*, who swa'id
O're Giants, but himself and them destroy'd.)
Rhexenor and *Alcinous* he begot.
Rhexenor, one of's Sons, *Apollo* shot,
Who left one Daughter in his Royal House,

(c) *Arete*, whom her Uncle made his Spouse.

They both Admirers of each other are:

Ne'r such a loving, ne'r a happier Pair.

Her Children with her are and People took,
And on the Queen as if some Goddess look.

Who when she through the City drives her Coach,
With joyful Acclamations all approach,

And their Affections with loud Shouts proclaim.
Nor are her Vertues gloss'd by flatt'ring Fame;

She hears Debates, their Causes too disputes,
Chides the Litigious, cuts off tedious Suits.

If her thou please, and once she condescends,
Thou soon shalt see thy Country and thy Friends.

This said, the bright-ey'd Virgin thence departs,
And fertile *Scberia*, crossing Seas, deserts,

Flying to (d) *Marathon's Athenian* Port,
There entring (e) *Erechtheus* Royal Court.

But on he going, stopp'd with some Dispute,
Ere he on brazen Pavements set his Foot.

For all the House shone like the radiant Moon,
Orglorious Luster of the Sun at Noon.

The inward Court conducting to the Hall
Inviron'd was with a high brazen Wall:

A Sapphire Turret crown'd the Golden Doors,
Which hung on Silver Jamb's o're Brazen Floors:

The Silver Threshold had a Golden Edge:

On each side Dogs, which *Vulcan* from the Wedge

(c) Out of this Genealogie it appears that *Arete* was both the Wife and Niece of *Alcinous*: which *Spon-danus* would have observed, he having no-where else found mention of Marriages in those Relations. But who-ever shall peruse the Orations of *Demosthenes*, and the rest of the *Greek* Oratours, shall find such Marriages to have been frequently practised by the *Gracians*.

(d) A Town in the District of *Athena*, celebrated for the famous Victory the *Athenians* obtained there over the *Medes* and *Persians*.

(e) The King of *Athena*.

Had anvil'd out of Silver mixt with Gold;
 Immortal Guards, and never to be old.
 Seats round the Walls were canopi'd in state,
 Where all the Year their Princes Feasting fate:
 Where Golden Boys each held a blazing Torch,
 Lighting them to the Altars through the Porch.
 Fifty fair Damfels Bak'd, or busie at
 Their Looms, with Shuttles nimbly running, fate:
 Their Work like Poplar leaves; the Oyl distills,
 And liquour'd work grows moist on shining Quills.
 So much as the *Phæacians* all out-strip
 In steering through the watery World a Ship;
 As much their Women at the Web excell,
 And had in *Pallas* Arts no parallel.
 Close to the Gates, well hedg'd on either side,
 A stately Orchard was, four Acres wide:
 There pregnant Trees up to the Heavens shoot,
 Loaden with Pears and store of blushing Fruit;
 Olives and Figs green, budding, ripe appear,
 Cherish'd with Western Breezes all the Year;
 Peach succeeds Peach, Pears, Apples, bloom'd and big,
 Grapes after Grapes, and Fig succeedeth Fig:
 Whilst here Vines ripen, there ripe Clusters load
 The yielding Branches, ready to be trod.
 Amongst these were two Silver Fountains: one
 Through all the Alleys of the Orchard run;
 The other through his Palace gliding down,
 First serves his House, and after that the Town.
 Such was *Alcinous* Court. With gazing tir'd,
 When he enough these Wonders had admir'd,
 He ventures in, and found them turning up
 To ☉ watchful *Hermes* a Libation-cup,
 Which, when they go to Rest, they him present
 Through all the Palace. On *Ulysses* went

(☉) *Athenaeus* in his first Book notes that the Ancients at the end of their Entertainments, when they went to their Rest, us'd to sacrifice to *Mercury*, as being the President of Sleep: which Custom was afterwards altered, *Jupiter* *Tivus* (the God of Marriage) succeeding in his room.

Veil'd

Veil'd in a Cloud, untill he came unseene
 Where fate *Alcinous* and his beautiful Queen.
 Then kneeling, on her Knee his Hand he laid,
 When straight dissolv'd the circumfus'd Shade.
 All silent wonder'd, with amazement struck,
 Beholding him, who thus imploring spoke;
 Thou who renown'd *Rhexenor's* Daughter art,
 I, who have acted long a woful part,
 To thee and th' Royal Spouse a Suppliant come,
 And all these Princes feasted in this Room.
 Long may you live and blest'd, and may your Race,
 You dead, enjoy your Honours, Wealth, and Place:
 But me with speed send to my Native Soil,
 Who far from Friends endure much Woe and Toil.
 This said, down on the Ashes near the Fire
 He fate, whilst the Spectators all admire.
 At last *Ecbeon*, an ancient Lord,
 Of all the eldest sitting at the Board,
 For Eloquence and much Experience fam'd,
 The silent Princes thus discreetly blam'd;
 Uncomely 'tis, *Alcinous*, and unfit,
 On th' un-swept ☉ Hearth a Stranger thus should sit:
 At your commands Attendants ready are
 To place him better in a studded Chair.
 Bid Heralds pour out Wine, that so we may
 Afresh to Jove our due Libations pay,
 Who such poor Pilgrims oft accompanies;
 And let the Board be stor'd with fresh Supplies.
Alcinous rais'd him by the Hand, this said,
 And to a Silver-studded Chair convey'd;
 And from his place *Laodamas* remov'd,
 His Son, who next him fate, whom most he lov'd.
 Water a Virgin, King *Alcinous* Sewer,
 Pours in a Basin from a Silver Ewer:

(☉) Because that was in the protection of *Vesta*, a Goddess highly revered and worshipped by the Ancients. Tully lib. 2. *De nat. Deorum*, *Vesta* nomen sumptum est à Græcis: ea est enim quæ illis *Ætæa* dicitur, usque ejus ad Aras & Focus pertinet. The name *Vesta* is borrowed from the Greeks, which they call *Ætæa*, whose protection is over Altars and Fires. And that this was the custom of Suppliants, is testified by *Apollonius* in his *Argonauticks*,

Τὸ δ' ἄνω ὃ ἀναυδὶς ἐπὶ ἀλγάρῃ
 Ἔστω ἡν δὴν νομίζετο ἱερὸν ἄνθρωποι.

About the fire they plac'd themselves all mute:
 Such postures best with humble Suppliants suit.

So when *Themistocles*, jointly persecuted by the *Athenians* and *Lacedæmonians*, was forced to render himself to the mercy of *Alcibiades* King of the *Mallos*, whom he had formerly offended, in token of subjection and begging his Pardon and Protection, he cast himself down before his Fire. *Plutarch*.

Next

Next she sets Manchet, having spread the Board,
Which she with store of various Dishes stor'd.
Whilst Wine and Cates Hunger and Thirst allaid,
Fill Bowls, *Pentemon*, *Alcinous* said,
That we to *Jove* may glad Libations pay,
Who oft assists poor Pilgrims in their way.

This said, the Tables he with Wine supplies.
When all had drank as much as might suffice,

Alcinous said; You Princes, I'll impart
The intimating Dictates of my Heart.
Since it grows late, and we well feasted are,
Each to repose in his own House repair;
And we to morrow shall with more Resort
Treat civilly this Stranger in our Court,
And to the Gods larger Libations pay.
Then we'll consult how we this Pilgrim may,
Driv'n by cross Fortune on our happy Ile,
Send Home in safety to his Native Soil.
Then let the *Parce* doe, when we have done,
What, when his Mother brought him forth, they spun.
Most sure the Gods design some Business here,
For still before th' accustom'd to appear,
When Hecatombs we offer'd; as a Guest,
They would with us sit down and freely feast;
And if one met them, Travelling alone,
To him they alwaies would themselves make known,
Because to them we are suppos'd as near
As the proud *Cyclops* to the Giants were.
Then to the King *Ulysses* thus reply'd;

Such Cares, *Alcinous*, please to lay aside.
I am no God descended from the Sky,
But such as you, a woful Mortal I:
Onely of Sorrows I much more have shar'd,
All which the Gods for hapless me prepar'd;

And

And at convenient time I shall relate:

But now, though grieving, suffer me to eat.
Nature's Repair, the Bellie's Int'rest, will
Ne'r acquiesce, but calls and clamours still.
Though now my Soul with Sorrows is transpierc't,
Yet I must Hunger satisfy and Thirst,
And former Miseries in Oblivion drown'd.
But would you please at leisure to propound
A means that me through Billows may transport
To my own Country and my Native Court,
Where my dear Friends my dying Eyes might close,
You make me blest after so many Woes.

His speech by them approved, off they lay
Farther inquiries till th' ensuing Day.
When all with Wine well satisfied were,
Each to repose in his own House repair,
And leave *Ulysses* in *Alcinous* Court,
By the King sitting and his dear Consort.
Whilst the Attendants thence the Boards convey'd,
And routed Dishes, thus *Arete* said,
(Knowing the Vest and Garment he had on,
By her and her fair Damsels wove and spun;)
Be pleas'd to satisfy me, noble Guest,
From whence you came, and where you had that Vest.
You said that you were driven on our Coast.

Then he reply'd; Impossible almost,
Great Queen, it is my Sufferings to relate,
So many were impos'd on me by Fate.
Though my Soul shrink at what my Tongue must say,
And flies the sad remembrance, I obey.
To *Ogygia*, where no God nor Mortal else
But *Atlas* Daughter, fair *Calypso*, dwells,
My Fortune drove me, that scarce e're indulg'd,
When *Jove* my Ship with dreadful Thunder bulg'd;

N

Where

Where my Relations perish'd in the Flood.
 Nine daies upon my turn'd-up Keel I row'd,
 And on the tenth the Gods so kindly dealt,
 They drove me on those Confines where she dwelt,
 Who treated me, and promis'd that she would
 Make me Immortal, never to grow Old.
 But her Allurements little did persuade :
 Yet seven long Years with her confin'd I stay'd,
 Moist'ning my Garments with a Teary Flood,
 Which the immortal Nymph on me bestow'd.
 But in the eighth she came and me injoy'n'd,
 By *Jove* commanded, or her changing Mind,
 Home to repair, and in a Boat dismiss'd,
 And did with all things needful me assist,
 And a fair Wind that serv'd me seventeen daies.
 Th' eighteenth I did *Phæacian* Mountains raise,
 Which me o'rejoy'd, expecting there Relief,
 Who had a second part to act of Grief,
 Which *Neptune* gave me : he the Winds enrag'd;
 And briny Mountains 'gainst my Course engag'd ;
 Nor me lamenting would rough Waves afford
 Place in my Boat, but wash'd me over-board :
 Piece-meal my Vessel Winds and Billows tore ;
 On Waves I floated till I reach'd your Shore.
 Near Landing, charg'd i'th' rear with watery Ranks,
 By Rocks bruise'd and inhospitable Banks,
 Thence back I swam, where I a Creek did find,
 Free from rough Stones, fenc'd both 'gainst Waves and
 Night drawing near, up to a Grove I crept, (Wind.
 And, cover'd o're with Leaves, there soundly slept
 All night till Noon. But when the Sun began
 His Western Stage from the Meridian,
 Your Daughter's Damsels sporting me did wake,
 And I Address to her did humbly make ;

A Prin-

A Princess who for Beauty, Shape and Mien,
 Might challenge *Venus*, or the Forrest's Queen :
 Nor could I've hop'd more favour in my Flow'r,
 When Youth and Feature boast their conquering pow'r.
 She treated, bath'd me in the Crystill Flood,
 And these rich Garments which thou seest bestow'd.

She did not what she ought, reply'd the King,
 That did not thee up in her Chariot bring.

Then said *Ulysses* ; Sir, not reprehend
 The guiltless Virgin, fearing to offend,
 Advising me to follow ; nor would I,
 Left so it might create a Jealousie
 In thee. Full of Suspicion Mortals are.
 When thus *Alcinous* did himself declare ;

I am not scandaliz'd at Trifles, who
 Ambitious am what's handsome still to doe.
 O that the Gods would such a Son afford
 To me, and my dear Daughter such a Lord.
 And would'st thou here remain, I with thy Spouse
 Would Riches grant thee and a stately House.
 But none shall thee detain in our Aboards
 Against thy Will, and pleasure of the Gods,
 But send thee home : To morrow thou shalt know ;
 Meanwhile repose, suspens'd from Toil and Wo,
 If so thou please ; plowing the briny Deep,
 Then shalt thou soon thy Native Countrey reap,
 Were it as far as the *Enbæan* Shore,
 The farthest Land, ours say, that they explore,
 Who see those Lands where *Rhadamanthus* reigns,
 Where Earth-born ^(b) *Tityus* tortured complains.
 They the same day, and without labour, reach
 Those Coasts, re-entring with full Sails our Beach.
 Judge then what Ships and Sea-men here we boast,
 That swift as Swallows fly from Coast to Coast.

(b) *Tityus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Elara*, the Daughter of *Orchomenus*, whom *Jupiter*, fearing the Jealousie of *Juno*, hid in the bowels of the Earth until the time of her Delivery ; whence he was supposed to be *Terra filius*. *Apollonius* in his *Argonauticks*,

Ἦν δ' Ἀπόλλωνος Φίλιον Ὀρχομένου, ἡλέσθη δ' αὖτος πατρὶς, ἵνα δὲ ἡλέσθητο γυναικὶς Μοῖρην Σαρπηλίου, Τίτυος μήτρας, ἵνα δ' ἔγνητο γὰρ
 Δὲν Ἐνβῆν, ἀπέλας δὲ δὲ ἐκπαύσθητο γαῖαν.

There *Phæbus* shooting *Tityus* as he strove
 To force his Mother to lascivious Love :
 Divine *Elara* gave the Monster birth,
 But he was nurs'd by the all-suffering Earth.

Homer writes him here to live in *Enbæa*, but the rest of the Ancients agree that he lived in the Country of *Phœnis* for there he had his Temple and was worshipped. There also was a Den called *Enbæon*, from his Mother *Elara*, as *Strabo* relates. There too was his Sepulchre, according to *Pausanias*.

When thus *Ulysses* pray'd ; *Jove*, grant the King
His good Design may to perfection bring ;
Alcinous grant immortal Fame, and me
My dear Relations and my Home to see.

Arete then commands them make a Bed,
And Purple o're and Royal Tap'stry spread.
Damsels with Tapers lighted straight withdrew,
And in the outward Porch her Bidding doe :
Returning they then to *Ulysses* said ;
Sir, You may go to Rest, your Bed is made.

He, much desiring Sleep, gladly aroſe,
And in reſounding Portals took Repoſe.
Alcinous lay in Lodgings farther in,
On a ſoft Couch prepared by his Queen.



HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

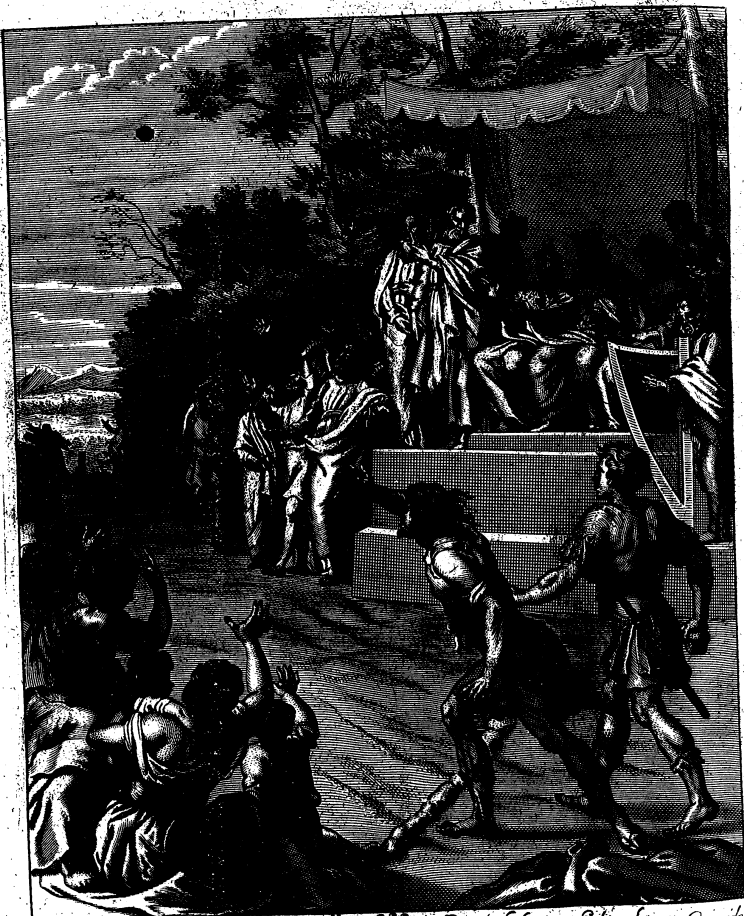
THE ARGUMENT.

*A Council call'd, Alcinous moves the Court
That they the Stranger should safe Home transport.
They Feast, then Sport; Ulysses all out-sung.
Their Bard the Scares of Mars and Venus sung:
The Græcian Steed. Ulysses weeps: his Name
Then they desire to know, and whence he came.*

NO sooner had the Daughter of the
Dawn
With rose Fingers Day's Portcullis
drawn,

But up Alcinous and Ulysses rose.
Preceding all in state Alcinous goes
Then to the Guild, ranged before the Fleet:
The Concourse there on polish'd Marble sit.
Like the King's Herald Pallas walks the Streets,
And all concern'd thus summons as she meets;

You



*Nobilissimo Domino D^{no}
de Chesterfield Baroni
Tabulam hanc*



*Philippo Stanhop Comiti
Stanhop de Shelford
LMDDIO*

You Chiefs and Princes who these People sway,
Haste to the Hall, to hear what he will say
Who to *Alcinous* Court so lately came,
And like a God through swelling Billows swam.

Thus expectation heighten'd, young and old,
Filling their Seats, with wonder him behold;
Whilst on his Head and Shoulders *Pallas* sheds
Celestial Rays; his ample Bosom spreads,
Taller he grows, his Limbs more brawny seem,
A reverential Aw and high Esteem
So to obtain, and better that he might
Perform those Sports to which they'd him invite.
When all well settled and attentive were,

Thus said the King; You Chiefs and Princes here
Assembled thus on this occasion, list
To softer Dictates of my yielding Breast.
This Stranger here, who now your Aid implores,
If from the East he came or Western Shores
I'm not inform'd; but grant a Vessel may
Him to his Native Soil with speed convey.
None, whoso'er my Court shall entertain,
Shall long for Transport waiting here remain.
Let straight a well-rigg'd Galley tight and staunch
Fifty two Youths, all primer Sea-men, launch,
Oars, Sails prepare, strong Tackle and a Mast;
Then at my Palace let them break their Fast.
This for the Youths: But you, our Princes, shall
Receive this Stranger in our Royal Hall,
(Not any must refuse;) and bring along
Demodocus, whom with Celestial Song
Some God inspir'd, who gains from all the Bays
For well-set Notes and best-composed Laies.
Thus said, he rising forth the Princes leads,
And for *Demodocus* the Herald speeds.

Twice

Twice twenty fix, as he commanded, went
To Margents of the barren Element.
Soon as they were aboard they launch their Ship,
Erect their Mast, and hoist their Yard a-trip:
They thong their supple Oars, their Sails expand,
Afloat their Vessel leaving: straight they land,
And to the Palace with great Concourse throng.
The Gates and Waies were fill'd with old and young;
For whom *Alcinous* well-fed Bullocks two,
Eight brawny Swine, and twelve fat Wethers slew;
Which nearly dress'd a Royal Treatment made.
To Court *Demodocus* the Herald led,
On whom a Muse bestow'd both Good and Ill;
Depriv'd his ^(c) Sight, but much improv'd his Skill.
Him 'midst the Hall he 'gainst a Column plac'd
In a rich Chair with Silver Studs inach'd;
Hung o're his head his Golden Harp well strung,
Upon a Pin, and shew'd him where it hung;
Near on a Table plac'd, of antique Mould,
A brimming Bowl, to drink when-e're he would.
Then all fell on, and plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
The Bard inspir'd the Acts of Hero's sung,
At whose resounding Fame Heav'n's Arches rung:
Ulysses and *Achilles* ^(d) Strife, when at
A Treatment of the Gods they feasting fate.
But glad was *Agamemnon*, when he heard
How thus the valiant'st of their Princes jarr'd.
Phæbus to him predicted so before,
In *Pythia* vent'ring on his marble Floor;
When two such Chiefs should at a Feast contend,
Their tedious War and Miseries should end.
This Story the inspired Poet sung:
But o're his Face concern'd *Ulysses* flung

(c) The ancient Grammarians believe that the Poet doth describe himself here under the name of *Demodocus*, as *Didymus* and *Eustathius* observe. For that himself was blind is generally deliver'd by Historians, particularly by *Herodotus*, in his Life of *Homer*. The Acts of Hero's which *Demodocus* sung they refer to *Homer's Iliads*.

(d) *Homer* doth in this Poem interweave several passages of the Trojan War which he omitted in his *Iliads*, whereof this is one; neither does he here tell us the Subject of this Strife between *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, which *Didymus* thus relates: At Table the question was started in what manner the City of *Troy* was to be taken. *Achilles* counsel'd to take it by Storm, *Ulysses* by Stratagem: This was the Contention. But in *Quintus Smyrnaeus* this Contest is betwixt *Ulysses* and *Neoptolemus*, after the death of *Achilles*: in whom *Neoptolemus* to the proposition of *Ulysses*,

Ὁ Κάλχας, δίδωσι καὶ ἀλλὰ δόξαν
διδόντες
Μάχας δ' ὅσοι δὲ ὁδὸς ἀνδράωνος ἐστὶ
πύργου
Οὐδ' ἔστιν ἄλλος, ὅσοι ὅτις δὲ ἔστιν ἄλλος
Μάχας, &c.
O Calchas, Pallas men fight hand to hand:
But who the For far from the Walls
withstand,
Shall'd with fear, we justly may con-
tend.
Let us not think of Plot or Stratagem:
Foremost let us with javelins try it out.
They are the best in Battle are most stout.

His

His Purple Vest, veiling his honour'd Head,
 Left they should spy those briny Tears he shed.
 When the learn'd Bard clos'd with concluding Chords
 Harmonious Notes set to Heroick Words,
 His Face he shews, drying those trickling Floods,
 And pours a frank Libation to the Gods.
 But when the Chiefs desir'd that he once more
 Would sing, who them delighted so before,
 Again his manly Brow *Ulysses* veil'd,
 And with his Mantle trickling Tears conceal'd.
 Which straight *Alcinous* found, and sitting near
 Thus said, whilst he his deep-fetch'd Sighs could hear;

Renown'd *Phaeacians*, who with Sails unfurl'd
 Plow azure Mountains through the watery World,
 Since we are satisf'd with plenteous Fare,
 And Musick crowning Feasts, let us repair
 Now to the Cirque, where all who boast their Skill
 And Strength may shew't, that our brave Guest may tell
 His Friends at home, none dare with us contest
 At Running, Dauncing, Wrestling, and the ^(c) Cest.

The King, this said, leads through the yielding Throng
 The Princes; whilst the Harp *Pontonous* hung
 Upon a Pin, then guides the learned Bard
 Forth to the *Forum*, where they all repair'd,
 And sitting down appointed places fill;
 Whence many rose to shew their Strength and Skill.
Acronius, *Ocyal* and *Elatreus* first;
Nauteus and *Prymneus* from the Concourse burst;
Anchialus, *Eretmeus*, *Ponteus* joyn,
Proteus, bold *Thoon*, and *Anabesine*,
Amphialus, *Euryalus*, *Naubolides* the fair,
 Whose Shape did with *Laodamas*'s compare.
Alcinous Sons rose last to purchase Fame,
Halius, *Clytoneus* and *Laodam*.

These

These run a Race; they start, and swift they fly,
 Whilst Clouds of dusty Atomes dim the Sky.
 And straight *Clytoneus* got as far before,
 As Mules will Oxen plowing up twelve-score:
 Like winged Lightning he out-strip'd the Wind,
 And soon left all Competitors behind.
 Others their skill in Wrestling put to test,
 Amongst whom *Euryalus* obtain'd the best.
Amphialus at Leaping none out-goes:
 The ponderous Quoit farthest *Elatreus* throws.
 Not any could with *Laodam* compare
 Wielding a Cestus. When they heated were,
 Trying their Strength and Skill, the Prince thus said;

Let us this Noble Stranger, Sirs, persuade
 To shew his Art, he hath been Courty bred:
 His Thighs are brawny, well his Shoulders spread,
 His Person well compact, and strongly built.
 But he who hath so many Sorrows felt
 May find Impairs: Not Sickness, Want, nor Age
 Impeach us more than Seas and Tempests rage:
 When they dispute, the stoutest are convinc'd.

Then spake *Euryalus*; Brother, well thou hint'st,
 Try if thou canst him to our Sports persuade.
Laodamas then to *Ulysses* said;

Come, Sir, be pleas'd to give a Taste of what
 You in these Pastimes are most skilfull at.
 To have such Parts a Traveller behoves.
 What more the growth of spreading Fame improves
 Then Nature's Bounties polished with Art?
 Come shake off eating Sorrows from your Heart:
 Not long will be your stay; launch'd is your Ship,
 Ready your Men, and your furl'd Sails a-trip.

Why ask'st thou me, *Ulysses* then retorts,
 Who more inur'd to Sorrow am then Sports?

O

Much

(c) The Cest is a piece of Brass tied about the hands of the Combatants with Leather Thongs when they went to Cuffs. Several forms of them are to be seen in ancient Statues.

Much I have suffer'd, and must more endure.
But I, an humble Suppliant, would procure,
To waft me Home, the King and People's aid.
To whom *Euryalus* then roughly said;

Thou hast no Courtly Qualities to spare,
Nor Skill at Sports, though they so numerous are;
But look'st like one who us'd to Travel hast
Preferment got, and rul'st before the Mast,
Mak'st their Accounts, and covetous keepest short
Their Meat and Pay: sure thou no Horseman art.
Whom frowning on *Ulysses* thus did cool;

What-e're I am, thou babblest like a Fool,
And dost uncivilly a Stranger use.

Jove not on all men equal Gifts bestows.

One not so much we praise for outward Parts,

As for his ^(d) Eloquence and nobler Arts;

Whom, for his modest speaking, rich and poor

Love and admire, and as a God adore,

The other, though his Form Celestial seem,

Prates like a Dunce, and loseth all Esteem.

So thou may'st Heav'n for thy fair Outside thank,

Who art a scribbl'd Volume, or a Blank.

But since my Patience th' hast provok'd, and spake

What ill beseems thee, and I worser take;

I not so ill-bred am as now thou say'st,

But stood amongst the primer Hero's plac'd

Whilst in my Flow'r; but craz'd I'm now grown stiff,

My Spirits with accumulated Grief

And Toil much wafted, where I oft engag'd,

Whilst bloody *Mars* or cruel *Neptune* rag'd.

But since thou hast provok'd me thus, I will

Make trial of my long-neglected Skill.

Not casting off his Vest, this said, a Stone

He snatcheth up, a far more ponderous one

Then

Then the *Phaeacians* use. The heavy Flint
With violence went, as *Pluto* had been in't,
And flying o're their Heads, they stoop, it goes,
Then breaks new Ground beyond all former Throws.
When in a Humane Shape th' illustrious Maid,
Fixing a Mark, thus to the Concourse said;

A blind man may discern how much thou hast
Out-gone the rest; none here shall mend this Cast.

These words buoy'd up *Ulysses* sinking Heart,
Glad he had found a Friend would take his part:

And thus he mildly said; My Masters, throw;
This I not question but I can out-go.

And since I am provok'd, I dare the best

To Wristle, Run, or poise the ponderous Cest,
Except *Laodamas* my dearest Friend,

Mine Host: who will with such contend?

None but a Fool: and such they are abuse,

And thus uncivilly a Stranger use.

At any of your Exercises I

Here challenge forth the proudest and defie.

With Skill and Strength I draw an able Bow,

To reach at random the advancing Foe.

When we at wary distance held dispute,

Me onely ^(e) *Philoctetes* could out-shoot,

And *Trojans* gall: let none with me compare

Who now tread Earth, and breath æthereal Aire.

I'll not with ancient Hero's have to doe,

Such as *Alcides* and ^(f) *Eurytus*, who

With Deities in Shooting would contend:

Eurytus so met his untimely end,

And never in his Palace aged grew;

Him emulating vext *Apollo* slew.

As far as you can shoot I'll cast a Spear.

At Running I may worsted be I fear,

(e) Of *Philoctetes*'s skill in Archery, as also of his Army, the Poet makes mention in his *Iliads*.

Τὸν δὲ φιλοκτήτης ἄρχει ἄλλων ἐν εὐδαίᾳ,
ἔβλην νῆον ἱππῶν δ' ἐν ἑσπέρῃ μετ' ἄστρον
ἔβησαν αὖτε ἐν αἰθέρι ἱππῶν μετ' ἄστρον.

These *Philoctetes*, skillful at his Bow,
Led in seven Ships; each fifty men did
row:
These were good Archers, cunning, stout
and strong.

When he was deserted by the *Græcians* in the Isle of *Lemnos*, by his Bow he found himself provision, according to *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. 13.

Et nunc ille, eadem nobis juratus in
arma,
(Hec 1 parva una Ducum) quo successere
sagitta
Herculis nuntur, fractus morboque sa-
mæque,
Venaturque altitque avibus, volucres-
que petendo
Debuit *Trojanis* exercere sicula facis.

Now *Philoctetes*, who in the same War
Engag'd with us, (oh his unhappy Star!)
Who us'd *Alcides* Bow, poor hungry
fool,
With Sickness broken, lives by hunting
Fowls
To kill small Birds those Darts doth
now employ
Which have been the destruction of
Troy.

(f) King of *Oechalia* in the Island of *Eubœa*, who profer'd his beautiful Daughter *Iole* to any who could match him in the skill of Archery; wherein being overcome by *Hercules*, and denying to stand to his profer, he was slain by him, the City raz'd, and his Daughter carried away captive. This is the History of *Eurytus* according to the rest of the *Greek* Writers; but differs something from this relation of *Homer*'s.

Since still at Sea and alwaies under Sail,
My Limbs grow stiff, my Knees and Ancles fail.

This said, admiring all, none Silence brake,
Till to *Ulysses* thus *Alcinous* spake ;

Mov'd by that Temper guards thy noble Breast,
Well, though provok'd, thou hast thy self exprest,
That hast rude terms with modest Glancings check'd ;
None to thy Parts will have a mean respect

Who to good Breeding hath the least pretence.

Now, Sir, be pleas'd to give me audience,

That thou to other Hero's may'st report

(When with thy Wife and Children at thy Court

Faasting thou sit'st) what mighty *Jove* imparts,

On us intailing Wealth and noble Arts.

We Wraffle well, and strongly wield the Cest,

At Running are and Navigation best :

We always Treat, love Dances and the Lyre,

Soft Beds, warm Baths, and change of rich Attire.

Our Dancers bid prepare, that he may tell

His Friends at home how much we all excell.

Let one straight for *Demodocus* go call,

And bring his Harp ; 'tis somewhere in our Hall.

This said, thence for the Lyre his Herald goes.

Nine Masters of the Revels then arose,

Who drove the People back, and more room made.

The Harp brought in, *Demodocus* not staid,

But went into the midst ; prime Youth advance,

And plac'd in Figures round about him Dance.

Ulysses much their Movings did admire ;

Whilst he sung sweetly to his charming Lyre

The Scapes of *Mars* and *Venus* ; how he sped

When first she brought him to her Husband's Bed ;

How their stoln Sports the Sun to him declar'd ;

And how the news the Jealous chafing heard ;

Who

Who at his Forge straight anvil'd out a Chain
Whose Links nor Force nor Cunning could constrain ;

Then raging to his Chamber went, and spread

The artificial Gin about his Bed :

The Cordage, like the Threads that Spiders spin,

Could not b' Immortals be nor Mortals seen.

This done, to ^(b) *Lemnos* (which he most did love
Of all his Seats) he feign'd he would remove.

Mars takes the hint, wounded by conquering Love,

And went to *Venus* new return'd from *Jove*,

And her fair Hand full gently wringing, said ;

Dear, let's repose now on your Royal Bed ;

Vulcan's from home. She not dissent, this said,

But *Mars* unto her Husband's Couch convey'd,

From whence they could not stir, nor rise again :

Soon they perceive all struggling prov'd in vain.

The Sun told *Vulcan* they were in the Toil,

Who never went unto the *Lemnian* Soil.

He, stepping o're his Threshhold, not contain'd

His Grief and Rage, but thus aloud complain'd,

That all the Gods his hideous Cry might hear ;

O *Jove* and all you blessed Pow'rs, draw near,

That you may see how much I injur'd am

(Because I halt, thus impotent and lame)

By my lascivious Wife, who, in my stead,

With *Mars* (ah me!) contaminates my Bed,

Because his Limbs are straight : nor is't my fault,

But theirs begot me, that I thus do halt.

See how they dallying lie, devoid of shame ;

Of which wrong'd I a sad Spectatour am.

But I believe these Lovers I shall keep

Longer then they would willing be asleep :

My Art secures them in a brazen Chain,

Till *Jove* repay me her vast Dow'r again,

Which

(b) An Island near unto *Thrace*, where *Vulcan* was received when he was thrown down from Heaven, according to our Poet in his *Iliad* :

Ἴδν γὰρ μὲν οἱ ἄνδρες ἀναθήσαντες παρὰ τὴν
Ἰλίου πόλιν, ἡμετέραν δὲ βλάστησαν.
Πᾶν δ' ἵππας ἐπέπλεον ἄμα δ' ἡλέπ' ἔσταν-
δ' αὖτις
Κατακταντο δὲ Νηῆες, (ὧς γὰρ δ' ἐν Διοτὶς
ἔειπεν.)

*Beda in *Strens* ἀνδρες ἀπὸν κατέκτανον
μοῖραν.

He once did take me by the foot, when I
Came to thy aid, and threw me from the
Ske.

All day I was a falling, and at night
Did sleep out of breath in *Lemnos* light.
There the kind *Sintians* pining took me
up.

Whence ever after it was held Sacred to him. But the Mythologists rather think it, because there were frequent Eruptions of subterraneous Fire in that Island, with many other Symptoms of Heat ; amongst which is reckoned by the later Writers that Earth vulgarly called *Terra sigillata*, fetched from thence, but which was not known in the time of our Poet.

(c) The Greek and Latin Poets do luxuriate in this Theme of the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus* : we shall only take notice of *Ovid*'s description of it in his 2. Book *De arte amandi* :

*Fabula narratur toto notissima Caelo,
Miliberi capiti Matque Venique
dolus.*

*Mars pater, infans Veneris turbatus a-
more,
De Duce terribili factus Amator erat,*
&c.

There is a Tale through all Heav'n
known well yet,
Vulcan took *Mars* and *Venus* in a Net,
Scorch'd with the Goddess's flames the
God of War,

From a stout Leader, turns a soft A-
mour.

Nor (he, then whom no Goddess is
more kind,
Prov'd coy or ill-bred, but Affections
joy'd.)

How oft the giggling Wanton merry
made

At *Vulcan*'s Feet, and Hands hard with
his Trade ?

To *Mars* walk'd limping in her Hus-
band's pace ?

Each Beauty mingled with a several
Grace.

At first their sweet Embraces were con-
ceal'd,

And bashful modesty their Love-tricks
well'd.

But by the Sun (who can deceive the
Sun ?)

His Wife's Escapes were to her Hus-
band known.

When round their amorous Bed fly
Vulcan sets,

Which no eye could perceive, ingeni-
ous Nets ;

To *Lemnos* then a Journey feigns. They
met :

Both naked ly infolded in the Net.
Vulcan the Gods then summons to the
sport.

Venus was weeping-ripe, as they report.
They could not hide their Faces, nor
conceal

Parts with their hand - which Modesty
would veil.

When *Hermes* smiling said *Stout Mars*,
on me

Thy Fetters lay, if burthen some to
these.

He scarce for thy sake, *Neptune*, them
unties,

When *Mars* to *Crete*, *Venus* to *Pa-
phos* flies.

Which I made over, taking to my Houfe
His Beauteous Daughter, my Lascivious Spouse.

This said, the Gods all to his Palace haft,
Phæbus, *Neptune* and *Hermes*; but the chaste
Goddesses stir'd not. Ent'ring they all smil'd,
Beholding them by *Vulcan's* Art beguil'd.
When one thus said; Deceit sometimes succeeds,
For now lame *Vulcan* nimble *Mars* out-speeds;

The swiftest of the Gods by one that halts
Lies liable to be ⁽¹⁾ Multed for his Faults.

Thus talk'd they, when to *Hermes Phæbus* said;

Might we not, *Mercury*, thee with ease persuade,
Although thou wert in all those Fetters ty'd,
Thus to repose by *Cytherea's* side?

Then he; Should thrice as many me infold,
And all the Gods and Goddesses behold,
I should not be asham'd, nor quit my place,
Thus resting in fair *Venus* sweet embrace.

The Gods all smil'd, but *Neptune* did persuade
Mars to enlarge, and thus to *Vulcan* said;

For thy Demands unto my Promise trust:
Free him: th' immortal Gods are alwaies just.

Then he reply'd; Words, *Neptune*, are but Wind,
Bare Promises for Pris'ners meanly bind.
How shall I make thee pay, if him I free?

Then *Neptune* said; Thy Action lay on me;
If he refuse, I'll pay. *Vulcan* reply'd;

In such Security I will confide.

This said, he loos'd them. *Mars*, enraged, bent
His course to ⁽²⁾ *Thrace*; *Venus* to ⁽¹⁾ *Paphos* went,
Where she a Grove and perfum'd Altars hath,
Where her the Graces straight anoint and bathe,
Suppling with Oyl, such as the Gods refresh,
And with rich Garments curiously dress.

Thus

Thus sung he, which *Ulysses* pleas'd and all
The joyful Throng. *Alcinous* then did call
Forth *Halius* and *Laodamas* to Dance.
These, in this Art most famous, straight advance.
Soon as they had a purple Ball receiv'd,
Which skilfull *Polybus* had neatly weav'd,
This one throws up; the other, e're it fall,
Takes cap'ring e're he comes to ground the Ball.
Then in a figur'd Dance they neatly mov'd,
Whose Garb and Footing highly all approv'd
In murmur'ing Humms, a loud Applause they had:
When thus *Ulysses* to *Alcinous* said;

Renowned Prince, you have made good your Boast,
That the best Dancers this your happy Coast
Breeds in the World; whom I must needs approve,
Since me Amazement struck to see them move.

Then to the Princes thus *Alcinous* said;
For this our worthy Guest let me persuade
That we an hospitable Gift prepare:
Twelve Kings here reign, and We the thirteenth are:
Let each a Golden Talent him present,
A Vest and Robe, which all together sent
He may receive at once, so to our Feast
Repair a joyfull and a welcom Guest.

Euryalus must satisfaction make
With Words and Gifts, because he rashly spake.

This said, the Princes his Advice commend,
And straight their Heralds with rich Presents send.

Euryalus then; Sir, to your Guest I will
Confess my Fault, and your Commands fulfill:
And I'll this Faulchion give him richly gilt,
And Ivory Sheath. This said, the Silver Hilt
Him he presents: then thus; What words soe're
I fondly spake hence let a Whirlwind bear:

And

(1) According to the Law of *Athena*, to which the Poet seems to allude, the punishment of Adultery was Death; as appears out of *Pausanias*, where he says that, according to the institution of *Draco* the *Athenian* Law-giver, there was Impunity granted to those that should any waies revenge themselves upon the deprehended Adulterer. The same was the Law of *Solon* afterwards, *ὅς τις ἀνδρὸς ἑταίρῳ βιάσθῃ* *ἔσθῃ*, If any one seize on the Adulterer of his Wife, let him use him as he please. Wherefore when *Eratosthenes* begg'd his life of him whose Wife he had abused, he answered him, *ὅς τις ἀνδρὸς ἑταίρῳ βιάσθῃ ἔσθῃ*, 'Tis not I that kill you, but the Law of your Country. But as it was lawful for the injured person to slay the offender, so was it in his power too to suffer him to commute (as we now speak) whence the same *Eratosthenes* in *Lyfias*, *ἡμῶν ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος οὐκ ὁρᾷ κτείναν*, *ἡμῶν ἐστὶν ὁ νόμος οὐκ ὁρᾷ κτείναν*, He begged and intreated that he would not kill him, but exact a Summe of Money from him. And this was the case of *Vulcan*: for since *Mars*, a God, could not be put to death, he requires a pecuniary Mult, the price of his Adultery.

(2) *Thrace* was accounted the Seat of *Mars*, because the People of that Country were a warlike generation: *Eustathius*. I know not whence *Ovid*, when he translates these Verses, names *Crete* for *Thrace*.

Vix precibus, Neptune, tuis capivim resoluti
Corpora; Mars Creten occupat; illa Paphon.

He scarce for thy sake, *Neptune*, them unties;
When *Mars* to *Crete*, *Venus* to *Paphos* flies.

(1) *Paphos* was a City in the Island of *Cyprus*, whence *Venus* was called *Paphia*.

Τῇ Παφίᾳ ἱερᾶται, τῇ Παφίᾳ δὲ ἱεροῦσιν
Ἄρτιον ἑστὶν ἄνδρα καλῶμεν.

Whose Temple there remained in the time of *Strabo*, as he testifies in his Geography.

And may the Gods thee, harra's'd with much Toil,
To thy dear Wife return and Native Soil.

Ulysses then reply'd; May the same Gods
Grant thee all Blessings in thy own Abodes,
And that this Sword no more thou shalt desire
Which thou bestow'st, thus reconciling Ire.

This said, the Sword he 'thwart his Shoulders flings;
And, growing dark, rich Presents from the Kings
Their Heralds carried to *Alcinous* House;
Which straight his Sons set by his beauteous Spouse:
He led them all: his Sons in order fate.
Then spake *Alcinous* to his Royal Mate;

Rise straight my Dear, and chuse a handfom Chest,
In which first lay a Robe and curious Vest;
And bid them for this Stranger get a Bath:
Then let him all those costly Gifts he hath
Receiv'd from us see carefully put up:
Then him we'll Feast, and I'll this Golden Cup
Present, that me he may to memory call,
Jove and the Gods Libating in's own Hall.

This said, *Arete* straight her Damsels did
Command to set a Trevet on with speed,
On it the largest of her Caldrons fix,
Then put in Water, and put under Sticks:
Whilst from her Chamber down she brought a Chest,
In which the Princes Gifts, the Bowl and Vest
Alcinous gave too, in the folding laid,
And her own Presents adding, thus she said; (sleep

Now ^(m) mail your Trunk, Sir, well, lest whilst you
Secure, transported through the swelling Deep,
Something be lost. *Ulysses* straight obey'd,
And up the Chest, as *Circe* taught him, made.
Then to a Bath chaff Virgins him invite,
Which he straight enter'd with no small delight:

For

For never since he left th' *Ogygian* Queen,
Who bath'd him oft, had he warm Water seen.
When he had wash'd and 'nointed, him they dress'd,
Put on his under-Garments and his Vest:
Then went he to the Feast. *Nausicaa*, by
A Pillar standing, his approach did spy,
Whom much admiring when she had survey'd,
Hail, noble Stranger, hail, dear Sir, she said;
When thou behold'st thy Friends and dearest Wife,
Remember me, who first preserv'd thy Life.

Then smoothly he reply'd; Best Princess, may
So *Jove* me to my Native Soil convey,
As I shall thee there as a ⁽ⁿ⁾ Goddess serve
Whilst Breath I draw, who didst my Life preserve.

This said, he next *Alcinous* took his Seat.
Whilst they rich Wine commix'd, and serv'd in Meat,
The Herald in *Demodocus* convey'd,
And 'gainst a Column plac'd. *Ulysses* said
Then to *Pontonous*, (carving from the Chine
A savoury Morfel of a well-fed Swine)

This to *Demodocus* be pleas'd to bear,
And tell him, though unfortunate we are,
Yet I a Poet honour, and admire
Their Raptures, since the *Muses* them inspire.

This said, the Herald brought him what he sent,
Which he received with no small content.
Then all fell on, and plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Ulysses to *Demodocus* thus says;

Sir, You I must beyond all Mortals praise,
Since *Pallas* you, or *Phæbus*, taught so well
Those Miseries which the *Greeks* at *Troy* befell
To sing, as if th' hadst been Spectatour there.
Of *Epæus* Horse could I now something hear,

P

Which

(n) So saith *Virgil*; in the form of a
Shepherd, of *Augustus*:

—*Deus nobis hæc ævia fecit.*
Namque erit, ille mihi, semper Deus:
illius Aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imolæet
Agnus.

This *Quiet*, Shepherd, from a God we
found.
For he shall be my God: oft from the
Dam
I'll bath his Altars with a tender Lamb.

(m) He bids him bind the Cover of
the Chest: for Keys were not in use
in the time of our Poet, but were in-
vented afterwards by the *Lacedæmo-
nians*.

Though oft a dear Companion's loss we more
Then our own Blood or near Allies deplore.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE NINTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*His tedious Wandering and his various Fates
Ulysses to th' assembled Peers relates ;
Ciconians, Lotophagi, and how tost
By Storms he fell on the Cyclopean Coast,
Huge Polyphemus eats six men: He burns
His Eye out, escapes, and thence reveng'd returns.*



HEN said Ulysses ; Most renowned
King,
To hear a Poet such high Raptures
sing,
With such a ravishing and Heav'nly Voice,
As would both Mortals and the Gods rejoyce,
Heightens your Entertainment, and our Souls
Cheers more then laden Boards or flowing Bowls.
But since you'd rather hear my woful Tale,
And me afresh past Miseries bewail ;

Ah!

Ah! how shall I begin? what first relate?
 How toft and harraſ'd by relentless Fate!
Laertes Off-ſpring I, *Ulyſſes*, am:
 My Perſon you preſerv'd, the Stars my Fame:
 My Kingdom *Ithaca*; *Neritos* Hill,
 Checker'd with Groves, I paſture on and till.
 Many rich Iſles lie ſcatter'd there 'mong Floods,
 (a) *Dulichium*, (b) *Samos*, (c) *Zacynth* crown'd with Woods.
 Mine barren, yet breeds hardy Youth and bold;
 Then which no Land I rather would behold,
 Though fair *Calypſo* I and *Circe's* Bed
 Enjoy'd, both amorous, courting me to Wed:
 Their Wealth, nor Charms, nor Flatteries wrought on
 I long'd my Native Country more to ſee, (me;
 My Parents and Relations to behold,
 Then Riches to enjoy and Roofs of Gold.
 But I ſhall now diſcourſe what little Joy
 The Gods prepar'd for us launch'd off from *Troy*.
 Firſt we *Ciconia* reach'd with prosperous Gales,
 Where (d) *Iſmara* took, we put to Sword the Males;
 Our Prize their Riches, Wives and Daughters made.
 Then I bid haſt aboard: they not obey'd,
 But Sheep and Cattel ſlaught'ring on the Shore,
 Heighten'd with Wine their high diſtemper more.
 Meanwhile the fleet *Ciconians* gave th' Alarm;
 And ſuddenly the neighb'ring *Coſſines* arm,
 Far more and better Souldiers; who, put to't,
 Would quit well-mannag'd Steeds and fight on Foot.
 Early on us they fall; nor could the Spring
 Muſtring her Leaves and Flow'rs, ſuch numbers bring.
 Then *Jove* declar'd what he deſign'd before:
 Who much had ſuffer'd, now muſt ſuffer more.
 They march to us in Bodies deep and large,
 And with ſharp Spears on th' Ocean's Margents charge.

Whiſt

Whiſt Morning grew, and ſacred Day aroſe,
 So long we match'd our over-pow'ring Foes:
 But when the Sun declin'd into the Weſt,
 The deſperate Enemy had much the beſt;
 And fix from every Veſſel there were ſlain;
 The reſt got off, and plow'd the boiſtrous Main.
 But e're we ply'd our Oars or Canvas ſpread,
 We thrice (e) invok'd the *Manes* of the dead.
 When *Jove* a Tempeſt rais'd, and in a trice
 Muſſed with Clouds both Earth, the Sea, and Skies;
 And we diſpers'd off from our Courſe were born,
 Our Maſts were ſhatter'd, Sails and Tackle torn:
 Our Frippery up we hurl'd, and, fearing Death,
 Drew near the Shore; there toiled out of Breath
 Two nights and days we lay. Th' enſuing Dawn
 Again we rais'd our Maſts, clapt Canvas on:
 And then the proſp'rous Winds our Fleet had bore,
 Perhaps, in ſafety to my Native Shore;
 But doubling (f) *Malea's* Point a Tempeſt bare
 Us from (g) *Cythera* back. Nine days we were
 Toſt with cold Winds upon the raging Main;
 The tenth the (h) *Lotophagian* Coaſts we gain,
 Who feed on Flow'rs: we din'd and water'd there.
 When Thirſt and Hunger ſatiſſied were,
 Two then, to make Diſcovery, I ſent
 Of our prime men, with them a Herald went;
 Who found the *Lotophagi* planted there.
 They pleaſant *Lotus* did for them prepare,
 Not meaning Harm: now they who *Lotus* eat
 Ne'r mind returning to their Native Seat.
 Theſe, whiſt they ſtareek, acting diſtracted Pranks,
 I forc'd aboard, and faſten'd to their Banks.
 Then ſhip't I all the reſt, leſt they ſhould eat
 Sweet *Lotus*, and their Native Soil forget.

Who

(a) One of the *Echinades*, afterwards call'd *Dulichia*, as we have already prov'd out of *Sirabo*.

(b) A City in *Cephalonia*, under whole name the Poet here denotes the whole Iſland.

(c) A fruitful Iſland, now call'd *Zanti*.

(d) A City of *Thrace*, inhabited by the *Ciconians*, who came to the Aſſiſtence of the *Trojans*, as appears in the ſecond of the *Iliads*, where, among the reſt of the *Trojan* Auxiliaries,

Εὐφύμιος δ' ἀρχὴν Μάχης τοι ἐπέσσυτο,
ὅς τις Τροϊάδων ἀντιπύθη Κρόνου.

Euphemus led the valiant *Cicovs* on,
 Grant-could to glorious *Ccas*, *Troizen's* Son.

(e) It was the opinion of the ancient *Græcians*, that the Souls of thoſe who were unburied were not admitted into the common Receptacle until the Funeral Rites were perform'd. We have an example of this, *Il. 23*, in *Patroclus*.
Οὐδ' ἔτι τὴν ψυχάν, ἵδμεν ἄλλος μῦθος,
ὅτις με δέχεται Δωρὸν, εἰδόμεν ἔσχατος;
οὐδ' ἔτι νῦν παύεται ὕμνῳ ἀντιπύχον;
Αἴε (αὖ) ἱέντι, ὅσοι καὶ ἀπὸ Στυγῆος
Κούφῃ.

And long'd for paſſage driv'n by happier
 Ghoſts. *Virgil* alſo *Æneid. 6.*
Hæc omnis quam cernis inopi tabulam:
que troiaest? (*ſpeſſi*.)
Porritor ille Charon, hī quoque vultu unda
Nec ripas datur horrendas nec rauca ſur-
cula (*quærant*.)
Transportare prius quam ſolitus oſſa
Centum errant annis, volitantque hæc
litura circum.
 Thoſe woful Souls thoſe ſeek are not
 Inter'd; (*pulcher'd.*)
 That's *Charon*; thoſe he waits are ſe-
 None are tranſported o're theſe horrid
 Waves (*Graves.*)
 Until their bones find quiet in their
 A hundred years they on theſe Coaſts
 remain.

At laſt a long-expect'd paſſage gain,
 Wherefore when any were ſlain in a
 foreign Country, when their Friends
 had not opportunity of performing the
 Funeral Solemnities, they call'd over the
 names of the dead, inviting them, as it
 were, to return with them; where
 they had an honorary Monumen, and
 all Rites perform'd as if the Bodies of
 the dead were there preſent. *Pindar.*
Pyth. Ody. 4. — *Ἐνθαυ δ' ἀπὸ πύλου*
μαῖν' ὀνόμαζ' ἄνακτος βίβιν
ἰσχυρὸν ἐπιζῆναι φέρεσθαι. —
Ὀδύς *regis* *Alina* *Sandanus.* (*Golds;*
Thou muſt appeaſe the wrath of ſevere
For Phœbus we commands to the ſtreams
Of King *Æneas* *to bring home his Soul.*

Where the Scholiaſt notes that it was
 the Cuſtom of the *Græcians*, though they
 procur'd not the Bodies of the dead, yet by
 certain Ceremonies to recall their Souls
 who died in a ſtrange place, and to tranſ-
 port them into their own Country along
 with them. *Eustathius* alſo obſerves
 upon this place, that the *Alonians*,
 when-ever they loſt any men at Sea,
 went preſently to the Shore, call'd thrice
 the names of the ſlain, and rais'd a *Cer-*
enophium, where they made their *Po-*
rentalia.

(f) A Promontory in *Mæce*, where
 Navigation was ſo dangerous, that it be-
 came a Proverb,
Μάλας ὁ κίνδυνος, τὰνδὲ ὅτι κινᾶν,
When you ſail by Malea, forget your Home

(g) The neareſt Iſland to *Malea*, in
 which there was a ſecure Port, and a
 City of the ſame name with the Iſle.

(h) The Ancients agree not on the
 Seat of theſe *Lotophagi*. *Artemidorus*
 ſays that they inhabited the Deſerts of
Africa, South of *Mauritania*, from the
Atlantic Ocean even to *Cyrene*. O-
 thers ſay that it is the Iſland *Atymna*,
 which lies before the ſeſſer *Syrus*, which
 is here denoted: becauſe there is an abun-
 dancy of thoſe *Lotus*-trees in that
 Iſland, which bear a very pleaſant fruit,
 and an Altar of *Hyſſop*'s ſtill remaining.

(1) The Cyclops inhabited the Mountain of *Aeana* and the Country of the *Leontini* in Sicily. So *Euripides* understood it, in whose *Cyclops* (speaking of the approach of *Ulysses* and his Followers to the Den of *Polyphemus*) *Silenus* thus complains,

ὦ πολυφῶντος ἔνοιο
τίσσι καὶ εἰσὶν, ἐκ τῆσσι δαῖτῶν
Πολυφῶντος, αἷς ἐστὶν, ἄλλων τῶν
Τῶνδ' ἀνθρώπων, ὃν Κικλῶπιον γένον
Τῶνδ' ἀνθρώπων δαίμονας ἀργυμένους.
Κ' οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος, ἢ ἐκ τοῦδε τοῦ
Πῶτον τῶντιναι Σικώδης Ἀλφειῶν πᾶσι.

Unhappy Strangers th' are who hither
come,
Not knowing what a Master's Poly-
pheme,
Arriving at th' inhospitable Cave,
whose raging Gorge must be the wretches
Grave.
But quiet be, that they may give account
From whence they came to the Sicilian
Mount.

They were so call'd, because they had
a round eye in the middle of their fore-
heads, according to *Hesiod*,

Κύκλωπι δ' ὄμμα' ἔσαν ἐπὶ μέσῳ, ὅθεν
ἄρα σέβον
Κυκλωπῶντι ὀφθαλμὸς τοῖς ἐκείνῳ μετώπῳ.

The name of Cyclops was on them be-
stem'd,
From one round eye which in their Fore-
head stood.

Who settled brush'd the briny Deep with Oars.
At last, we sad reach the ⁽¹⁾ *Cyclopean* Shores,
Who, the Gods trusting, neither plant nor sow,
But all things without humane Labour grow,
Wheat, Barly, Vines, whose Clusters fill the Prefs,
And timely Show'rs from *Jove* give large increase.
These by no supreme Pow'r or Laws are ty'd,
But in vast Caves on Mountain-tops reside,
And their own Courts and Wives and Children sway,
Not minding Kings, nor Parliaments obey.

An Isle some distance lay amidst the Floods,
Stor'd with fat Goats, and cloath'd with shady Woods,
By Swains untracked and fierce Huntsmen, who
Through Forests, Hills and Dales their Game pursue.
This Ground no fleecy Flocks nor Cattel feeds,
Nor Plow breaks up, but fattens wanton Kids.
They build no Ships, who plow with Sails unfurl'd
The briny Ocean round about the World :
Their own they keep, nor seek to people more.
Nor want they have, verging with Meads the Shore :
So light the unforc'd Soil, so fat the Ground,
It would with Vines and purest Wheat abound.
There's a fair Bay, where Ships may safely ride
Without an Anchor, or a Cable ty'd.
Just in the Harbour's mouth's a Fountain bright
Shaded with Alder. In dark pitchy Night
Hither we came, some God did us assist,
Obscur'd with Clouds, and cover'd with a Mist.
E're well aware by a swollen Billow hurl'd
Upon the Shore, straight we our Sails unfurl'd,
Then landing, on the Ocean's Margents lay,
In sweet Repose expecting blessed Day.
No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rosie Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,

But

But we admiring walk along the Shore ;
Whilst kinder Nymphs put mountain-Goats up store
Us to refresh. For Bows and Spears we sent,
And in three Companies divided went.
Ven'son we slew : twelve Ships our Fleet ; they nine
On each bestow'd, and ten fat Goats on mine.
Till Night we Feasting fate, and rich Wine drank ;
And though our full *Borachio's* were grown lank,
Some yet remain'd which we at *Ismar* had.
We drawing nigh the *Cyclops* Isle survey'd,
Hearing their Goats and Sheep : grown Night we lay
Upon the Shore, expecting blessed Day.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rosie Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
When to the rest I said ; Stay on this Shore
Till with my Vessel I yon Isle explore,
If Rusticks dwell there, Cruel and Unjust,
Or civil people who in Gods do trust.

Aboard we go, and weigh, in order'd Ranks
They brush the briny Spry upon their Banks.
Drawn near the Shore, a Cavern we survey'd,
Which Laurel cover'd with a pleasant Shade,
Where Sheep and fat Goats lay : cut from the Rocks
Appear'd a Court built high with Pines and Oaks.
Here a huge Giant dwelt who kept alone
His Flocks, a Monster that convers'd with none ;
Who a prodigious Size shew'd when he stood,
Like a tall Mountain crown'd with stately Wood.
Then twelve stout men along with me I took,
(The rest commanding to the Vessel look)
And a *Borachio* full of mighty Wine,
Which ⁽²⁾ *Maron* gave me, (who kept *Phæbus* Shrine,
The God of *Ismarus*) because his Life
We had preserv'd, his Children and his Wife,

(2) It seems that the City of *Maron* in *Thrace*, near adjoining to *Ismarus*, receiv'd its name from this *Maron*.

Q

Fearing

Fearing the God. He, in a shady Wood
 Residing, many Gifts on me bestow'd;
 Seven golden Talents, and a Silver Cup,
 And twelve large Vessels fill'd with rich Wine up,
 Of which no Servants, Man nor Woman, knew,
 But he himself, his Wife, and she that drew.
 When this they drank, they twenty ⁽¹⁾ times as much
 Water commix'd; then none e're tasted such,
 Or smelt the like; whose odorous Perfume
 So charm'd, none could abstain from't in the Room.
 This and a Knapfack I with Viands took,
 And for the horrid Monster went to look.
 The Cave we found, but found not him within;
 He fed his fleecy Flocks upon the Green.
 There we admir'd his Cheeses on the Shelves,
 His Lambs and Kids, each shut up by themselves.
 Here the new-wean'd, and there the new-yea'n'd lay,
 The Pans and Dishes full of Milks and Whey.
 Here they advis'd me straight from thence to slip
 With Kids and Lambs and Cheeses to our Ship.
 Which I would not (but better it had been)
 'Till him I saw, whom would we ne'r had seen,
 Whose horrid Look so much us all agast.
 We make a Fire, and bold his Cheeses tast;
 And there we sat expecting his Return.
 He brought a Log that must at Supper burn,
 Which thunder'd as he threw it on the Ground.
 Amaz'd we fly, and dark Recesses found.
 There his full-udder'd Ewes he milks, his Pails
 Frothing run o're, but first shuts out the Males;
 Then with a mighty Stone all Entrance bars,
 Which two and twenty, though all four-wheel'd, Cars
 Could not remove: when all were milk'd, the Lambs
 And wanton Kids he lets forth to their Dams.

Half

(1) Pliny in his Natural History observes, (from *Maianus* a Roman Consul, who had been at the place) that there was the same vigour and strength then in *Maronian* Wine which is here mention'd by the Poet. He says that it is black and odoriferous, and pinguis with age.

Half of his Milk makes Cheese, the other half
 He puts in Vessels for his Supper safe.
 All this with speed perform'd, a Fire he made;
 And spying us where we stood trembling, said;
 Strangers, who are you? from whence came you? say:
 Merchants are you, or have you lost your Way;
 Or Piccarones, who wander through the Floods
 To make a Prey of honest peoples Goods?
 At his huge Voice and horrid Looks dismay'd,
 Trembling we stood, when thus to him I said:
 We *Græcians* are, return'd from *Ilium*,
 With cross Winds tost on Billows sailing Home
 To sev'ral Shores, (as *Jove* thought fit:) we boast
 Our selves to be of *Agamemnon's* Hoast,
 Whose Fame surmounts the Skie, who overthrew
 Proud *Troy*, and mighty Nations did subdue:
 And we thy Hospitality request,
 As is the Custom to a woful Guest.
 Revere the Gods, and thy Assistance lend;
 For favouring *Jove* poor Strangers doth befriend.
 Then roughly he reply'd; A Fool thou art,
 Or Stranger; I value the Gods a—
 We *Cyclops* ^(m) Goat-nurs'd *Jove* do not regard,
 We are for him and all Heav'n's Court too hard.
 Not thee nor thine on *Jove's* account I'll spare,
 Unless I will, nor for his Anger care.
 Where thou hast left thy Ship inform me well;
 Is she upon the Shore, or nearer? tell.
 Senting his Drift; I, to evade, thus spoke;
 Stern *Neptune* bulg'd my Vessel gainst a Rock
 That guards your Coast: us Winds and Billows bore
 From imminent Danger to this pitying Shore.
 He, raging, answer'd not, but at us flew,
 And in his mighty Paw straight snatch'd up two

Q 2

Of

(m) *Jupiter's* Mother (that she might conceal him from *Saturn*, who devour'd all his Children as soon as they were born) expos'd him privately at *Olenus*, a City in *Boeotia*, where he was nurs'd by a Goat. So says *Aratus*.

Ἀλλ' ἔστη, πῶ μιν τε λήθη· αἰὲ μὲν ἐν-
 ἔσθ'·
 'Ὅστις δὲ μιν ἄνθρωπος καλέσῃ· ἑσθ-
 ῆται.

The sacred Goat that foster'd *Jove* they all
 Th' *Olenian* Goat of *Jupiter* now call.

Whom *Ovid* follows lib. 2 *Fastorum*,

Oleniz surges *sidus* *pluviale* *Capella*,
 Quæ fuit in *cunis* officina *Jovis*.

Then the moist Sign the Goat shall rise,
 who love
 Shew'd in his Cradle to almighty *Jove*.

Which Goat, after its death, was translated into a Sign of the Heavens, and *Jupiter* made his Shield of the Skin of it. But *Atarus* the Poet's saies that he was nurs'd by Pigeons, for which they were made that Sign in the Heavens from them called *Pleiades*.

Ζεὺς δ' εἴς τιν' ἦν Κρήτην ἀπέπεσε μέλαινα, καὶ
 ἄνθρωποι τὴν νύκτα
 'Ἠσθες ἀνακαίοντο' ὃ δ' ἀδύστην αἰὲς ἔχουσιν.
 Τὸν μὲν ἄνθρωποι ἀνακαίοντο καὶ Ζεὺς ἀπέπεσε
 αἴσθη,
 'Ἀνδρῶν μὲν ἀνακαίοντο αἴσθη ἀνακαίοντο.

Jove bred up *ma* in *Crete*, which no God knew:
 But he in comely Shape and Stature grew.
 Him Pigeons fed, and to the blessed Groat
 Divine Ambrosia from the Ocean brought.

Of us like Whelps, and dash'd against the Floor,
 Sprinkling the ground with reeking Brains and Gore;
 Then like a Lion them in piece-meal tears,
 And eating, nor their Bones nor Bowels spares;
 Whilst weeping we the woful Sight behold.
 Soon as the Monster had his Belly fill'd
 With humane Flesh, and stuff'd with Milk and Whey,
 Amidst his Flocks stretch'd on the Floor he lay.
 I, drawing near, resolv'd to act my part,
 Whip out my Sword to run him through the Heart.
 When I bethought, should we the Monster kill,
 We not the Stone with all our strength and skill,
 Which barr'd the Gate, could stir. Sighing we stay,
 Th' event expecting of the blessed Day.
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
 With rose Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
 But straight he makes a Fire, and milks the Dams,

Next turneth loose to them their Kids and Lambs.
 His work being finish'd, up he takes two ^(a) more
 Of us, and eats them, as he did before.

Thus having Break-fast out he drives his Flock,
 With ease removing from the pass the Rock,
 Which close again with as small pain he puts
 As one the Cover of his Quiver shuts;
 Then whistling to the Mountain goes; but me
 Leaveth unpinion'd. Studying how to be
 Reveng'd, imploring Pallas to assist,
 'Mongst many Plots I laid this seem'd the best:
 Close by his Stall a Club he drying laid,
 Which for the length and fize, when we survey'd,
 We to the main-Mast of a stately Ship
 Compar'd that plow'd with twenty Oars the Deep.
 From this I cut an Ell, which straight I gave
 My Friends to polish down and neatly shave,

Whole

Whose Point I harden'd in the Fire, then flung
 (Of which his Cave had store) amidst the Dung.
 Then they cast Lots, who should with me draw nigh,
 When first he slept, with this to piece his Eye.
 It fell to four I wish'd, the fifth I made.
 At night his Flocks he to his Cave convey'd,
 And put up all his Bleaters in the Coat,
 Either suspecting, or 'twas Heaven's Plot;
 Then shuts his Gates, and milks the full-dugg'd Dams,
 Next turneth loose to them their Kids and Lambs.
 His business done, resolv'd next to sup,
 Two more of us he snatch'd: when with a Cup
 Of mighty Wine towards him I drawing, said;

Now you have fed, taste this, let me persuade;
 That you what drink we had aboard might know.
 This I present, that you may Pity show,
 And us dismiss. If thus you cruel prove,
 Who will address to you, or offer Love?
 This said, the Bowl he takes, up all he quaff,

And pleas'd, thus spake; Give me another Draught:
 Then let me know thy Name, that straight I may
 Thee with some hospitable Gift repay.

Cherish'd with Show'rs, we have rich Wine and pure:
 But this is Nectar and Ambrosia sure.
 Three times, this said, I swell'd his empty Cup;
 As oft he turns th' exhausted Bottom up.
 When I perceiv'd the Wine begin to take,
 And he grew mellow, thus I mildly spake;

Thou ask'dst my Name, which I shall let thee know;
 Keep promise, and some Gift on me bestow.
 My Name is Nemo, so my Parents, all
 My Kindred me, and best Relations call.

Then he reply'd; Thee I shall kindly treat,
 Thou shalt, good Nemo, be the last I'll eat

Of

(a) There were six of Ulysses's
 Companions devour'd by Polyphemus,
 according to our Poet; yet Euripides
 and Virgil, who have transcrib'd the
 Story out of him, mention but two.
 The one in his Satyr call'd Cyclops,

"Ος δ' ἦ τέσσαρα μύηκα τὴν δαίμονος
 Ἄλφ' ἡρώεσσι, οὐκ ἐσθλάσας δῖον
 Ἑρμῆς" ἄρα ποὺ τὸν ἄνθρωπον τὸν

When all things ready were for Pluto's
 Cook,
 Two of my men for slaughter up he took.

The other in the third of his *Æneids*,

*Vidi egomet duo de numero quum corpora
 nostro
 Pressa manu magnâ medio respiciens in
 anitro
 Frangeret ad saxum, sanique aspersa
 natarem
 Limina: vidi atrox quum membra sur-
 entia talo
 Manderet, & tepidi tremere sub den-
 tibus arui.*

I saw when he two of our stoutest men
 Seiz'd in his mighty hand, and midst
 his Den
 Laid on his back against a Pillar
 brain'd,
 And with foul Gore the sprinkled Pavement stain'd.
 He would devour mens bloody Quarters raw;
 I in his teeth the warm Flesh trembling saw.

Of all thy Friends; my Promise I will keep.
 This said, surpris'd with all-conquering Sleep,
 Bending his Neck, he lay on's Back, and cast
 Gobbers of Flesh, and Wine. Then I made haste,
 And in the Fire the Stake sharp-pointed put;
 My Friends then chearing, took it out red-hot.
 We drawing near, inspired by some God,
 With wondrous Courage round about him stood.
 They thrust it in his Eye, which deep I gor'd,
 And (screwing't in) as with an Auger bor'd,
 Like one that works upon a Naval Keel,
 And with a Thong and Wimple shews his Skill:
 So in his Eye the blazing Bar we turn'd;
 Bloud gushing out, his singed Eye-brows burn'd;
 The Crytalline, that guards his Eye-balls, hift;
 Dark Smoak arose, and an unfavoury Mist.
 And as a Black-smith in the Water slacks,
 Then takes out hissing his Edge-harden'd Ax;
 So sung the Olive-stake fix'd in his Eye.
 He roars, the Cave resounds, we frighted fly:
 He plucks it bloody out and 'gainst the Walls
 Tormented throws, and neighb'ring Cyclops calls,
 Who near in Caves on Mountain-tops did dwell.
 They gather straight, alarm'd at th' hideous Yell,
 All round about his Gates, asking what made
 Him roar so loud; who troubled him, and said;

Why shriek'st thou, *Polyphemus*, thus in deep
 Of silent Night, and hinderest us from Sleep?
 Hath any forc'd from thee thy Flocks, or laid
 To take thy Life some Plot or Ambuscade?

Then he reply'd; Ah! *Nemo* me hath slain.

Then they; If *Nemo* hurts thee ne'r complain.

If *Jove* on thee some heavy Sickness lay,

The Burthen bear, and to great ^(c) *Neptune* pray.

Thus

Thus they departing said. I pleas'd smil'd
 That the dull *Cyclops* thus my Name beguil'd.
 But he with trembling Hands and many a Grone
 From the Cave's entrance mov'd the ponderous Stone:
 Then fate with Palms extended 'midst the Gap,
 Left any of us 'mongst his Sheep should scape.
 He thought me shallow sure; whilst I contriv'd
 From Danger how my Friends might be repriev'd,
 Life at the Stake, our Danger great and near.
 At last this quaint Designment seem'd most clear.

He stately Rams had, large, well fed, and full,
 Kings of the Flock, and clad in purple Wool.
 These silently I bound with Offers stripp'd,
 (On which well twist'd the dire Monster slep'd)
 Three, three a-breast; the middlemost a man
 Bears ty'd, two on each side guard him. Then
 The greatest of these Breeders forth I cull,
 And at his Belly hanging grasp the Wool.
 In this sad Posture we much fighting stay,
 And, holding fast, expect the blessed Day.
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
 With rosie Fingers Day's Portcullis drawn,
 But to their Pastures forth he drove the Males,
 Easing the Ews swoln Teats in frothy Pails. (Arm,
 Their Backs (though pain'd) he feels with reaching
 But ne'r suspects we kept their Bellies warm.
 When the last Ram, loaden with me and Wool,
 March'd forth, stroking his Back, Why art so dull,
 Now to be last, he said? Thou, us'd to lead
 With pace majestick to the flow'ry Mead,
 And still the first to chuse thy tender Buds,
 The Van conducting to the crytall Floods,
 Thou that wouldst always first come home at night,
 Now thou art lag. Would'st thou I had my Sight,
 Which

(a) His Father whom he begot on
 the Nymph *Thousa*, as we have already
 seen in the first of the *Odyssey*,

*Αἰὼς Παιδείαν γαίῳ γῆρ' ἀσπλάδ' αἰὼς, &c.

Which *Nemo* and his Complices put out
 When he with Wine surpriz'd me? who, no doubt,
 Shall ne'r escape. Would thou couldst speak and tell
 Where the Wretch sculks, and him to me reveal:
 His Brains my Floor should sprinkle e're we part,
 Which would remove some Sorrow from my Heart.

This said, he let me pass; and I with speed
 Loosing my self, next my Associates free'd;
 And to the Ship our fleecy Prey we drive.
 Our Friends rejoyc'd that we return'd alive,
 Yet wept for those were lost: then I bid staunch
 Their tears, and with our Prize to th' Ocean launch.
 All go aboard, and, sitting on their Banks,
 Sweep up the briny Waves in order'd Ranks.
 When we were off so far as one might hear
 A loud Voice call, thus I begin to jeer;
Cyclops, not well thou didst a Stranger treat,
 Who kindly made Address, his Friends to eat.
 'Thou that devour'dst thy Guests, this falls to thee,
 On whom the Gods and *Jove* revenged be.

Raging at this, he a torn Mountain's top
 Threw at our Ship, and aim'd it at the Poop.
 The mighty Stone close by the Rudder fell,
 And Waves percut in briny Billows swell;
 Which back to Land our Vessel almost bore.
 With a long Pole I forc'd her off from Shore,
 Commanding them to shove: no Toil they spare.
 When to the *Offine* we were twice as far,
 I would have spoke, but me m' Associates did
 Persuade with winning Language, and forbid;
 Vex him no more; if the great Stone had hit,
 Which forc'd us on the Shore, we had been split.
 If thou should'st speak again, we ruin'd are;
 Such is his Strength, and he can throw so far.

Yet

Yet all their Rhetorick could not me dissuade,
 But to him angry thus I boldly said;
 If how thou lost thy Eye th' art question'd, say,
Ulysses did it, King of *Ithaca*.

Then thus hebray'd; ^(p) *Telemus* me foretold,
 Who 'mongst the *Cyclops* prophes'd of old,
 By one *Ulysses* I should lose my Sight.
 Him some Gigantick Prince of matchless Might
 Then I suppos'd to be; but now I find,
 An Elf, a Coward, Dwarf, hath made me blind.
 But land again, *Ulysses*, that I may
 To thee some hospitable Gift repay;
 And I my Father *Neptune* will implore
 To send thee safe unto thy Native Shore,
 And heal my wounded Eye, which none else can
 Of Heav'nly Extract, or the seed of Man.

Then I reply'd; Would I Commission had
 To send thy Soul to the Infernal Shade:
 Then *Neptune* should not thy lost Eye restore.
 This said, his Father thus did he implore;
 Great *Neptune*, hear thy Off-spring's earnest Pray'r.
 Let not *Ulysses* ever Home repair:

But if the Fates resolve his Country he,
 His Court and Friends shall view, late let it be:
 Drown his Companions first, then let him come
 In a strange Vessel to more Mischief Home.

Thus *Cyclops* pray'd, and *Neptune* heard his Pray'r.
 Then up he takes a Stone, greater by far
 Than first he threw, and whirling't round, lets slip
 With mighty Force, and aim'd it at the Ship;
 Which like a Rock close by the Rudder fell,
 And Waves percut in briny Mountains swell,
 Which from those Confines us to th' Ocean beat.
 But when we reach'd the Isle where lay our Fleet,

R

Where

(p) *Telemus* the son of *Eurytus*, according to *Ovid*, who mentions this Prophecie of our Poet, lib. 13. *Metamorph.*

Telemus interea Siculam delatus in a-quor,
Telemus Eurytides, quem nulla fese-
lerat ales,
Terribilem Polyphemum adit, Lemini-
que, quod nunc
Fronte gravis mediâ, rapit tibi, dixit,
Ulysses.

Telemus sailing the Sicilian Sea,
Eurytus Son, well skill'd in Augury,
Told Polyphemus, one Ulysses thou'd
Put out that Eye which 'midst his Fore-
head stood.

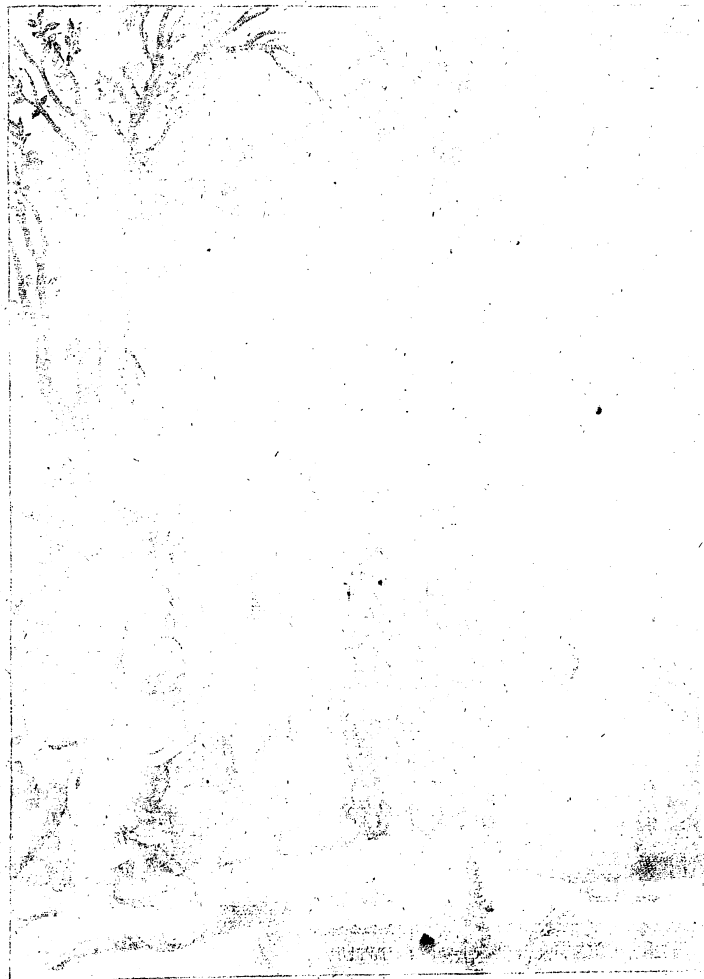
The same Prophecie is mention'd too by *Euripides*, but he conceals the Author of it.

Al, ai' m'ade agnate ampari?
Troiaio pa' d'io in o'cchi g'nera e' tu
Teles agnate?

Al! th' ancient Prophecie, which said
that you
Coming from Troy should put my Eye
out, is true.

Where fate our Friends expecting on the Strand,
 We run our Vessel in, and joyfull land,
 And *Polyphemus* Flock by Dividend
 The People shar'd; the Ram to me they fend,
 Which I to *Jove*, who rules both Earth and Skies,
 Offer'd, but he contemn'd our Sacrifice,
 Who then contriv'd how to destroy our Fleet,
 And all my Friends. There fate we till Sun-set
 Feasting, and drinking Wine; but when the Day
 Night's Curtains clos'd, down on the Shore we lay
 In sweet Repose. No sooner had the Dawn
 With rose Fingers Light's Portcullis drawn,
 But I commanded them without delay
 To go aboard: they went, and Anchors weigh:
 Then plac'd in order on their Banks they sweep
 The briny Surface of the foamy Deep;
 And with sad Hearts for our Companions lost
 We take the Offine, and forsake the Coast.

 HOMER'S





Honoratissimo Domino D^{no}
Baroni Cavendish
Tabulam hanc



Guilielmo Cavendish
de Hardwicks
LMDDDIOLik in G^{ra} 1783



HOMER'S
ODYSSEY.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Fætion; they unrip Ulyſſes Sack:
Imprison'd Winds burſt forth, and drive them back,
Læstrygon Giants. The Circean Shores
Ulyſſes ſpies: Circe turns Men to Boars.
He threats to kill her; Love the Quarrel ends:
Twelve daies ſhe Feaſts him, then t' Elyſium ſends.*

(c) The Poet mentions one only of the *Atellan* plays, the *Scat* of *Aulus*'s Emphyrus, which were few, *Strangely*, *Empyrius*, *Diadme*, *Phanicles*, *Eriocles*, *Hiera*, and *Lipura*; as they are enumerated by *Diodorus Siculus* in his fifth Book, and *Pliny* in his third; neither doth he deliver the proper name of it, (for they are called) *Atellæ*. *Strabo* says it was *Strangely* called *Atellæ* κατὰ τὴν ἑξήκουσιν ἡλικίαν, ὅτι οὐκ ἔργον ἄνθρωπος, ἀλλὰ τὸ ἄλλοτερον πρὸς τὴν ἡλικίαν ἀποκαλεῖται. *Strabo* is scolded from the *Rounders* of *his* figure. *This*, they say, was the *Scat* of *Aulus*. *Him* *Pliny* follows, *lib. 3. Terentia* *Strangely*, & *Lipara* *M. pol.* ad *Corinthios* *Sic* *urgens*, in *quâ* *regnavit* *Aulus*. *Strangely* lies a *new* *Pol.* *lib. 1. Pol.* *urgens* *reigned*. It lies *urgens* *scat* and *Italy* *Italy* *Italian* *charts* called *corruptly* *Strambolic*.

VE reach th' (^o) *Æolian* Isle, where *Æolus*
dwelt,
A floating Isle girt in a brazen
Belt.

With Walls inviron'd of Sea-polish'd Stones.
Twelve his fair Race, ⁽⁶⁾ six Daughters and six Sons,
He at his Court in Nuptial Rites conjoyn'd,
Who with their Royal Parents supp'd and din'd,
With various Dishes feasted to the height.
Their perfum'd Roofs all Day refoimd; at Night,

(b) *Diodorus Siculus* mentions, not any Daughters of *Aeolus*, but has recorded the names of his Sons, here omitted, viz. *Aethyclus*, *Xuthus*, *Androcles*, *Pharamon*, *Jocastes*, and *Agathyrnus*.

Sleeping on Tap'stry-Quilts, in Beds of Gold,
 Their Wives in sweet Embraces they infold.
 We to the City and the Court repair.
 A Month with him we entertained were,
 Whilst he inquires of *Troy*, and our Retreat;
 Our tedious Siege and Voiage I relate.
 But when I begg'd his Licence to depart,
 He grants it, gives me sow'd with wondrous Art
 A stuff'd-up ^(c) Bag, a nine years Ox's Hide,
 In which were Storms and struggling Tempests ty'd.
 Impow'd by *Jove*, the Winds King *Æolus* swaies,
 Provokes their Fury, or their Wrath alliaies.
 This on our Deck he bound with silver Wire,
 So that no Breath could issue nor respire,
 And sent fair Gales to give our Vessel speed;
 But by our Folly we our selves undid,
 Our Voiage lost. Nine days and nights we steer'd,
 When on the tenth our Native Coasts appear'd;
 And we, drawn near, beheld the Smoak arise.
 There lulling Sleep clos'd up my weary Eyes;
 For still I steer'd, nor would the Helm forsake,
 That we the sooner might our Voiage make.

When thus one murmuring spake; Silver and Gold
 This Bull-skin Cloak-bag fardled up must hold:
 No meaner Present *Æolus* ever made.
 'Gainst me another frowning then inveigh'd;
 Ah! how our Chief is priz'd; of what Renown
 Where-e're he comes, in Country, Court, or Town!
 What Pillage fell at *Ilium* to his share,
 When we return as poor as e're we were!
 This *Æolus* gave in Friendship to conjoyn.
 Come let us search this Gold and Silver Mine.

Th' unhappy Counsel takes, and they (accurst)
 Unloose the Bag, and forth loud Tempests burst;

A cross

A cross Wind plows the Main, and with strange force
 Them weeping drove from their intended Course.
 Then I awak'd (alarm'd thus) from my Dream,
 And ponder'd whether I in this extrem
 Should drown my self, or silent yet survive,
 Till Waves had swallow'd me with them alive.
 But patient I endur'd, and cover'd lay,
 Till we were driv'n back to th' *Æolian* Bay,
 Whilst their loud Sighs out-voic'd the mouthing Wind.
 There landing, we a crystill Fountain find,
 And straight Repast they for themselves prepare.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 I with a Herald and one more address
 My self to *Æolus*, sitting at a Feast
 Then with his Sons and Daughters, and fair Queen:
 All were amaz'd beholding us come in,
 And (whilst we stopp'd at Door) admiring, spake;
 What evil Spirit drove *Ulysses* back?

Whence com'st thou? We dismiss thee with great Care,
 That thou might'st to thy dearest Home repair.
 Then sadly I reply'd; Back through the Deep,
 Wrong'd by my Friends and overpow'd by Sleep,
 I am inforc'd once more to beg your Aid.

I in such melting Language did persuade.
 All silent were, when th' angry King thus spake;
 Be gone, thou worst of Men, this Isle forsake.
 I must not aid nor harbour one whom Fate
 And all the Court of just Celestials hate.
 In an ill hour thou hither cam'st; depart.

Thus he dismiss me with a broken Heart,
 And we from thence in sad Condition fail,
 No hopes of our Return, our Spirits fail.
 Six days and nights through briny Waves we steer,
 The seventh to us King ^(d) *Lamus* Walls appear,

And

(c) It was the saying of *Eratosthenes*, that we should then know where *Æolus* reign'd, when we found out the Cobler's name that stitch'd up this Bottle in which the Winds were contained. It was his opinion, that the whole Relation concerning the *Cyclops*, *Laistrygonæ*, *Phæacians*, &c. and this of *Æolus*, was merely a Figment of the Poet's. But they that have examined it more accurately do find a real History, though obscurely, intimated in the Romance. *Diodorus Siculus* says that *Æolus* married *Cyane* the Daughter of *Liparus*, whom he succeeded in his Dominion; a Pious, Just, and Hospitable Prince. He, by observing the driving of the Smoak which ascended out of the fiery Caverns, with which the Island *Lipara* abounds, could foretell the motion of the Winds, according to *Strabo* and *Pliny*; from whence he is feigned by the Poet to have the Dominion of them. *Hum Virgil* follows, *Æneid*. 1.

—hic vasto Rex *Æolus* antro
Lulantes; *Vento* *Tempestatisque* *sonoras*
Imperio *premit*; & *vinculis* *ac* *carcere*
frangit.

—here King *Æolus* reigns,
 And the rebellious Winds in Prison
 chains.

And *Dionysius* in his *Periegesis*,

*Αἶολος, ὃς δυνάει μὲν ἀνέμους ἐκλάσσει δόρυ,
 κορυφίῳ δ' ἀέκων κρατερὸν ὄν, ἰσχυρόν γα.*

Great was the Grant to *Æolus* assign'd,
 To rule the gentle, and the boisterous
 Wind.

(d) King of *Formia*, a City of *Campania*, from whom the *Ælii*, a Senatorian Family in *Rome*, were descended, and received the Surname of *Lamii*, as *Horace* testifies *Carm. lib. 3. Od. 15*.

*Æli, vetusto nobilit ab Lamo,
 Quando & priores hinc Lamias ferunt
 Denominatos, & nepotum
 Per memores genus omne fassos.
 Antore ab illo ducis originem
 Qui Formiarum mania dicitur
 Princeps, & innantem Maricæ
 Littoribus tenuisse Lytin,
 Latè tyrannus.*

Brave *Ælius*, from *Lamus*, King a Stem;
 Our Annals say thy House descends
 from him.
 From him deriv'd thou thy Originals,
 Who first built *Formia* with such lofty
 Walls,
 And *Lyris* rul'd, that wash'd *Marica*
 Strands
 With Silver Waves; who there had
 large Commands.

And *Læstrygonian* Ports, where Shepherds keep
 Their Flocks by turns; and he that doth not sleep,
 Watching by night, they double his Reward,
 One for the Sheep, another for the Herd.
 The Port we enter, guarded on each side
 With jetting Rocks: within the Harbour wide
 Th' opposing Shores extend, th' Entrance is straight.
 Winds ne'r rowl here the Waves to any height.
 There in close order our whole Navy lay,
 And fill'd the Bosom of the winding Bay.
 I onely rode without, where fast I made
 My Vessel to a Cliff; then round survey'd
 Upon a Summit; but no Works I could
 Of Men nor Beasts, or Pasturage behold,
 But rising Smoak. Straight I a ^(c) Herald sent,
 And two with him: along the Path they went,
 By which from th' Mountains they Materials drew.
^(d) *Antiphates* Daughter at the Spring they view,
 King of the *Læstrygonians*: to this Stream,
Artacia styl'd, the Town for Water came.
 They drawing nigh enquire who rul'd that Land,
 What King or Potentate there bore Command.
 She with them to her Father's Palace hies;
 Where entering, they of a prodigious size
 A Woman saw, huge like a Hill, and all
 Amazed stood; whilst she forsakes the Hall,
 To fetch the King her Husband, whom she brought,
 Death threatning, and with dire Destruction fraught.
 Straight one he snatch'd, and for his Supper dress'd;
 Whilst to the Fleet, affrighted, fly the rest.
 But he the Town alarms; the People heard,
 And *Læstrygonians* numberless appear'd.
 They, not resembling Men, but Giants vast,
 Upon our Ships torn Rocks and Mountains cast:

Straight

Straight a sad Noise flies o're the Harbor's Banks
 Of dying Men, (of shatter'd Decks and Planks)
 Whom they as Fishes slew to serve their Board.
 Whilst I, my Faulchion drawing, cut our Cord:
 Their Oars I bid them ply, their Lives to save,
 Death at their Heels. They brush the briny Wave,
 And soon our Ship the open Sea enjoy'd;
 But all the rest the *Læstrygons* destroy'd.
 Hence with sad Hearts we sail, so many lost,
 Till we at last reach'd the ^(e) *Ææan* Coast.
 There the bright Goddess dwelt, *Circe* the fair:
 She and ^(f) *Æetas* Brother and Sister were,
 Sprung from the Sun, *Perfa* their Mother styl'd,
 Daughter t' *Oceanus*. Some Stars more mild
 There put us in; there lay we to repose
 Two days and nights, harra's'd with Toils and Woes.
 But the third day I with the breaking Dawn
 Took up my Spear, my good Sword girded on;
 Then from a Summit's top survey'd each-where,
 If Men had been, or if some now were there.
 Thus gaz'd I, and about me round did look.
 At last methought I saw a rising Smoak,
 Which was from *Circe's* Palace in a Wood.
 There long consulting with my self I stood,
 Considering what to do, what course to take.
 My varying Thoughts this Resolution make;
 My Ship first to re-visit on the Shore,
 Refresh my Friends, then send some out t' explore.
 On my Design thus walking to the Road,
 Pitying our sad Condition, some kind God
 Put from the Grove a Stag, whom *Phæbus* Beams
 Inforc'd to water at refreshing Streams.
 At him thus stalking on my Spear I threw:
 Quite through his Chine the well-aim'd Javelin flew.

(g) An Island in the *Hæturian* Sea, so called from *Ææa* a Town by the *Phæstus*, 15 miles from the *Euxine* Sea, from whence *Circe* fled thither. *Apollonius* in his *Argonauticks*,

Καρμολίαν δ' ἐνθάδε δι' ἧς ἀδὲς οὐδ' ἔτι
 πλοῖον,
 Αἰὶνὸν δ' ἀνέστη Τροπαιήδης εὐσεβέστες
 ἔξω δ' Αἰδὸς ἡμέρα κλυτὰ τε δ' ἀγα
 νύκτε
 Πεισέει' ἰὼ' ἡνῶν γὰρ δὲν ἔδωκε, ἐνθάδε
 κίπρω
 ἔργον ἀδὲς ποτὶ δὲν ἔργον ἐπιδεικνύσθαι.

Stoutly from thence through breaking
 Waves they bore,
 And passing view'd th' *Ausonian* Tuscan
 Shore;
 Then came to the renown'd *Ææan* Bay,
 Where near the Shore they Anchor'd cast.
 Here they
 Found *Circe* washing in the Sea her head.

This Island was called from her *Circeia*. But *Pliny* observes, that that which in *Homer's* time was an Island far remote from *Italy*, and in *Theophrastus* Age a mile distant, is now part of the Continent. *Strabo* says that in his time there remained the Temple of *Circe*, and a Gobbet of *Hyffes*, some dark remains of this Relation.

(h) *Hesiod* follows the genealogy of our Poet in his *Theogonies*,

Ἥστυς δ' ἀνδραῖσι τὸν κλυτὸν Ὀκεανὸν
 Πειρώς κίπρω τε γὰρ Αἰθέρῳ βασιλεύει.

To the Sun Petre, th' Ocean's Daughter,
 bore
 Ætes, and *Circe* with the golden Hair.

But *Diodorus Siculus* lib. 5. makes
Circe the daughter of *Æetas*.

The

(c) The Poet has omitted the names of the persons sent, but *Ovid* has preserved one of them, *Achæmides*; for thus he makes him speak,

*Assisus ad hunc ego sum numero comitante duorum,
 Vixque fugâ quasita salus comitique
 mihiq;:
 Tertiis è nobis Læstrygonis impia tinxit
 Ora cruce suo*

I and two more to him were sent, but two,
 I and my Mate, escap'd with much ado:
 The third the *Læstrygonian's* gullet dy'd
 With his own gore.

He was afterwards left on land in the Country of the *Cyclops*, and saved by *Antas*, who landed there, as *Virgil* writes at large in the third of his *Æneids*.

(d) Descended from *Lamius*, and King at this time of the *Læstrygonians*. *Ovid* *Metamor.* lib. 14.

*Inde Lami veterem Læstrygonis, inquit,
 in urbem
 Venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.*

From thence the ancient City we attain'd
 Of *Lamius*, where *Antiphates* then reign'd.

The struck Deer falling grovels on the Ground;
 Whilst I my Lance draw from the deadly Wound.
 The Quarry left, I Branches pluck'd, and hard
 With winding stretch'd to a sufficient Cord.
 Him on my Neck ty'd by the Feet I bore,
 Leaning upon my Spear, down to the Shore.
 Well on my Shoulder him I could not get
 With th' other hand, the Monster was so great.
 Before the Ship my heavy Load I laid,
 And my Associates comforting, thus said;

To *Phuo's* Court, dear Friends, we shall not yet
 Be fummon'd, nor to Nature pay our Debt:
 Let's now be merry, now let's eat and drink,
 No more of Want nor our Misfortune think.

There needs small Invitation to a Feast;
 They all appear, nor wanted I a Guest:
 Th' admire the Stag, so fat and fair a Prize.
 When they enough had banquetted their Eyes,
 They wash their Hands, and Dinner ready get,
 Then fate we Feasting till bright *Phæbus* set,
 With richest Wine, with well-fed Ven'son store;
 And growing dark, we quarter'd on the Shore.
 But when the rosie-finger'd Morn arose,
 I to my Friends refresh'd did thus propose;

My Fellow-sufferers, you who undergo
 With me, and bravely too, Wo heap'd on Wo,
 Though we no certain ⁽¹⁾North nor South have found,
 Nor where th' inlightning Sun posts under Ground,
 Nor where's his Rise; yet our own Interest
 Let us with Care pursue, and cast the best.
 I saw, when I on yonder Prospect stood,
 A little Isle inviron'd with a Wood,
 And through a shady Grove ascending Smoak.

This said, they tremble with fresh Terror struck,

And

And to their minds the *Læstrygons* recall,
 And *Polyphemus* that huge Cannibal,
 Whilst down their Cheeks Tears in a Deluge glide.
 Yet I in two my Company divide;
Eurylochus led half, the rest I take:
 Then Lots we cast, the brazen Helmet shake.
Eurylochus the Country must explore
 With twenty two; who weeping left the Shore,
 And *Circe's* Palace found, where Lions storm'd,
 And Wolves about the Gates, from ⁽²⁾Men transform'd.
 These Monsters meddled not with them, but tame,
 Wagging their Tails, on very gently came.
 Like fawning Hounds, who leap about their King,
 That from a Feast doth them sweet Morfels bring:
 About them so huge Wolves and Lions leap'd.
 They, frighted at the horrid Monsters, stepp'd
 Into the beauteous Goddess's Portal, where
 Her at her Web they sweetly singing hear,
 Notes so delicious, to a Thred so fine,
 That we may call both Song and Web divine.
Polites ⁽³⁾ then, one whom I dearly lov'd
 And most esteem'd, thus his Associates mov'd;
 Some Goddesses, Sirs, within, or Woman sings,
 Plying her Loom: how the arch'd Pavement rings!
 Let's make Address. This said, aloud they call.
 The Gates she opening, leads them into th' Hall:
 They, rashly following, on th' Inchantress wait.
Eurylochus staid, suspecting some Deceit.
 Whilst she the Strangers sets in stately Chairs,
 And Cheese, Flowr, Hony mix'd with Wine prepares:
 Before them Bread steep'd with dire Drugs she set,
 That they their Native Country might forget.
 When well th' had fed, oft clear'd the sparkling Cup,
 Whisking her Wand, in Sties she pens them up,

S

Transform'd

(1) In this Story of *Circe* the Poet delivers the opinion of the Ancients concerning Witches and Inchantments, viz. that they had power to transform the bodies of Men into other Animals. *Herodotus* writes thus of the *Nemr*, or *Lieslanders*, These may be supposed to be Witches: for the Scythians, and those Grecians that live in Scythia, report that once a year, for some few days, they are all transform'd into Wolves, and afterwards return to their own shape. They prevail not with me to believe what they say; nevertheless, they do both affirm it and swear to it. So *Virgil* in his *Phæmæcuria*,

Hæc herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi læta venena
Ipsæ dedit Mariæ: nascuntur plurima
Pontæ.
Hic ego septem Lupum fieri, & se condere
Sylvæ,
Mariæ

For me these Herbs in *Pontus Mariæ* choke:
 There every pow'ful Drug in plenty grows.
 Transform'd c' a Wolf I often *Mariæ* saw,
 Then into shady Woods himself withdraw.

Several modern examples of this nature are to be found in *Beduinus*, *Petrus Alamorus*, and *Henricus Colonienfis*. But *Pliny*, not unjustly, imputes it to the Credulity of the *Greeks*, amongst whom there could no Lie be so impudent as to want a Witness.

(2) *Homer* mentions but one of them who were transform'd, *Polites*: but *Ovid* has preserv'd the names of three more, in whose *Metamorphosis Achemenides* thus speaks;
Sorte sumus læti: soris me, fidemque
Politen,
Eurylochumque simul, nimirum Elpenora vini,
Bisque novem socios, Citeræ admania misti.

To me *Polites* and *Eurylochus* join,
 By Lot chose, and *Elpenor* giv'n to Wine,
 With eighteen more, to *Circe's* Palace sent.

(3) The vulgar interpretation of this place amongst the ancient Grammarians supposed two parts of the Heavens only to be here signified, the East and West: But *Servius* has confuted that opinion out of several places of our Poet, whom we have chose here to follow. *Iliad* 12 *2129* or *Darkness* is taken for the North.

Εἰ τ' ἐπὶ δεξιῇ ἴσται, περὶ δὲ τ' ἡλίου πύ,
Εἰ τ' ἐπ' ἀμύνει παρὰ πύλλῃ ζῶον ἠερίσσεια.

If they to th' Sun, the right hand, take
 their flight;
 Or in the left, the seat of lasting Night.

To be pluck'd up, but Gods can all things doe.
 Thence to *Olympick* Turrets *Hermes* flew;
 I through the Grove to *Circe's* Palace went,
 Much troubled, doubtful what might be th' Event.
 Drawn near the House I call: the ready Queen
 Opens the Gates, and kindly invites me in.
 I sadly follow; where a Chair she plac'd,
 And Footstool for me curiously enchac'd:
 A golden Goblet then, with dire intent,
 Full of bewitching Liqueur did present.
 I clear'd the Bowl, but no Effect it had;
 When with her Wand she striking me thus said;
 Go 'mongst thy Mates, and fill yon nasty Sty.

At this I draw my Sword, and at her fly,
 As her I would have slain. Aloud she shrieks,
 And running in, Tears trickling down her Cheeks,
 My Knees imbracing, thus a Suppliant spoke;

Who art? whence com'st thou? of what wondrous
 I am amaz'd thou art not yet transform'd: Stock?
 Who-e're tastes this is to some purpose charm'd.
 Thou art the first escap'd that e're did sip,
 Or let one dram o'th' Bottle pass his Lip.
 What wondrous Antidote thus steel'd thy Heart?
 Sure thou'rt *Ulysses* that so subtil art,
 Whom *Hermes* oft told me I should enjoy
 Returning from the Sack of wealthy *Troy*.
 Put up that Weapon. Must we have a bout?
 In Bed with other Arms let's fight it out.
 There charge me home, I dare your worst of Spight:
 All Duels there Love seconds and Delight.
 To her inticing I this answer give;

How thy alluring words may I believe,
 And thee imbracing my Revenge decline, (Swine?)
 Who keep'st my Friends coup'd up, transform'd to

Thou

Thou hast some farther Reach, with pow'rful Charms
 To conquer me left naked in thy Arms.
 To venture to thy Bed I shall be loath,
 Unless thou please to take the *Stygian* Oath,
 That thou hast no Design on any score
 To injure me. This said, the Goddess swore.
 Bound with her Vow we enter the Alcove,
 There conqu'ring Fears and Jealousies^(m) with Love.

Meanwhile four Maids, whose office was to keep
 The Palace clean, the Rooms to dress and sweep,
 Fall to their work, Nymphs all, who haunt the Woods,
 Fountains, and Rivers posting to the Floods.
 This o're the Benches royal Tap'stry cast,
 And bordering under with fine Linnen grac'd.
 That near the Seats covers a Silver Board,
 Then loads't with golden Dishes: whilst the third
 Mix'd in a gilded Vessel purest Wine,
 And makes with golden Bowls the Cupboard shine.
 The fourth brings Water, on a Trevel sets;
 Kindling a lusty Fire, the Liqueur heats.
 Then near the steaming Caldron me she plac'd,
 And on my Head and Shoulders Water cast,
 My Body bath'd: refresh'd thus after Toil,
 She supples me with odoriferous Oyl.

Then on she puts my Coat and Vestments neat,
 Sets me a Foot-stool and a silver Seat;
 Bids me fall too. But I distrust the Cates,
 Fearing they were not Food, but rather Baits.
 When *Circe* saw me thus demurely sit,
 Nor of her various Plenty touch one bit;

Ulysses, said she, why sitt'st thou so mute
 Like one forlorn, nor wilt thy Spirits recruit
 With wholsom Wine and this our Fare, though plain?
 Suspect'st thou still? Thou jealous art in vain;

Thou

(m) *Hesiod*, in his Genealogy of the Gods, names two Sons which *Circe* bore to *Ulysses*, though our Poet mentions but one year's stay with her.

Kipon δ', 'Heliu dyadon' 'Tmeswides,
 Tictes, 'Oduwō' 'malatōgēs' is eirō-
 nni,
 'Ayeon, idē autōn epūpara' n xpat-
 ej n.

Circe, the Sun's race, so *Ulysses* bore *Agrus* and *Latinus*.

Hyginus in his Fables calls them *Nausibous* and *Telegonus*.

Thou know'st that I have sworn the mighty Oath.

Then I reply'd; What man would not be loath,
Madam, that common Sense hath or a Soul,
To touch these Meats, or lift that golden Bowl,
Before he see his dear Relations freed?
Set them at liberty, then bid me feed:
When they appear, on then I'll boldly fall.

This said, she takes her Wand, leaving the Hall,
And opens their Sties; where straight we might behold
Huge Boars, who seem'd at least full nine years old.
With counter-Charms th' Inchantress 'noints them all:
Straight their rough Hair and horrid Bristles fall,
And they their Shapes resume, more young and fair,
Plumper their Cheeks, their Limbs more brawny were.
They knowing me, by each Hand grasping clung,
Whilst with loud Joy the arched Cielings rung.
Then mov'd b' indulging Pity *Circe* spake;

Now of thy Ship some care, *Ulysses*, take.
When thou hast drawn her up, and freed from Storms
In neighb'ring Caves thy Tackle stow'd and Arms,
Return, and bring those Friends there left behind.

All Doubts and Fears thus banish'd from my mind,
Straight went I to my Vessel, where I found
My wofull Friends in Tears and Sorrow drown'd.
As well-fed Heifers play at Prison-base
About their Mothers coming home from Grass,
Lowing they frisk, their Stalls the Wantons shun:
Weeping for Joy so they about me run;
As glad as if their Voiage they had made,
And landed were at Home. When thus they said;

So much we joy to see thee now return,
As if arriv'd we were where we were born.
But where and how our dear Associates dy'd,
Ah! tell us, Sir. I chearfully reply'd;

First

First draw our Vessel up from Winds and Waves,
Our Arms and Tackle stow in neighb'ring Caves:
Then follow me, where you in *Circe's* Court
Shall to your Friends and plentious Boards resort.
Straight all prepare. *Eurylochus* dismay'd
Refus'd to go, and thus to stop them said;

Ah hapless Friends! have you not Woes enough,
But you'll adventure under *Circe's* Roof?
She will transform you all to savage Boars,
Fierce Wolves, or Lions, so to guard her Doors.
So when *Ulysses* ventur'd in a Brave
With twelve of us unto the *Cyclops* Cave,
Half perish'd there by his wild Plot forsooth.

My Reason then was so o'repow'd by Wrath,
Though my near ^(a) Kinsman, I without remorse
Had left him there a decollated Coarse:
But they with mild persuasions press'd me hard
To leave him there; Let him the Vessel guard,
And lead us on to Sacred *Circe's* Court.

This said, we leave the Vessel and the Port:
Nor would *Eurylochus* behind us stay,
But fearing my Displeasure did obey.
Those whom I left in *Circe's* Court meanwhile
She bath'd, and 'nointed with delicious Oyl,
Cloathing in comely Habits, whom we found
Set at a Feast. The arched Roofs resound
With joyful Tears, when they their Friends survey'd
In such a posture. Thus then *Circe* said;

No more, renown'd *Ulysses*, now complain:
I know your Sufferings on the boist'rous Main,
And what by Men more rough you felt on shore.
Now eat and drink, and waisted Spirits restore;
Be as you were when first your Native Soil,
Rough *Ithaca*, you left; nor your Exile

(a) According to *Eustathius* he had married *Climene* the Sister of *Ulysses*.

To

To memory more, nor tedious Travels call,
What-e're : be merry, and forget them all.

Encourag'd thus, the Goddess I obey'd,
And a whole year there Banqueting we staid
On various Dishes and delicious Wines,
But when the Sun had posted through twelve Signs,
His annual Progress through the Zodiack,
Thus then my Friends, their minds imparting, spake;

Your Country, Sir, 'tis now (ah!) more than time
To call to mind, if e're your Native Clime
And lofty Palace you to see intend.

This said, I to the Motion condescend.
Then all the Day we feasted; but when Night
With dusky Troops had put Day's Beams to flight,
They to their Chambers went, and I repair
To *Circe's* Lodgings. Her then finding there,
I, kneeling as an humble Suppliant, said;

Goddess, perform the Promise thou hast made,
Me to dismiss when willing to depart:

For now my Friends, when-e're thou absent art,
Importune me with Tears thy Court to leave.
She kindly to my Suit this Answer gave;

Renown'd *Ulysses*, dear as if my Spouse,
Thou shalt no longer tarry in my House
Then thy one pleasure thee inclines: but know,
That first thou must another Voiage go,
Where *Proserpine* and *Pluto* keep their Court,
And there to blind *Tiresias* Ghost resort:
Hell's Empress gave his Shade a ^(a) solid Mind,
Whilst others fleet like Waves or empty Wind.

I felt my Heart-strings crack at what she said;
Up sat I weeping, and so much dismay'd,
That I no longer wish'd to live, nor see
Day's chearing Beams, no Comfort now to me.

(a) The Fable of *Tiresias* is diversely reported by the *Grecians*. *Callimachus* says, that as he was hunting on the Mountain *Helicon*, he unfortunately saw *Minerva* the Virgin Goddess washing her self in the Fountain *Hippocrene*, for which he was struck blind: But she gave him the gift of Prophecy while he lived, and obtained the same for him of *Proserpine* after his death.

Τίρετος δ' ἔτι μὲν ὅτε δαμασκον, ἄνθρωπον
Παρθένου, ἵερης ῥοῆς ἀνιόντα
ἐλπίσας δ' ἀφαιεῖν τὴν ποτὶ φῶτα ἵδουσαν ἡγε-
ναι
Σελήνην, ἢ ἐδιδόκεν δ' αὖτις τὰ μὲν δι-
μύειν, &c.

Tiresias, then a Youth, came with his
Hounds
If steep *Parnassus* *Heliconian* grounds,
Whither they went to drink: unhappy he
Saw there what was not fit for him to see.
When *Pallas* vex'd, Who sent thee hither?
said:
And fraight eternal Night his Eyes did
blat.
Tiresias I'll make a Prophet, far beyond
Any before, when on the *Stygian* Strand
Alone thou shalt have Prudence; thy
pale Ghost
Shall also honour'd be of *Pluto* most.

The relation is different in *Ovid*, *Hypocritus* and *Didymus*.

But when a briny Deluge I had shed,
And tir'd my self with tossing on her Bed,
I faintly thus; But who shall shew the Way?
Does any to the Devil go by Sea?

Then she reply'd; Dear, be n't so much agast,
Take thou no Care, onely erect thy Mast,
Unfurl thy Sails, and *Boreas* shall transport
Thee with fair Winds unto th' Infernal Port.
But when some time th' hast plow'd the foamy Brine,
And fcest a Grove sacred to *Proserpine*,
Of Poplars and of Sallows, there abide,
And on that gulfy Ocean's Bosom ride;
Then walk thy self to *Pluto's* dismall Court,
Where *Acheron* and *Phlegeton* consort,
Where black *Cocytus* and the *Stygian* Wave,
Beating the Rocks, with mingled Billows rave.

Here when thou com'st, a ^(b) Hole dig deep and wide,
Then a Libation for the Dead provide,
With Hony and Wine, cast Water in, and mix
Pure Flour, imploring waisted Souls o're *Styx*:
But when thou shalt to *Ithaca* return,
With richer Presents, a chaff Heifer burn.
Then with a Ram *Tiresias* Ghost invoke;
A black Ram, King and Father of the Flock.
But after thou hast pray'd to the renown'd
Nations of pale Shades wandring under Ground,
A Ram and black Ewe sacrifice to them,
And backwards go to the Infernal Stream:
There wander many Souls of those are dead.
Then call on those attend thee, and with speed
Command them flea those slaughter'd Sheep lie there,
And burning them make thou a zealous Pray'r
To *Pluto* and fair *Proserpine*. But fit
Thou with thy Faulchion drawn there, nor permit

(b) *Pliny* takes notice that there is not the least footstep of Magic in the whole *Iliad* of *Homer*, but that his *Odyssey* consist almost of nothing else. He seems to have learnt it in *Aegypt*, for there it had its origination; from thence carried into *Chaldeas*, and afterwards into *Persia*, where it flourish'd 6000 years before the Death of *Plato*, according to *Eudoxus* and *Arifotle*, no credulous Authours, before the Trojan War 5000, according to *Hermippus*. *Offanes* the Magician, accompanying *Xerxes* in his Expedition against *Greece*, sow'd the seeds of this portentous Art: And it is certain, faith *Pliny*, that he not onely kindled a desire of this Art in the *Grecians*, but made them mad after it. *Aeschylus*, who liv'd at that time, raises the Ghost of *Darius* in his Tragedy call'd *The Persians*: there he delivers the preceding Sacrifice very agreeable to this of our Poet, I suppose taken from thence, thus;

Βόες δ' αἶψ' ἀγνῆς λαυδὸν εὐστρεφὲς γάλα,
Τὴν δ' ἀνιόντῃ ὀρέγμεν, μεμελεῖ μέλι,
Λαβόντων ὀψιπλάσι παρθένης ὀρέγμεν
Ἀσέβητος τὴν μνηστὴρ ἀγνῆς ἀνέμῃ
Περὶ παρὰ τὴν εὐκλείαν γαῖαν αἶψα
Τὴν τ' αἶψα ἐκείνῃ σάουδρον φέρον
Σαυδρὴν ἱερὰν ἀκροῖς ἑστέον πύργῳ
Ἀνδρῶν τὴν παλαιὰν, μεμολῶτα γάλα γάλα,

Milk of a Virgin Heifer bring with thee,
And Hony clear drop from the Bee,
A maiden Fountain's Crystall tears, and
next

The drink of an old Vine mixt,
And of the golden Olive-tree the fruit,
Whose branches fill with Summer
suits
And folded Flowers, the leaneous birch
Of the all-producing Earth.

There follows also the Hymn with which the Ghost is evocated, but too large to be here transcribed.

The pressing Shadows of pale Ghosts draw near
 To taste sweet Bloud, e're thou *Tiresia* hear;
 Who straight appearing then will thee instruct
 How Home thy Ship in safety to conduct.

Now rose *Aurora* in her golden Throne,
 When *Circe* put my Vest and Habit on.
 She a white Gown girds round her slender Waist
 With a bright Zone, her Brows a Fillet grac'd.
 Then went I forth, thus calling one by one;

No more now Sleep indulge, let us be gone,
Circe consents. All muster in a Thought,
 And then I off in Health and Safety brought,
 Except *Elpenor*, who, the youngest there,
 Had little Courage, and as little Care;
 He, lying by himself (after a Cup)
 In sweet Repose, suddenly starting up,
 Hearing the Noise of those who ready were,
 Hardly awake dropp'd backwards o're the Stair,
 And broke his Neck. When to the rest I spake;

We must, dear Friends, another Voiage make,
 E're we unto our Native Country sail;
Circe commands me, and I must not fail:
 To *Pluto* and dire *Proserpine* we must,
 There to consult *Theban Tiresias* Duff.

This broke their Hearts hearing me thus declare,
 And weeping down they fate, and tore their Hair.
 But Grief ne'r Voiage help'd. No time let slip,
 Down we lamenting goe unto our Ship.
 Meanwhile fair *Circe* to our Vessel came,
 Leaving a black Ewe bound up with a Ram,
 Unseen of any. What Celestial can,
 Unless he please, be moving seen by Man?



Honoratissimæ Domine
Tabulam hanc
D^o Marice Canadish
EMDDIO Lib 37 9e 155



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses sails to the Infernal Coast.
A Stygian Sacrifice. Tiresias Ghost (Home.
First warm Blood drinks, and thence directs him
Male, Female Shades about him thronging come,
Their Stories tell. Souls tortur'd. Gorgon's Head
Fearing to see, he hasts to Sea, and fled.

SOON as we reach'd the Strand, we
launch our Ship,
Erect our Mast, and hoise our Sails
a-trip.

Aboard the Cattel putting, we deplore
Our sad Misfortune, and forsake the Shore.
When Circe sent us straight our promis'd Gale,
A constant Friend, impregnating the Sail;
Whilst we our Stations keep and Banks design'd,
Trusting the Steers-man and so fair a Wind.

(c) The *Cimmerians* were a miserable People, inhabiting the *Scythian Bosphorus*, living incav'd in the Rocks, the Air ever dull and obscure by reason of the distant Sun and high-hanging Mountains, whence sprung the Proverb of *Cimmerian Darkness*. These our Poet has transported into the farthest Northern parts bordering on the Ocean, and fity, out of relation to their obscure Mansions, made them the Inhabitants of those parts where the Descent is into the dark regions of Hell: perhaps out of a Poetical Revenge; for *Strabo* observes that those *Barbarians* had made an Inroad into *Asia* and *India*, the Country of *Homer*, about that time. From hence *Odysseus* feigns the Mansion of Sleep among the *Cimmerians*;

Est prope Cimmerios longo Spelunca recessus,

Montis cavus, ignavi domus & penetralia Somni,

Quò nunquam radii orientis, mediæque cadentes

Phœbus adire potest; nebula caligine mixta

Exhalantur humo, dubia crepuscula luci.

Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steep

And hollow Hills, the Mansion of dull Sleep,

Not seen by *Phœbus* when he mounts the Skies,

At height, nor stooping; gloomy Mists arise

From humid earth, which still a Twilight make.

(d) That this Magical Art of evocating the Infernal Ghosts was in use anciently among the *Græcians*, and in repute, we have already shewn: we shall only now take notice of the means they used to raise them; among which there was constantly effusion of Blood.

Odysseus in his *Metamorphosis*, l. 7.

Hand precor, egestâ scrobibus tellure dabas,

Sacra facit, cultusque in vellerâ gutturis aris

Conjicit, & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas, &c.

Out of the Earth *Ætias* two Pits

Then forthwith digs, and sacrificing

like

The throats of black-sheep'd Rams: with reeking Blood

The Ditches fills, and pours thereon a Flood

Of Honey and new Milk from turn'd-up Bowls,

Papinius Statius in the fourth Book of his *Thebais*,

Principio largos vocat tellure cavatâ

Inclinat Bacchi latites, & munera verni

Lactis, & Actæos imbre, & sudamina

cruciorum:

Manibus aggerizat quantum capiente tellus.

But what Credit the more judicious gave to this Black-art may be seen in these words of *Pliny* in his Natural History: Amidst these manifold Vices whereunto the Emperor Nero had betaken and sold himself, a principal desire he had to have the Gods (forsooth) and Familiar Spirits at his Command: thinking that, if he could once have attained to that, he had then climbed up to the highest point of Magnanimity. Never was there man that studied harder and followed any Art more earnestly than he did Magic. Riches he had enough under his hand, and Power he wanted not to execute what he would; yet he gave it over in the end without effect: an undoubted and peremptory Argument to convince the vanity of this Art, when such an one as Nero forsook it.

All Day we went, till Night her Flag unfurl'd,
Spreading her fable Ensign o're the World,
And Waves we to the Ocean's Confines plow'd.

(c) *Cimmerians* here, absconded with a Cloud
And gloomy Mists, reside, which ne'r the Sun
With piercing Rays could dissipate at Noon,
Nor rising, nor when he arch'd Heav'n forfakes,
But still hung round in everlasting Blacks.

Arriving here, our Vessel we put in,
Our Cattel eas'd, then launch'd to Sea agen,
And to that Coast *Circe* directed bore.

Eurylochus there and *Perimede* a-shore
The Off'rings brought. I, drawing from my Side
My Faulchion, digg'd a Pit four Cubits wide:
Then round about I empti'd brimming Bowls,
Libations to all departed Souls.

First Wine and Hony, next pure Wine I pour,
And Water after, mixt with finest Flour.

Then all the Nations haunt the *Stygian* shore
With frank Libations humbly I implore,

Assuring them, at my returning Home,
A Virgin Heifer and a Hecatomb.

But with a Ram *Tiresias* I invoke,
A black one, King and Father of the Flock.

Then o're the Pit the Sacrifice I flew: (drew.
Warm (d) Blood gush'd forth, and round pale Shadows

There Boys, and Girls, and Old folks I discern'd,
And Infants still with trifling Grievs concern'd;

And valiant Hero's slain in Battel view'd,
Their Arms transpierc'd, with recent Blood imbrew'd.

First in the Trench she pours in Wine, and next
With flowing Bowls, Milk, Blood and Hony mixt.

So much she pours into the digg'd-up Holes
As they contain'd, an Offering to all Souls.

About

About the Pit they throng. When doleful Cries
Elsewhere I heard, pale Fear did me surprize.

Then those attended on me straight I bad
To flea the Cattel which they slaughter'd had,
And throw i'th' Flames; to prosper my Design,
Imploping *Pluto* and fair *Proserpine*.

But I with drawn Sword fate, nor would permit
Shades for Blood thirsting once to touch the Pit,
Untill *Tiresias* I consulted had.

When first drew near *Elpenor's* woful Shade.
Whom uninterr'd we left in *Circe's* Court,
His Rites neglecting, hastning to the Port.

I weeping thus to poor *Elpenor* said;
Can'st thou a-foot unto this dismal Shade
Sooner then I could here at Anchor ride?

To me, his state deploring, he reply'd;
Renown'd *Ulysses*, this unhappy Soul
My sad Fate hither sent, and th' other Bowl
In *Circe's* Court; I starting from my Bed,
Going down the Ladder with a giddy Head,
Dropp'd backward o're, my Neck broke as I fell;

There lay my Corps, my Shadow flew to Hell:
By those far distant are I thee require,
By thy dear Wife, thy Son and aged Sire,
Since well I know thou with a leading Gale
Must back to the *Ææan* Confines sail,
There I conjure thee me to mind recall,
Nor leave me there without a (c) Funeral,
Lest thou incense some of the Pow'rs Divine.

With me my Arms burn and what-e're was mine.
My Tomb upon the Ocean's Margents rear,
That after-times of my sad Fate may hear:
And fix upon it my (d) Sepulchral Oar,
With which so oft I tugg'd from Shore to Shore.

(c) For it was the opinion of the *Græcians*, that the Soul was not receiv'd into the place of its Repose before the Body obtain'd its funeral Solemnities, as hath been already observ'd.

(d) It was an ancient Custom to leave some memory of the Life of the deceased upon the Tomb. *Archimedes*, an eminent Mathematician, had a Sphere and Cylinder interb'd upon his Sepulchral Stone, of which he had written such excellent Speculations in his life-time. *Virgil* of *Misenus*,

At pins Enceas ingenti mole Sepulchrum imponit, siveque Arma viro, Reminque
Tubânique,
Monte sub ævris, qui nunc Misenus ab illo.

But Prince *Æneus* a huge Tomb did raise,
And on 't his Arms, his Oar and Trumpet laies,
Under a mighty Hill, which now they call
From him *Misenus*, and for ever shall.

These

These his Requests I answer'd thus; Thy Will
(Ah hapless Wretch!) I'll punctually fulfill.
Thus sitting we each other's Fate deplor'd,
Whilst o're the Bloud I flourish'd my Sword.
On th' other side *Elpenor* muttering staid;
When straight appear'd my Mother's woful Shade,
Antolycus Daughter, *Anticlea*, whom
I left alive failing for *Ilium*.

Her I beholding wept, and pitied much;
But would not suffer sacred Bloud to touch
Before *Tiresias* came, whose honour'd Shade
Appearing with a golden Scepter said;

Why com'st thou hither, and forsak'st the Day,
Pale Ghosts and dismall Regions to survey?
Lay by thy Weapon, and the Pit forsake,
That I warm Bloud may drink; then Truth I'll speak.
I sheath'd my Sword, and drawing off obey'd.
He, when warm Draughts his Thirst had quenched,

How to sail safely Home thou dost inquire, (said;
Which *Jove* may ease make; but *Neptune's* Ire
(His ^(c) Son by thee struck blind) may much obstruct.
Patience thy Ship and Men shall home conduct:
You and your Friends must your Desires contain.
Soon as you land (and leave the gloomy Main)

On the ^(d) *Trinacrian* Isle, you'll see there run
Herds ^(e) consecrated to th' all-seeing Sun.
If them you spare, and your Return regard,
Safe shall your Voiage be, though long and hard.
Them if you kill, you all shall be destroy'd.
But if thou Death by Miracle dost avoid,
In a strange Ship, all lost, thou late may'st come
(Where greater Mis'ries wait thee) to thy Home.
There proud Corrivals revell in thy House,
Waiving thy Wealth, courting thy beauteous Spouse,

Presenting

Presenting Gifts, haunting her Day and Night:
But thou shalt be revenged to the height:
And after that by Craft or force of Steel
Th' haft made the Suitors thy just Vengeance feel,
Then thou must sail till thou a Nation shalt
Find ignorant of the use of seasoning Salt;
Who ^(b) Seas ne'r saw, nor Ships with painted Prores,
Nor Sails expanded, nor well-polish'd Oars.
And this will be the Sign; When on the Way
Thou one encounter'st travelling that shall say,
A Winnower he upon his Shoulder hath,
There fix thy broken Oar, and *Neptune's* Wrath
With a fat Ram appease, a Bull, and Boar,
Then Home returning all the Gods implore.
Then fear not, till from Sea ⁽ⁱ⁾ Death thee arrest,
When thou grown old hast made thy People blest.
These Fortunes thee will certainly betide.
Thus said *Tiresias*: and I thus reply'd;

This haply Heav'n decrees and fixed Fate.
But say, blest Prophet, and the truth relate:
I see my Mother's Shade, who not t' her Son
Will speak, nor him so much as look upon:
Silent she sits by sacred Bloud; ah! how
May she, poor Shadow, her dear Off-spring know?

Then he reply'd; Take this from me, who-e're
Oth' Shades thou suffer'st to the Bloud draw near,
They will to whatso'e're thou'lt ask reply;
But far from thee, if thou deny'st them, fly.

This said, *Tiresias* vanish'd from my Sight
To *Pluto's* Court, and Seats of lasting Night:
But I that Posture kept in which I stood,
Untill my Mother tasted sacred Blood;
Who straight her Off-spring knew, and weeping said;
How alive can'st thou to this dismall Shade?

(b) *Tiresias* very obscurely describes the Country whither *Ulysses* was to travel after his Return: but I find that the Ancients generally interpreted it of *Epirus*, not far distant from *Ithaca*. *Pausanias* in his description of *Attica*: *γενναίος ἐπ' αὐτοῖς, Κερκυραῖος, αἱ θαλάσσιος τὸν πῦρ βαρβαρὸν μάλιστα ἐξὸν ἡμῶν*, &c. *Pyrrhus*, being highly conceited of his strength, encountered the Carthaginians (the most experienced of all the Barbarians in the Sea, being descended from the Phoenicians) in a Naval fight, his armada consisting only of *Epirots*, who when *Troy* was taken knew not the Sea, nor use of Sails, as *Homer* testifies. Those that knew not the Sea were ignorant of the use of Salt, according to our Poet; whence it may be conjectured that *Homer* knew of no other Salt but what was made out of Sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the Sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it by the name of an Instrument with which they winnowed Corn.

(i) According to this Prophecy is the story of *Ulysses's* Death related by *Didymus*: *Telegonus*, the Son of *Ulysses* by *Circé*, had a Spear made by *Vulcan*, which was the Bone of a Sea-fish call'd in Latin *Pagrus marinus*, with which he slew his Father unknown to him. Not unlike was the Prophecy concerning the Emperor *Titus*, that his Death should come from the Sea, who was poison'd by a Sea-Flare.

(c) *Polyphemus*, whose Eye *Ulysses* struck out with a Fire-brand.

(d) *Sicily*, so call'd from its trigonal Figure, whose Ensign in the ancient Coyns was three Legs triangle-ways, as may be seen in *Goltzini's* Medalls of *Sicily*.

(e) Of which he speaks more at large in the following Book.

To

To see these dark Realms is for Mortals hard,
 With mighty Rivers and the Ocean barr'd,
 Which none on foot can pass: then sure thou hast
 Hither by Sea through raging Billows past.
 Wandring from *Troy*, why didst thou hither come,
 So much time spent, and hast not been at Home,
 Nor seen thy Wife, who lives as if divorc'd?

Invincible Necessity inforc'd
 Me, dearest Mother, to these Parts, I said,
 For to consult *Theban Tiresias* Shade.
 I ne'er reach'd *Greece*, nor touch'd my Native Coast,
 But still have wandred with Afflictions crost,
 Since I to *Troy* with *Agamemnon* went,
 Where we our time in re^lless Leaguer spent.
 But, dearest Mother, say, and truth relate,
 How cam'st thou hither? by what cruel Fate?
 Did Sickness, or the Quiver-bearing Maid
 Thee with her Shafts send to this dismal Shade?
 Next tell me of my Son's and Father's Fate:
 Keep they in their Possession my Estate?
 Or swallow'd is't by some incroaching Lord?
 Think they I'm drown'd, or perish'd by the Sword?
 How stands th' Affection of my dearest Spouse?
 Remains she with my Boy, and keeps my House?
 Or proves some other *Græcian* Prince's Bride?
 I strictly thus inquiring, she reply'd;

Thy Wife keeps home, afflicting still her Mind,
 Hath to perpetuall Grief her self consign'd,
 Consuming Night and Day in Tears for thee.
 Thy Goods and House as yet in Safety be:
Telemachus in Quiet governs all,
 And oft makes Princely Treatments in thy Hall.
 Thy Father in the Country still remains,
 And Royal Weeds and Furniture disdains.

In

In fordid Rags, when Winter chills the Skies,
 He on the Hearth, as Slaves, 'mongst Ashes lies:
 But when grown warm, he in his Vineyard strows
 Leaves for his Couch, there taking sad Repose;
 Mourning thy Fate till aged grown. And I
 By neither of those Casualties did dy;
 Skilfull *Diana* with her gentle Dart
 Ne'er in her Progress struck me to the Heart;
 Neither did Sickness bring me to that state,
 My Soul and Body thus to separate:
 But the great Care and Love for thee and thine
 Cost me my Life, for I away did ^(k) pine.

Stirr'd by Affection, when she thus had said,
 I stepp'd in to embrace my Mother's Shade:
 Thrice I attempt it, and as often fail;
 She fled me like a Dream or nimble Gale.
 O'repowr'd with Grief whilst thus I strove in vain,
 Of her Unkindness thus did I complain;
 Why meet'st thou not, dear Mother, my Embrace,
 That here we may in this most dismal place
 A Comfort find, and in the midst of Grief
 Conjoyning hands, though small, get some Relief?
 This all the Favour *Proserpine* bestows,
 To shew thee onely to augment my Woes?

Then thus to give me ease she seem'd to strive;
 Oh thou th' unhappiest of all Men alive!
 Hell's Queen deludes thee not, but 'tis the sad
 Condition of all Mortals, once being dead,
 Bodies no more t' assume, when on the Pyre
 Their Corps are Ashes turn'd in funeral Fire.
 When Breath no more refrigerates our Hearts,
 Like a swift Dream our fleeting Soul departs.
 But haste thou to the Living and the Light,
 And these bold Stories to thy Wife recite.

V

Thus

(k) The later Poets say, that out of excessive Grief she strangled her self, when she heard that *Ulysses* was destroy'd by *Nauplius*. *Ensat.*

Thus we discours'd, whilst Heroins drew near,
That Wives and Daughters of great Princes were.
About the Bloud they gather, driven on
By *Proserpine*, whom I then one by one
Resolv'd to question : then before the Pit
With my drawn Sword them singly I admit ;

Who after they had drank, it was their task
To tell me whatso'er I pleas'd to ask.

First I to *Tyro* spake, who answer'd thus ;

I'm th' eldest Daughter of ⁽¹⁾ *Salmones*,
Cretheus Spouse ; once with ^(m) *Enipeus* took,
To whom all Rivers seem a shallow Brook.

Sporting on Margents of his pleasant Stream,
Neptune, his Shape assuming, (turn'd to him,)

Comprest her midst the Eddies of the Sound,

Like a Hill, curtain'd with a Billow round.

She there conceal'd lay by a God imbrac'd,

Whose Virgin Zone loos'd, her to Sleep he cast.

When he well-pleas'd had all his Love-tricks play'd,

He, by the Hand her taking, kindly said ;

Rejoyce in my Affection, e're a year
Fills up his Periods thou two Sons shalt bear ;

These breed up well : and now go home, my Name
To none disclose ; know thou I *Neptune* am.

This said, he dives, and breaking Billows roar.

To him the *Pelias* and *Nelus* bore,

Jove's Champions both : *Pelias* himself did style

⁽ⁿ⁾ *Iolcus* Prince, the other govern'd ^(o) *Pyle*.

But she to *Cretheus* other Children bare,

Aeson and *Pheres*, *Amythion* the fair.

Next her I saw *Antiopa*, *Asop's* Race :

Jove himself prided in her sweet Embrace.

He *Zetbus* and ^(p) *Amphion* had by her,

Who with seven Gates the Walls of *Thebes* did rear,

And

And fortifi'd with Bulwarks round about,
Although the People were both strong and stout.

I saw *Amphitryo's* Spouse, *Alcmena*, there,

By *Jove* impregnate who *Alcides* bare.

And *Creon's* Daughter I, *Megara*, spy'd,

Who had been stout *Amphitryo's* Off-spring's Bride.

I *Oedipus* Mother *Epicastra* saw.

She 'spous'd her Son 'gainst Nature and all Law ;

He kills his ^(r) Father, and his Mother weds :

Fame of th' incestuous Marriage each where spreads :

He in sad case over the *Thebans* reign'd,

His Conscience touch'd, his Reputation stain'd.

She by a Cord on lofty Beam, her Fates

And Grief concluding, enter'd *Phib's* Gates.

But him she left midst Sorrows uncontroll'd,

And all the Woes a Mother's Furies could.

Next I saw *Chloris* saw, whom *Nelus* wed,

Paying dearly for th' Enjoyments of her Bed,

Amphion's Daughter, who *Orchomen* sway'd,

Whom *Minya* and sandy *Pyle* obey'd.

She *Nestor*, *Chromius*, *Periclymen* bare,

And beauteous *Pero*, one most wondrous fair,

Whom all the neighb'ring Princes came to woo ;

But he not her on any would bestow

Could not to him ^(s) *Iphicles* Cattel drive :

Which once a Prophet promis'd to contrive ;

But him a woful Fate, a cruel Chain,

And Rusticks more unmercifull, detain.

But when the ever-circumvolving Sphere

Months, Days and Hours had wound up in one Year,

Then *Iphicles* free'd him, (*Jove* would have it so)

After he did what he desired know.

Next saw I *Leda*, *Tyndarus* Spouse : she bare

Castor and *Pollux*, who such Champions were.

V 2

These

(r) *Laius*, being inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollo* that he should be slain by his own Son, caus'd *Oedipus* as soon as he was born to be expos'd, to be destroyed either by wild Beasts or Famine : but the Shepherds, taking pity on him, caus'd him to be educated. He being arriv'd to maturity of age went to *Thebes*, to inquire after his Father, whom he met by the way, and, in a Quarrel, being ignorant who it was, slew him, and afterwards married his Mother *Epicastra*, (so call'd by *Homer*, by the later Poets *Jocasta*.) This Story was the subject of two Tragedies of *Sophocles*.

(s) This story of *Nelus* and *Pero* is very obscurely deliver'd by our Poet, which was this : *Iphicles* had seiz'd upon the Goods of *Tyro* the Mother of *Nelus*, among which were many beautiful Oxen, which *Nelus* afterwards demanded of him, but could not obtain them. His daughter *Pero*, being a Lady of great Beauty, was courted by all the neighbouring Princes ; but he refused to espouse her to any one, unless he could recover those Oxen detained by *Iphicles*. *Bias* persuades his brother *Melampus*, a Prophet, to undertake the business for him, who in the enterprize was taken and imprison'd ; but after some duration there, having discover'd to *Iphicles* how he might have Children by his Wife, who had till then been barren, receiv'd the Oxen for his reward.

(1) This is he who was Thunder-struck by *Jupiter*, according to *Virgil* in the sixth of his *Æneids*, because, out of a desire to assume to himself Divine honour, he had with Machines and Fire-works endeavour'd to imitate Thunder and Lightning.

I saw *Salmones* as he tortur'd fate,
Who Lightning could and Thunder imitate :
Brandishing Flames he in a Chariot rode
Through *Greece* in triumph, honour'd
like a God,
And did inimitable Fire and Rain
With Brafs and speed of horn-hoof
Horses feign.
But through the Clouds at him great
Jove did aim
A Thunder-bolt pointed with piercing flame :
Not with flight Squibs or Crackers on
him fell,
But with a Whirlwind tumbled him to
Hell.

(m) A River in *Moræa*, descending from a Fountain call'd *Salmon*, which seems to have borrow'd its name from *Salmones* King of that place.

(n) A City in *Thessaly*.

(o) Being driven by his Brother from *Iolcus*, he planted a Colony here.

(p) They first liv'd in a small Town call'd *Eurestis*, afterwards remov'd to *Thebes*, which they were forc'd to bulwark round for fear of the *Phlegæa* potent enemies near hand. The Poets generally say that *Amphion* play'd so sweetly on his Harp, that the very Stones and Trees spontaneously followed it to the building of the Walls of *Thebes*. *Horace* in his Art of Poetry,

*Di'us & Amphion, Thebæ conditor Urbis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & præcæ blandâ
Ducere quæ vellet.*
Amphion, who built *Thebes*, made Stones advance,
As they report, and to his Muffled dance,
A-d led them where he pleas'd with moving Strains.

By which they signified, that he by the sweetness of his Discourse and Carriage had mollified the more fierce and barbarous people, and persuaded them to a Politick Society.

(c) When *Castor* was slain by *Lycæus*, his brother *Pollux* petition'd *Jupiter* to grant him Immortality; which when he could not obtain, he imparted to him an equal share of his own, *Virgil Æneid. l. 6.*
Si fratrem Pollux alternâ morte redemit,
Illeque reditque vitam tuâ.

If *Pollux* could by an alternate death His Brother ease, and tread so oft one path.

(d) The Attempt the rebellious Giants made upon Heaven has been the subject of whole Poems: but these are distinct from them, as appears by *Virgil* in the 6 of his *Æneid*, though some late Writers do confound them.

Hic genus antiquum Terræ, Titania pulvis,
Fulmine dejecti fundo volvantur in imo.
Hic & Aloudas geminos, immanis vidi Corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere cælum
Aggressi, superisque Jovem darudere Regis.

Here young *Titanians* be, Earth's ancient Race,
 With Thunder struck down to the lowest place.

Here I the two *Aloudes* beheld,
 Whose mighty size all Fictions far excell'd.
 These, though but Mortals, storm'd high Heav'n, and strove
 To drive from his Celestial Kingdoms *Jove*.

(e) An Island near unto *Crete*; but the Expositors generally take it to be the Isle *Naxos*, anciently call'd *Dia*, as *Pliny* testifies. Here *Ariadne* died suddenly (for that the Poet means by her being slain by *Diana*) in her passage to *Athens*.

These by *Jove's* will ^(c) alternate live and dy;
 This lies inhum'd, whilst that ascends the Sky:
 At once they rise and set; this under Ground,
 Whilst that in Heav'n remains with Glory crown'd.

Next saw I *Iphimedia*, who confess,
 Though *Alceus* Wife, that *Neptune* her comprẽst.
 Two Sons she bore him, *Orus*, and the fair
Ephiales, with whom none could compare
 Except *Orion*; both were Giants vast
 In nine years grown nine Cubits in the Wast,
 And nine Ells tall. These fell with Heav'n at odds,
 And a Rebellion rais'd against the Gods:
Ossa they on *Olympus* strove to lay,
Pelion on ^(d) *Ossa*; so to make their way:

And had they been of age and fuller growth,
 Heav'n they had took; but *Phæbus* slew them both
 Before the callow Down upon their Chin,
 Or marks of Manhood on their Cheeks were seen.

Phædra and *Procris*, *Ariadne* there
 I *Minos* Daughter spy'd, whom *Theseus* bare
 From her own *Crete* towards *Athens* fertile Soil,
 But could not her obtain: in ^(e) *Dia's* Isle
Diana her with Virgin Darts did kill,
 Since *Bacchus* charg'd her with th' attainting Bill.
 I *Mæra*, *Clymene* saw, *Eriphyla*,
 Who her dear Husband did for Gold betray.

The Names nor Characters I can't recite
 Of all those Ladies in a Winter's Night.
 But since for my Return you take such Care,
 Grown late let me down to your Ship repair.

This said, all silent fate, extreamly took
 With this Discourse; when thus *Arete* spoke;
 His Person and his Mind you may compare:
 Though he's our Guest, yet you the Honour share

In

In his Acquaintance; therefore, if you please,
 Send him not Home with Trifles, such as these,
 Dispatch'd in haste, since you in your Abroads
 Have Riches store by favour of the Gods.
 This said, the eldest of the Princes there,
Echeneus, his Judgment did declare;

Not fondly, nor with Fancy indigest,
 The prudent Queen hath now her self exprest:
 Follow her Counsel, and the King obey;
 Do as he doth, and say as he shall say.

Then thus *Alcinous* answer'd; So't shall be,
 And what you have propounded I decree,
 If I'm your King, and you'l your King obey.
 Our Guest with us shall till to morrow stay,
 Though he'd be gone, 'till we a Present make,
 Fit for Us to bestow, and Him to take.
 Then Home dispatch him with all speciall Care,
 In which your King the greatest part will bear.

When thus *Ulysses* did his mind impart;
 Thou who the glory of thy People art,
 Should'st thou command me here a Year remain,
 Rich Gifts receiving, sure I'de not complain;
 Would it were so, far better 'twere for me,
 With Coffers full my Native Land to see;
 Then they would all me love and honour more.
 Subjects condemn their Princes when grown Poor.

When thus renown'd *Alcinous* replies;
 We don't on thee as one that carries Lies,
Ulysses, look, though there be many such,
 Who wandring tell what scarce induces the Touch,
 And are believ'd; but you your Story clothe
 In Language that speaks Truth and Musick both:
 For with that Emphasis thou dost relate
 The *Grecians* Fortune and thy own sad Fate.

But

But pray go on. Saw you not any there
Who in the *Trojan* Leaguer slaughter'd were?
'Tis early yet, and tedious is the Night;
More of these wondrous Passages recite:
I could with patience hear thee till the Dawn;
Then with thy own sad Story pray go on.

Ulysses then reply'd; Thou, who as far
Out-shin'st thy People as the Sun a Star,
Time for discoursing is, time to forbear.
But if that you desire the rest to hear,
I should be much unwilling to deny:
Therefore our mis'able Misfortunes I
Shall reckon up, and who, escap'd the Main
And *Trojan* Wars, were by th' ^(c) Adulterers slain.

Soon as the Female Shades dispers'd were,
The Ghost of *Agamemnon* did appear,
And others throng'd about me of his Train,
That by *Aegisthus* in his Court were slain.
Soon as he Bloud had tasted, me he knows;
When from his Eyes a briny River flows,
And forth he kindly stretch'd to me his Hands,
Which Nervels fail'd, nor answer'd such commands.
I when I saw him wept, and, much dismay'd,
Pitying our valiant General, thus said;

Renowned *Agamemnon*, ah! what Fate
Brought thee to this Condition, this sad State?
Was it by *Neptune's* troubling of the Main,
And raising Storms with ruder Hurricane?
Or lost you by some Rogues at Land your Lives?
Or fighting for your Country and your Wives?
Thus question'd I, and thus the Shade replies;

Renown'd *Ulysses*, *Laertiades*,
Neptune destroy'd me not, troubling the Main,
Raising rude Storms by a fierce Hurricane,

Nor

Nor Rogues, nor Country's Cause did lose my Life:

But fly *Aegisthus* and my cruel Wife

Invite me to a Banquet, on me fall,

And slay me like a Bullock at the Stall.

And my Attendants, full of Cates and Wine,

Together slaughter'd, fell like fatted Swine,

For some great Person that keeps solemn Feasts,

Or else at Nuptials highly treats his Guests.

Thou often hast great Execution seen,

In many Fights and bloody Battels been; (Groan,

This had'st thou seen, thou would'st have fetch'd a

How 'mongst the Cups and Tables we lay throw'n,

The marble Pavement all with Gore besmear'd.

I *Priamus* Daughter, poor *Cassandra*, heard,

Whom near me cruel *Clytemnestra* slew.

Dying my hands upon my Sword I threw,

Whilst my stern Wife from me disdain'd flies,

Nor would in Death's Convulsions close my Eyes.

What can more odious be, what more abhor'd,

Then she that plots the Murder of her Lord?

I thought glad Welcome to have found at Home,

T' have seen my Children, Friends and Servants come

Thronging about me: But this Crime will blast,

And an Asperion on all Women cast.

To *Atreus* Offspring I replying said;

Great ~~Mischief~~ ^{Jove} by treach'rous Wives has plaid:

Many for *Helen* were in Battel slain,

But thou by *Clytemnestra's* subtil Train.

This said, he gave me this short Reply;

Ah! never, never too Uxorious be,

Nor to thy Wife thy Secrets e're reveal;

Feed her with Tales, but thy Concern conceal.

But yet thy Spouse, *Ulysses*, I except,

She hath a Breast where Counsels may be kept.

We

(c) *Clytemnestra*, the Wife of *Agamemnon*: but others understand it either of *Helena*, or *Cassandra*.

We left her newly married, going to War;
 She her dear Offspring at her Bosom bare,
 Who now grown Man 'mongst Princes takes his place;
 Whom thou shalt see, and have in thy Embrace.
 But my fine Wife my Son ne'r let me see
 E're she presented my own Tragedy.
 Yet one thing I'll advise thee, which thou must
 Lock in thy Bosom up; No Woman trust:
 Surprise her unexpected, that you may
 E're look'd for land in your own *Ithaca*.
 But now be pleas'd me some Account to give;
 Hear'st thou if still my dear *Orestes* live
 With *Menelaus* in the *Spartan* Soil,
 Or else at ^(a) *Orebomen*, or sandy ^(b) *Pyle*?
 For yet he musters not among the Dead.
 Thus he inquir'd, and I replying said;

Why ask'st thou me? I no Account can make
 What happen'd him, nor will on Hear-say speak.

Thus in sad Language sadly we discours'd,
 And mutual Sorrows Tears on Tears inforc'd,
 When up to me *Achilles* Shadow drew,
Antilochus and pale *Patroclus* too,
 And *Ajax*, who in person all excell'd,
 Unless *Pelides* the unparallel'd.

Pelides knew me straight, and weeping said;

Why comes *Ulysses* to th' Infernall Shade?
 Ah! what Misfortune brought thee to these Coasts,
 'Mongst fleeting Shades and miserable Ghosts?

Then I reply'd; O thou greatest in Fame
 Of all the *Greeks*, I to *Tirefias* came,
 Consulting him to know how best I may
 A Passage gain to my own *Ithaca*.
 I ne'r found *Greece*, nor reach'd my Native Soil,
 But still have wandred through a World of Toil.

But

But no Age did or shall produce one more
 Happy then you, whom we did all adore
 Like the Gods living; nor need'st thou complain;
 Who after Death in dismall Shades dost reign.
 When thus the Prince me interrupting spake;
 Thou of the Dead a weak Discourse dost make.

I rather would a Rustick be, and serve
 A Swain for Hire, ready almost to starve;
 And living be 'mongst all Misfortunes hurl'd,
 Then dead be Emperour in this shady World.
 But of my Son I fain would something know;
 Came he to th' *Ilian* Leaguer, yea or no?
 Of my dear ^(c) Father's Fortunes something say,
 If yet the *Myrmidons* his Pow'r obey;
 Or have they shook his Scepter off, and hold
 Him now not fit to rule grown Weak and Old?
 I am not now as when I fought at *Troy*,
 And Regiments could in my Rage destroy.
 Ah! would I were at Home a while, his Crown
 I should restore, and beat proud Rebels down.
 Then what I knew I thus to him declar'd;

I of thy Father *Peleus* have not heard,
 But I of *Pyrrhus* shall such truths recount
 As Miracles and Fiction far surmount.
 Him I attended from the ^(d) *Scyrian* Coast
 In a stout Vessel to the *Græcian* Host.
 Him we unto our Counsel did admit;
 Where well he spake, and shew'd his forward Wit.
Nestor and I could seldom him confute.
 And when drawn forth we were in hot Dispute,
 He lagg'd not midst the Ranks, but home alone
 Still charg'd the *Trojans*, giving place to none.
 He many Hero's slew in bloody Fight;
 I cannot them nor all their Names recite

X

Which

(a) A City in *Bœotia*, which, according to *Eustathius*, was an *Asylum*, and therefore a proper place of Refuge for *Orestes*. It was also a place of great strength, where the neighbouring Cities deposited their Treasures for security. *Sirala*.

(b) The Seat of *Nestor* the *prophet*, the great lover of *Agamemnon*, who he thought might entertain his Son in his Exile.

(c) Though it might not unjustly be supposed that there is nothing farther meant here than the reasonable suspicion of *Achilles*, yet it appears that the true story of *Peleus* is here delivered: for he was deposed from his Crown by *Aegisthus*, but afterwards restored to it again by his Grand-child *Neoptolemus*, (or *Pyrrhus*) according to *Dionysius Cretensis*, lib. 6.

(d) An Island not far distant from the Coasts of *Thessaly*, where *Pyrrhus* was born, and educated with *Lycamedes*, a Kinsman of *Achilles*'s. So *Sophocles* and *Strabo*. They erre who take *Scyros* for an in-land Town of the *Dionysians* in *Thessaly*.

Which did his Sword with reeking Bloud imbue.
But first renown'd *Eurypilus* he slew,

Round whom fell many ^(c) *Cetians* in that Strife,
And all forsooth about a promis'd Wife.

For Shape him onely *Memnon* did exceed.

But when we entred that stupendious Steed
Epens built, where I Commission had

To govern in that dismal Ambuscade,
There our *Greek* Princes wept, and trembling sat:

But *Pyrbus* ne'r grew pale, nor mov'd one jot,
Nor dropt one Tear; but much he me implor'd

To let him forth, still brandishing his Sword,
He with his Spear alone would *Troy* attack.

But when we *Priam's* wealthy Town did sack,
He went to Sea and did great Booty share,

Safe, without harm, as happens oft in War,
Although engag'd amidst the stoutest Foes.

Achilles Ghost, this said, thence marching goes
Proudly with Joy through flow'ry Meadows on,

Inform'd by me he had so brave a Son.

Then other Shades drew near me, and relate
Their various Stories and unhappy Fate.

But *Ajax* woful Ghost far off alone

Still raging stood, next I had him o'rethrown

When for *Achilles* Arms we pleaded so,

Which were judg'd mine by ^(d) *Pallas* and the ^(e) *Fo*.

Ah! would I had been conquer'd in that Strife,

Rather then such a Hero lose his Life,

Who next to great *Achilles* was the Flower

Of all the *Greeks*, their Champion and their Tower.

To whom I mildly said; *Ajax*, 'tis fit

That after Death old Quarrels we forget,

Arms so destructive, forg'd by angry Fate

To ruine thee, and raise such dire Debate.

(c) Strabo saies that in these Verses the Poet has left a Riddle behind him, not a History: for I find no mention of any People called *Cetians*, or any account of the *yuiana* *desert*. Indeed this place has been *Crax Grammaticorum*. We shall onely say thus much of it; that though the name of the People were lost, yet there remained some footsteps of it in those parts from whence *Eurypilus* came, the Brook *Caius*, which probably took its name from them. As for the *yuiana* *desert*, *Diogenes* *Creteus* saies that *Priam* had promised *Eurypilus*, as a reward of his Assistance, his Daughter *Cassandra* in marriage, with the golden Vine *Jupiter* had presented to the Kings of *Troy* when he took away the beautiful *Ganymede*.

(f) When all the Funeral Solemnities were over, *Thetis* offers the Arms of *Achilles* to be disposed of to him that best merited them. So *Quintus Smyrnaeus*, following the steps of our Poet,

Καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἀχίλλεος ὅσιν κταρομένην
Θεομένων γὰρ μὴ δού, δακρυβόαν Ἀχίλλεος
Νῦν δὲ δὴ δὲ ἀγῶνι δάδου μῖνον τανόν
Οὐδ' ἐνταῦθα δαδόντες ἀγῶνι μὴ
ἴδωκεν.
Ad. lvo, &c.

In her Skie-colour'd Veil then *Thetis* speaks,
Lamenting for *Achilles*, to the *Greeks*;
Now face the Gifts are thus dispos'd all
Order'd by me for my Son's Funeral,
Let him appear brought off the Corps,
At vaults of Hell shall take these Arms from me.

(g) But according to *Ovid* this Controvercie was decided by the Commanders of the *Graecian* Army.

A se Tantalides onus invidiamque rem-
m-vit,
Argolicolæ Ducis mediis consistere ca-
stris
Jussit, & arbitrium litis traiecit in omnes.

Arides then the Envy to avoid,
The Princes bids to bid before his Tent,
And puts the Strife on their Arbitre-
ment.

For thee the Camp did put on Mourning all,
And wept as at *Achilles* Funeral.

The Blame must lie on *Jove*, who us did hate,

And so impos'd on thee this heavy Fate.

Draw near, great Prince, and swelling Wrath allay,
And hear what I in my Defence can say.

He answer'd not, but mix'd 'mongst other Souls,
Seeming to blow up yet revenging Coals.

But I more curious grew, my mind did drive
With others to discourse were not alive.

There I saw *Minos*, *Jove's* illustrious Son,
With golden Scepter sitting on a Throne,

Where he heard Causes, and pale Spirits plead
Their Privilege and Customs of the Dead.

And next *Orion* hunting o're the Plain

Beasts which in desert Mountains he had slain,
Arm'd with a Club massy with Steel and strong.

^(b) *Tityus* I saw lie there nine Acres long:

Stern Vultures on his mangled Bosom perch

Tearing his Liver, and 's rent Bowels search:

Nor could he drive the Torturers from their Prey,
Because *Jove's* Wife *Latona*, on her way

To ^(c) *Pytho*, near sweet *Panopeus* hee

Would once have forc'd. Next *Tantalus* I see

Suffering a horrid Torment, standing in

A pleasant River quite up to his Chin

Who thirsty, still as he desir'd to drink,

Bare Ground appears, and the dry'd Waters shrink

Beneath his Feet, dry'd by some angry God.

About his Head Trees which rich Fruit did load,

Pears, Apples, Figs and Olives in a throng,

Their various kinds in dangling Clusters hung:

Still as th' old man strove one of them to catch,

A Wind straight came and blew it out of's reach.

(b) *Pausanias*, in his Travels through *Phocis*, saies that at *Panopeus*, a City of that Country, he saw the Sepulchre of *Tityus*, which contained two Furlongs of ground and something more; which was, as he conjectures, the origination of this Fable.

(c) 'Tis to be observed from hence, that *Latona* was President of the Oracle at *Pytho*, (or *Delphos*), as well as her Son *Phaebus*, from whom he seems to have received it: although *Aeschylus* saies that the Mother of *Latona*, *Phoebe*, delivered it him.

— δὲ δὲ τῷ ῥέτρῳ ἄλγε
Τίτανι, δίδου μὲν ἄνδρῳ, καὶ δὲ
δολῶν, δίδου δ' ἡ γυνὴν δὲ
δολῶν, τὸ δολῶν δ' ὅπως ἔχει παρὰ τὴν.

The third there *Phoebe* sat, brought forth
To Titan by the seeming Earth,
Who gave to *Phaebus*, as they fame,
At birth this Present and her Name.

For otherwise I understand not her Journey thither. She seems to have come from *Delos* into *Boeotia*; (for so is *Phaebus* journey thither described) from whence in the way to *Phocis*, lay the City *Panopeus* in a Straight, mentioned here by *Homer*, whom the King of the place, *Tityus*, attempted to ravish in her passage.

There *Sisyphus* I cast my eye upon
In cruel Torture lugging a huge Stone,
Struggling with all his Strength, his Hands and Feet,
Up a steep Hill endeavouring it to get ;
But soon as he attains the Mountain's Crown,
It with a Vengeance hurri'd tumbles down.
Then from the Plain his Task he doth repeat,
Dusty his Head, all over in a Sweat.

Next him I saw the great *Herculean* Shade,
But he himself in Heav'n *Jove's* Daughter had,
Bright *Hebe*, and now feasts 'mongst Deities.
About him Ghosts did clamour, like the Cries
Of frighted Fowl. He like the Night march'd on,
His Bow bent, to the Head his Arrow drawn,
Frowning as if his Shafts he would have dealt :
Athwart his Shoulders hung his golden Belt,
Which Lions, Boars, Bears, Battels, Slaughter fill ;
The like was never wrought, nor ever will.
He knew me straight, and having well survey'd,
The gentle Shadow pitying me thus said ;

Poor Prince *Ulysses*, thou like me wert born
The Mocking-stock of Fate, and Fortune's Scorn.
I, though *Jove's* Son, much Misery indur'd,
By one much meaner than my self procur'd. (stretch,
'Mongst many Toils which my strong Nerves did
He sent me hither: *Cerberus* to fetch:
This was the greatest Task he put me too:
Yet from th' Infernal Gates the Dog I drew,
By *Hermes* and the bright *Minerva's* Aid.

Thus saying he retired to the Shade.
I firmly kept my Station to behold
Some ancient Hero's who had dy'd of old.
Theſeus, *Piritheus*, Sons of Gods, I saw:
Near a vast Concourse with huge Clamour draw.

I fate

I fate surpris'd then with trembling Fear,
Suspecting that the ⁽¹⁾ *Gorgon's* Head was there.
Thence straight my Friends call'd, we our selves bestir'd,
We loose our Cables, and soon get aboard.
Plac'd on our Banks we down the River glide,
Fair Winds attending and a nimble Tide.

(1) At whose sight the Spectators
were struck dead. *Aeschylus*,

τίνας δ' ἄλλους τῶνδε τοῦτο κενεθ' ἔβρι;
ἀγωνίσσαντο γοργόνε, βροτῶν τε,
'Ας θνήσκ' ἰδὼς ἐκείνῃ ἔκ' ἀνδρῶν.

Near these three winged Sisters sat,
Whose Snaky Tresses Mortals hate,
Which who-e'er sees concludes his Fate.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sirens : Ulysses stops his People's Ears ;
Ty'd to the Mast their charming Song he hears.
Escap'd Charybdis, he on Scylla fell,
And lost six men. The Sun's fat Bees they kill,
Then put to Sea : A Storm his men all drown'd :
Astride his Keel Calypso's Isle he found.

S OON as our Vessel the Land's end
had clear'd,
For Circe's Isle we to the Offshore
steer'd,

And plowing Waves through the broad Ocean run
To Mansions of the Morn and rising Sun.
Our Voiage finish'd, straight on softer Sand
We bed our Ship, and nimbly leap to Land ;
Where on the flow'ry Margents we repose.
Soon as the rose-finger'd Morn arose,

A Party



Honorat. Dom. Do. Rogero
Barony de Braghill. Comiti de Orrory
Tabulam hanc Regi a Sacris Consilijs
IMDD. D. F. O. Lib. 12

A Party I to *Circe's* Palace fend,
That down might poor *Elpenor's* Corps attend.
Wood straight b'ing cut, his Funeral Pile we rear,
At the sad Office shedding many a Tear.
Soon as his Corps and Arms consumed were,
On a rais'd Hillock we a Column rear,
And over that fix'd his Sepulchral Oar,
Finishing's Rites. But *Circe* knew before,
We had our Voiage made; down in a thought
She, with her Virgin Train attended, brought
Store of fresh Viands, Wine and purest Bread,
And chearfully amidst them standing said;

You living entred the dark Court of *Dis*;
All else but once, you, dead, will enter twice.
Now eat and drink rich Wine, feast this whole day,
And with the early Dawn you shall away:
And I will so direct you, so instruct,
As shall through Sea and Land you safe conduct,
That so your own ill Counsells harm you not.
Her gentle Offer and word we take her at,
And there fate Feasting and carousing Wine.
But when the Sun did tow'ards the West decline,
They on the Decks, grown sleepy, took Repose:
She leading me by th' hand in private goes;
Of all my Observations then inquires.
I satisfaction gave to her Desires.

Then she reply'd; You have perform'd your part;
But what thou now hear'st treasure in thy Heart.
First thou the *Sirens* shalt discover, which
All Comers with inticing Notes bewitch:
Who their sweet Voices hear remind no more
Their Wives, their Children, nor their Native Shore:
In Meads they sit and chaunt 'mongst dead mens Bones,
'Mongst rotten Skins and heap'd-up Skeletons.

But

But when thou failest by them, look that there
Thy Followers Ears thou stop, that none may hear,
With yielding Wax: but if Thou hast a mind
To hear inchanting Ditties, let them bind
Thy hand and foot, and with strong Cordage fast
About thy middle tie thee to the Mast:
So thou may'st hear the ^(a) *Sirens* melting Strains.
But if thou should'st command them loose thy Chains,
And set thee free, then let them harder tie.
But when these dire Inchanters are sail'd by,
Now thee I shall not punctually instruct
In th' other Course, thou may'st thy self conduct,
By little Hints, how thou may'st find the way.

Two lofty Rocks stand jetting to the Sea,
Beaten with Billows groaning in their Fall,
Which *Rovers* the immortal Deities call;
O're which no Bird e're flew, nor swiftest Dove
That bears ^(b) *Ambrosia* to immortal *Jove*.
But when a Pigeon falls upon that Rock,
He sends another to supply the Flock:
None ever 'scap'd this place; who e're drew near,
Both Ship and Men by Storms 'trest swallow'd were.
Onely the *Argo* which t' *Æeta* sail'd
Gainst mouthing Winds and roaring Waves prevail'd.
Yet she had prov'd to those dire Rocks a Scoff;
But *Juno* kind to *Jason* brought her off.
Here's two steep Cliffs; one scales the Skie, and shrouds
His spiry Forehead in a Shash of Clouds;
Where nor in Spring nor Autumn e're is seen
A gentle Season, nor the least Serene.
This place no Mortal e're ascended yet,
Nor shall, though he had twenty Hands and Feet.
This Rock, more smooth then any polish'd Stone,
Hath a deep Cave that views the setting Sun;

Y

To

(a) The *Sirens* were Queens of those Islands which be in the Bay of *Pesto*, not far distant from *Capree*, who held many places on the neighbouring Continent, especially the Promontory of *Minerva*, so call'd, because during their Reign an Academy was there erected for the propagation of Learning, which became so famous for Eloquence and all Liberal Sciences, that it gave an invention to this Fable of the sweetness of the Voice and attracting Songs of the *Sirens*. But *Archippus* tells of a certain Bay contracted within winding Straights and broken Cliffs, which by the finging of the Winds and beating of the Billows report a delightful Harmony, alluring those who sail by to approach, when forthwith, thrown against the Rocks by the Waves, they are swallowed in the violent Eddies.

(b) There was a long controverſie among the Ancients about the ſenſe of this place, till they agreed in the Expoſition of *Maro of Byzantium*; who by the word *μυσαδαι* will not have *Pigeons* here ſignified, but the *Platides*. And that the *Platides* were ſo call'd by the ancients of the *Greek Poets*, appears out of ſome Fragments preſerv'd by *Athenaeus*. *Simonides*,

Ἐμὴν δ' Ἄλκιον ἱστῶν
Θυγατρίαν, οὗ ἐγγυὴν ἴδεναι,
Αἰ καλὸν ἔστιν ἱστῶναι.

And *Aeschylus* the Tragedian,

Αἰ δ' ἐστὶν Ἀλκιον οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις
Πλεῖστον μὲν ἄνθρωποις ἰσχυρὸν ἔστι
Καὶ ἄλλοις, ὅνδε πολλοὶ φανερὰ γὰρ
ἔστιν ἰσχυρὸν ἀνθρώποις ἱστῶναι.

Which, because by their rising and setting they foretold to men their Harvest and Seed-time, they were feign'd by the Poet to carry Provision also to the Gods.

To which no nearer fail then one may shoot
 At random height, and reach her Sea-wall'd Foot.
 Here *Scylla* lurks, and direly yauning yelps
 Like a whole Litter of stern Lions Whelps.
 This horrid Monster (no inviting fight)
 Would Mortals, nay the Gods themselves, affright.
 She twelve mis-shapen Feet wide splaying spreads,
 Six Necks extending topp'd with horrid Heads.
 Three set of grinding Teeth her Gullet's Gard;
 On each of them sits purple Death prepar'd.
 She lying in her Cave prodigious Snouts
 Shoots forth, and round the Rock for Fishes scouts,
 Dolphins and Dog-fish; she on any falls,
 And oft light Breakfasts makes on mighty Whales.
 None e're fail'd by her that so well could watch,
 But from the Stern she one at least would catch.
 Near this a lower Rock thou shalt behold,
 Which Fig-trees with their spreading Leaves infold.
 There dire *Charybdis* briny Billows sups,
 Thrice disembogues, as oft re-drinks her Cups.
 Then come not near, for in that long-breath'd Quaff
Neptune not with his Trident gets thee off.
 But thou more Safety may'st near *Scylla* find:
 Thy Bark with full Sails and a favouring Wind,
 With loss of six at most, gain Passage shall:
 Better to lose six of thy men then all.
 Thus she advising, gently I reply'd;

Blest Goddess, tell me how I may avoid
 This dangerous Hag, and be reveng'd, if she
 Should injure any that relates to me.

Then she reply'd; Thou talk'st as if thou wert
 In Battels, or else storming of some Fort:
 None could Revenge e're of Immortals brag:
 She Deathless is, an ever-living Hag,

Invulnerable.

Invulnerable. No boot for you to try
 Your Strength 'gainst hers; 'tis the best course to fly.
 Her if you charge, she'll muster all her Pow'r,
 And thee and thine with guzzling Throats devour.
 Sail thou from thence, and *Crates* implore,
 Who that accursed Monster *Scylla* bore;
 And she will her in all her Fury stop.
 But when at *Sicily* you Anchors drop,
 The Sun's seven Flocks, seven Herds, a goodly Breed,
 Fifty in each, there in fresh Pastures feed:
 These never pregnant are, nor ever die.
 Two Nymphs, *Phaetusa* and bright *Lampetie*,
 Whom to the Sun divine *Neera* bare,
 The Shepherdesses that attend them are;
 Whom born and bred she thither sent, to keep
 Their Father's Herds and silver-fleeced Sheep.
 If them you spare, and your Return regard,
 Your Voiage shall be safe, though long and hard:
 But if you any of these Cattel kill,
 Thy Ship, thy Friends, thy self shall Ruine feel.
 And if thou scap'st thy self, thy Native Coast
 Late thou shalt reach, all thy Associates lost.

Whilst thus she said, *Aurora* made Approach,
 Eastern Hills gilding with her golden Coach.
 Thence to her Palace then the Goddess bends,
 I to my Ship: there I exhort my Friends
 To go aboard, and Cables loose. They straight
 Entring, upon their Banks in order fate,
 Brushing the briny Spry. A prosperous Gale
 The Goddess sent, a Friend that did not fail;
 Whilst we our Stations keep and Banks assign'd,
 Trusting the Helms-man and so fair a Wind.
 When thus I told them with a heavy Heart;

Sirs, not to one or two must I impart,

Y 2

But

But unto all, what *Circe* doth advise;
Which if you follow, grown by knowledge wise,
We shall escape, or else are all undone.

First, you the *Sirens* flow'ry Meads must shun,
She us commands. Next, you must stop your Ear,
Lest their bewitching Voices you should hear.
But me in Cordage you must fetter fast,
And firmly fixing bind unto the Mast:
Then if I beg to loose me, harder bind.
Thus I declar'd to them the Goddess's Mind.

Meanwhile we to the *Sirens* ^(c) Confines sail,
Plowing up Billows with a handsome Gale:
Straight a flat Calm smooth'd o're the glassy Deep;
The Winds all hush'd, the Ocean fell asleep.
They rising furl their Sails, next them safe stow
Betwixt dry Hatches, then sit down and row.
A mighty Ball I cut of yielding Wax
In Pellets, which I pressing found relax
In my warm Hands, and ready now to run,
Help'd with the Radiance of the warmer Sun;
With which their Ears I luted up. Me fast
They fetter'd then, and ty'd unto the Mast.
Then row'd they on so nigh that you might hear
One shouting loud. They, hearing us, draw near
To our approaching Oars, and thus began,
Inviting me with a bewitching Strain;

Ulysses, Glory of the *Greeks*, draw near,
Thy Vessel stay, and our sweet Voices hear.
None ever past this way that went from hence
'Till they had feasted first their Hearing Sense:
Then they departed pleas'd, and wiser too.
We know what *Trojans* suffer'd, and what you,
What Fate in ten years Siege on each Side hurl'd,
And all Transactions of the busy World.

This

This Song so much transported me, that I
Commanded straight they should my Cords untie.
Enrylochus and *Perimedes* rise,
And bind me faster. On our Vessel flies,
'Till, their Notes losing, I my Senses found;
Then they their Ears unstopp'd and me unbound.

This Isle thus left, I saw a hazy Smoak,
And a swol'n Sea, and heard rough Waves that broke.
They, frighted, leave their Oars; the Vessel stopp'd,
For want of them, as if w' had Anchor dropt.
Then I bestir'd my self, and did persuade,
And kindly, to encourage them, thus said;

My Friends, many a Danger you have known:
This is not greater then when with a Stone
Up *Cyclops* penn'd you in his dismal Cave.
Take my Advice, this Danger too we'll wave,
And make of it for after-times a Tale.
Now mark my words, and doe thus without fail:
Sit on your Banks with pliant Oars to sweep,
All as one man, the Surface of the Deep;
Then if *Jove* please we soon shall Safety find.
But Helms-man, ho! this Charge bear in thy mind,
Because thy Care the Vessel must protect;
Without yon Smoak and Waves thy Course direct;
Not too near to that Rock, lest there we hit,
And on her Skirts hid under Water split.

Thus up I chear'd them, and they straight obey'd.
But I no mention of dire *Scylla* made;
Lest, by additional Fears surpris'd, they
Should slack their Oars, and hinder the Ship's way.
Circe's Commands I in this puzzle had
Forgotten too, who me to arm forbade.
I girt on Steel, in each hand took a Spear,
And leap'd up to the Prow, supposing there

The

(c) Two small Isles between Italy and Sicily, from them call'd *Sirenusæ*.

The Craggy *Scylla* to behold, (which cost
 Me after dear, when my best men I lost :)
 But none I saw, though round my Eyes I cast.
 So onwards to the narrow Streight we past.
Scylla on this side briny Seas doth quaff,
 On that *Charybdis* drinks the Ocean off :
 Which when she vomits up, she murmurs more
 Then Liquour in a Caldron boiling o're,
 Dashing the lofty Rocks with frothy Suds :
 But when she guzzles up the swelling Floods,
 All shakes within, Rocks thunder, every-where
 The Earth beneath and glittering Sands appear.
 This dreadfull Sight did much my Friends amate ;
 For there they saw, expected there their Fate.
 Meanwhile dire *Scylla* fix of them, unmatch'd
 For gallant Parts, quite o're the Hatches snatch'd.
 I from the Prow beheld them, where I stood,
 Turn'd topsie-turvy, tumbling in the Flood,
 Now Feet above, now Hands ; they call'd to me :
 Which I ready to burst with Grief did see.
 As when a Fisher, standing on a Rock,
 The scaly Fry takes with his baited Hook ;
 In goes the Horn, up comes the struggling Fish,
 Which panting he casts by to be his Dish :
 So up she whips them, whilst they loud implore
 With rear'd-up Hands, and eats them at her Door.
 At Sea or Land 'mongst Woes unparallel'd,
 This was the saddest sight I ere beheld.

From *Scylla* and *Charybdis* swift we fly,
 And straight unto that famous Isle drew nigh,
 Where *Phæbus* fleecy Sheep and Cattel were,
 Whose Bleats and Bellowing out at Sea we hear.
Tiresias now and *Circe* I call to mind,
 Who with so many Cautions me injoynd

To

To wave that Coast belonging to the Sun.
 Then with sad Heart thus I to them begun ;
 Now here me, Sirs, though you have suffer'd much,
 On *Phæbus* Isle we must not dare to touch :
 Hence us *Tiresias* bad and *Circe* fly ;
 For here attends our greatest Misery,
 And utter Ruine. Steer from hence, I said.
 They at these words extreamly seem'd dismay'd,
 When roughly thus *Eurylochus* breaks out ;
Ulysses, thou that art so strong and stout,
 Who indefatigable wilt ne'r tire,
 Thy Body Adamant, thy Sinews Wire,
 Yet suffer us, consum'd with Care and Toil,
 To sup and sleep in this delightful Isle,
 And not all Night to drive at Sea advise,
 When darkning Clouds and bitter Storms arise.
 What if the Winds conspire against us, must
 Thus we our selves t' unruly Elements trust ?
 Let's here refresh, and Night's good Laws obey,
 And when the Dawn appears our Anchors weigh.
 His words th' approve, and straight cry One and All
 Then I perceiv'd some God contriv'd their Fall ;
 And thus I to the Company begun ;
 You may compell me, since I am but one ;
 Therefore I'll swear you, (sacred Vows should bind)
 If any of their Herds or Flocks you find,
 Not one to kill, but quietly that Meat
 With which fair *Circe* victuall'd us to eat.
 This said, as I commanded them, they swore,
 Then to the bottom of the Harbour bore,
 And near a pleasant Fountain leap'd to Land,
 Their Supper straight preparing on the Strand.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 They play'd a sad Game, vying many a Tear

For

For their dear Friends alive snatch'd from their Ship
By *Scylla*, till o'repow'd by conquering Sleep.
But when the third part of the Night was spent,
The Stars declining, *Jove* a Tempest sent,
Which Earth and Sea with muster'd Vapours shrouds,
Hanging Heav'n's Arches round with sable Clouds.
But when the rose-finger'd Morning rose,
Our Ship drawn up we in a Cave dispose,
In which the Nymphs their fair Recesses had;
When thus to my Associates I said;

Our Ship, dear Friends, hath yet Provision store:
Forbear these Beeves, lest we too great a Score
Pay to exacting Gods, they'll cost us dear;
They are the Sun's, who all doth see and hear.

Thus I advis'd them, and persuaded too.
A whole long Month South and South-east Winds
So long as any Bread or Wine remain'd, (blew.
So long from Sheep and Bullocks they abstain'd:
And when they had all their Provision spent,
They both a-Hunting and a-Fishing went,
A-Birding too; no means they did neglect:
Dire Hunger much the Belly did afflict.
Then I apart implor'd the Gods, that they
Would Passage grant, nor more prolong our Stay.
Whilst thus I pray'd, well shelter'd from all Winds,
Me gentle Sleep in silken Fetters binds.
Eurylochus, who still to Mischief led,
Dear Fellow-sufferers, hear a little, said;

All Deaths to Mortals bitter are like Gall;
But Starving; that's the bitterest of all.
The fattest of these Bullocks let us sell,
And offer to the Gods in high Heav'n dwell:
And when our Native Country we obtain,
Let's promise to the Sun a stately Fane,

And

And to adorn it richly be engag'd.
But if he, for their Slaughter much enrag'd,
Will grant no Pardon, but our Vessel bulge,
Nor any other Gods will us indulge;
How-e're, 'mongst Waves better at once be lost,
Then longer languish on a desert Coast.

The Counsel takes, they all applaud th' Advice.
The primest of the Cattel in a trice
They fall upon, then grazing near their Ship.
They stand about, and, Sacrificing, strip
Soft Oaken leaves, for they no Barley had;
Then kill and slay them, after they had pray'd,
And to the brawny Thighs lopp'd off affix
A double Cawl, and Lean with Fat commix:
And Water, since they had no Wine, they threw
On burning Altars, as Libations due.
The Houghs consum'd, they th' Inwards eat, then cut
The rest in pieces, which on Spits they put.
When Sleep to freedom did my Sense restore,
I hasten'd to my Vessel near the Shore.
But when that I drew near, the Wind from thence
A Steam brought pleasant to th' famelick Sense:
Then to the Gods I thus complain'd; O *Jove*,
And all you happy Pow'rs that dwell above,
My People whilst I slept have done a Deed,
A Villany that doth all Crimes exceed.

Lampete brought this Tidings to the *Sun*,
And told him the strange Mischief they had done:
Who much incens'd thus implor'd the Gods;
O *Jove*, and all who dwell in blest Aboads,
Revenge me on *Ulysses* curst Train,
Who proudly have my primest Cattel slain;
Whose sight more pleas'd me, in my Progress whirl'd,
Then all the Pomp and Glory of the World.

Z

Right

(C) We have already taken notice that *Homer* has indistinctly mentioned all the more abstruse Arts and Sciences which were believed in his time, as Necromancy, Witchery, natural Portents, and the like: so in this place he gives an instance of predictive Prodigies; in which the Ancients were superstitiously credulous. When *Pyrhus* King of *Macedonia* waged War with the *Romans*, in the Beast which he sacrificed, the Heart, the principle of Life, was wanting; by which the Priest foretold the ill Success of that undertaking; and *Pyrhus* accordingly was expelled out of *Italy*. With the like relations the *Greek* and *Roman* Histories abound, collected together by *Conr. Lycosthenes* in his Book of Prodigies. We shall only take notice of those which foretold the Death of *Cæsar*, as recorded by *Virgil*, who enumerates two and twenty in the first of his *Georgicks*,

—ille (Sol) etiam cæcis inflare Tumultus
Sæpe monet, fraudemque & aperta iumentis
Sæpe Bella.
Ille etiam, extincto miseratus Cæsare
Romam,
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texti,
Impiæque æternum timebant secula nodem.

Claudeſtine Tumults he doth oft foreſhow,
And open War from ſecret Plots to grow.
He, pitying *Rome* at *Cæſar's* Funeral, ſpread
A mourning Veil o're his illuſtrious Head,
That th' impious Age eternal Darkneſs fear'd.
At Sea and Land what wonders then appear'd!
Both howling Dogs and fatal Fowl preſag'd.
How oft we ſmoking *Ætna* ſaw inrag'd,
Who from dire breaches the *Cyclopians* grounds
With Fire-balls and a Pumice-Deſuge drowns!
Germany heard from Heav'n a ſound of Arms,
And the *Aſi* trembled at unuſ'd Alarms.

A mighty voice in ſilent Groves was heard,
And gaſſy Spirits wondrous pale appear'd.
Before dark Night obſcuring Shades did make.
And Oxen then (who will believe it?) ſpake.
Earth gap'd, ſwift Rivers rood, Braſs-Statues ſwet,
And weeping Ivory made the Temples wet.
Eridanus, the Monarch of the Flouds,
Tears down and drowns in violent Eddies Woods.

The Prodigy which comes neareſt to this of our Poet is that mentioned by *Herodotus*, the leaping and capering of dried Salt-fiſh, as if they had been Fiſh newly taken: by which they on the place did conjecture that *Proteſilans*, though dead, ſhould notwithstanding revenge himſelf on thoſe that murdered him.

Right me with ſpeed, or elſe theſe glorious Beams
Shall gild Hell's Manſions and the *Stygian* Streams.

Then *Jove* reply'd; Still Us and Mortals light,
And ſtill beat up all quarters of the Night.
By red-hot Thunder-bolts ſhall be their Bane,
Their Ship I'll burn i'th' middle of the Main.

This bright *Calypſo* did to me unfold,
Which ſhe aſſur'd me *Hermes* her had told.
Come to the Ship, I blam'd them one by one,
But found no Cure t' undo what had been done.
The Beaſts were ſlaughter'd by their joynt conſent.
When ſtraight the Gods held forth a dire Oſtent:
Their Skins did ^(d) creep, their Fleſh on Spits did low,
And roaſting bellow'd like an Ox or Cow.

Yet ſix whole days my men there Feaſting fat,
Thoſe Cattel ſlaught'ring tenderſt were and fat:
But the ſev'nth Morning was the Wind aſſwag'd,
Calm'd the croſs Tempeſts that ſo long had rag'd:
When ſtraight we went aboard; we launch our Ship,
Ereſt our Maſts, and hoiſe our Sail a-trip,
Leaving that hapleſs Iſle. No Land now nigh,
Nothing in ſight but the broad Sea and Skie;
With Tempeſt big *Jove* muſters ſable Clouds,
And with ſtrange Darkneſs Air and Water ſhrouds.
Nor long the Clouds imprifon'd Winds contain,
But ſtraight breaks forth a dreadful Hurricane.

Then Beaſts inſpected Entrails Threats foreſhow'd,
And purple blond from Silver Fountains flow'd.
And then the populous Cities did reſound
With howling Wolves, which walk'd their nightly Round.
From ſerene Skies it never Lighned more,
Nor ſuch dire Comets e're were ſeen before.
Again, *Philippi Roman* Squadrons ſaw,
With equal Arms, for dreadful Batel draw.

The

The whirling Guſt our Shrouds and Tackle rends;
Sweeps down our Arms and Oars, our Main-maſt ſpends,
Which, on the Helms-man lighting, hit ſo full
Upon his Head, it ſhatter'd all his Scull.
Down from his Seat he like a Diver ſunk,
And his Soul flying leaves a ſenſeleſs Trunk.
Then on our Ship *Jove* dreadful Lightning threw,
Which twirl'd her round, and up our Hatches blew.
And fill'd her full with Sulphur: out all ſkip,
Swimming transform'd to Mews about the Ship.
A God ſtopp'd their Return. But I did fit,
Untill her Keel the dreadful Tempeſt ſplit,
And from the bottom tore the broken Maſt,
To which a luſty Thong was tied faſt.
Binding the Maſt to th' turn'd-up Keel, I rode,
Born with rough Winds, upon the boiſtrous Flood.
When Western Winds their Fury had aſſwag'd,
Aroſe a Southern Tempeſt, more enrag'd,
Which back again me, overpowr'd with Woes,
On ſwelling Waves to dire *Charybdis* blows.
All Night I floated; with the riſing Sun
I was on *Scylla* and *Charybdis* run,
Who briny Billows in Potations ſup.
But a tall Fig-tree reaching, I got up,
And Bat-like clung by Branches which did bend,
Nor could firm Footing gain, nor yet aſcend.
The Roots were deep, and ſpreading Branches made
A Curtain which did dire *Charybdis* ſhade.
Here did I hang untill my Keel and Maſt
She (to my wiſh) up diſcemboguing caſt.
But when to Supper joyfull home doth trudge,
After long Cauſes heard, the weary Judge,
Then gladly I the Maſt and Keel eſpy'd,
And, ſlipping down, the middle got aſtride;

Z 2

Then

Then row'd off with my Hands: when *Jove* took care
I should no more see *Scylla*; fatal 'twere.
Nine days I floated, on the tenth at Night
Upon the Nymph *Ogygia's* Isle I light;
Who kindly entertain'd me in her Cave,
Of which last Night a large Account I gave;
Which to your Queen and You would tedious be
Once more to hear, and small Content to me.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Phæacians land Ulysses in his Sleep,
With all his Gifts. Neptune transforms their Ship.
He knows not his own Home. Pallas appears,
And him with Counsel and kind Language cheers,
Conceals his Wealth, and carrying on the Plot,
Gives him a hoary Beard and thred-bare Coat.*



HIS said, they silent on each other
look,
Extreamly with this wondrous Story
took.

Then spake the King; *Ulysses*, since the Fates
Brought thee a Stranger thus within our Gates,
Through sad Adventures both by Sea and Land,
We'll not return thee like a Vagabond.
You, whoso'er you be, (I all enjoyn)
That Feast with me and drink delicious Wine,

And



*Honoratiss. Domine. Margaritæ Comitissæ
de Orrery Tabulam hanc LMDCCC.*

And hear our Poet sing; the Vests that we
This Stranger gave made up in Coffers be:
Refined Gold he hath and Presents store,
By you and me presented him before.
Each in a Tripod now and Charger lay;
Which, 'fets'd upon the People, let them pay.
Easie are Burthens when on many-laid.

All condescend to what *Alcinous* said,
Then to their Houses went to their Repose.
Soon as the rose-finger'd Dawn arose,
Loaden with Treasure to the Ship they hast;
Which straight *Alcinous* saw in order plac'd
Beneath the Banks, with such Convenience stow'd,
It could not hinder any whilst they row'd.
Thence to *Alcinous* Treatment all withdrew,
Who to great *Jove* a well-fed Bullock slew,
And highly feasted there both old and young,
Whilst their sweet Poet heav'nly Raptures sung.
But to *Ulysses*, earnest to be gone,
The Sun seem'd tedious, and the Day too long.
His Supper so expects the hungry Swain,
Who plows the new-broke Ground to sow his Grain,
And for the World's bright Torch descending waits,
Then, weary, gladly falls on courtest Cates:
Ulysses, so at the Sun-setting glad,
Thus to the King hemm'd in with Princes said;

Thou, who the Glory of thy People art,
Since 'tis your will such Kindness to impart,
Dismiss me with those Gifts you'r pleas'd bestow,
Which to your Bounty and the Gods I owe
A fair Return for, since you'll me transport
In safety to my Wife and Native Port.
May you all here in Plenty spend your Lives;
Your Sons and Daughters and your dearest Wives;

Whilst

Whilst Heav'n on them all Vertues shows at Home,
And no Misfortunes on the Publick come.
This Speech th' approve, and straight an Order made
Him to dismiss, by his just Reasons sway'd.

Then thus *Alcinous* to the Herald spake;

Pontonous, a Goblet ready make

Fill'd with rich Wine, that we may *Jove* implore,
Then our Guest send unto his Native Shore.
This said, full Bowls he dealt about the Hall,
And on the Gods they, thus Libating, call.

Then from his Seat *Ulysses* starting up,
Presents *Arete* with a flowing Cup,
And, Complementing highly, thus begins;

May'st thou be alwaies Happy, best of Queens,
Till Age and Death comes, incident to all:
But I, departing, at your Foot-stool fall,
Kissing your Hands. O, may you to your King,
Children and People, daily Comfort bring.

This said, *Ulysses* to the Vessel went.

His Herald him t' attend *Alcinous* sent,

Arete Damsels; this a curious Vest

And Waiscoat carries, that a carved Chest,

The third brings Wine and Manchet to the Ship.

His glad Companions, no time let slip,

Dispose the good Provision safe, then spread

Clean Sheets and Blankets o're a well-made Bed.

No sooner enter'd but he takes Repose;

They settle to their Bankes, and Cables loose;

But he, whilst Oars the briny Billows sweep,

Like one in Death's eternal ^(*) Slumber slept.

Not swifter Charioteers their Chariots work,

Lashing their loose-rain'd Horses through the Cirque,

Who with long Stretches soon devour the Plain,

Then they were carri'd ploughing up the Main,

Steady

(*) The whole Allegory of this Poem of our Poet is this: *Ulysses* in quest of true Felicity, the *Libaea* and *Penelope* here signified, labours under many and grievous Calamities. He has several Companions, who through Lust, Luxury, and other Vices, miscarry in the Enterprize; himself alone escapes, and by the Assistance of the *Phaicians* is transported by Sea in his Sleep to his long'd-for Country. The *Phaicians*, which signifies black, soul, are the Mourners which attend at his Funeral; the Ship his Grave, which is afterwards converted into a Rock, his Funeral-Stone: his Sleep-deceyphers Death, through which alone Man arrives at his eternal Repose.

Steady and swift as long-wing'd Falcons flie,
 That seize all Birds that cut the yielding Skie,
 Bearing a Hero through the foamy Floods
 Able to sit in Council 'mongst the Gods,
 Who had so many hard Adventures past,
 In bloudy Battels, or by Tempests tost,
 Now fast asleep, forgetting former Woes.
 But when the glorious Morning-star arose,
 The glitt'ring Harbinger which tells th' Approach
 Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach,
 Then drew they near *Ulysses* Native Soil,
 And th' Port they ^(b) *Phorcys* from the Sea-God style.
 This two broad Sides extends, and opening doth,
 Though rough the Margents, make the Water smooth:
 There without Cable tall Ships Land-lock'd lie,
 And highest Waves and loudest Winds descie.
 But in the bottom of the Bay they had
 An Olive, casting o're a Cave a Shade;
 Which Cave the Nymphs styl'd *Naiades* do own:
 Within stood Bowls and Goblets made of Stone.
 And there, whilst humming Bees fill'd all the Rooms,
 They marble Shuttles ply'd in rocky Looms,
 Where, wondrous to behold, they Purple wove.
 Fountains within, two Portals were above.
 That towards the North still Mortals entred at:
 Egrefs and Regrefs through the Southern Gate
 Gods always had, which never Men prophan'd.
 Here up they run their Vessel on the Strand,
 And leave with pliant Oars half drie their Ship,
 Then to the Shore from well-laid Hatches leap.
 They first *Ulysses* from his Cabin bore,
 In Quilts and purest Linen cover'd o're,
 And fast asleep on Sea-wash'd Margents laid:
 Then all those Gifts which the *Phaeacians* had

Presented

Presented him on *Pallas* score, they put,
 Out of the Way, under an ^(c) Olive-root;
 Left any should, before *Ulysses* wake,
 Stumbling on them by Fortune, notice take.
 This done, their Sails they for *Phaeacia* set:
 But *Neptune*, old Piques not forgetting yet,
 Thus to the Thund'rer said; O *Jove*, I deem
 'Mongst Gods I shall no longer find Esteem,
 Since Men, ^(d) *Phaeacians*, mind me not at all,
 Who from my Stock had their Original.
 I thought *Ulysses*, after Woe and Want,
 Should at the last return, since 'twas your Grant:
 But him asleep on's Native Shore they've left
 With Gold, rich Vests, and many a costly Gift
 By them presented, which he doth enjoy;
 More then his wealthy Share of plunder'd *Troy*.
 When the Clouds Muster-master thus reply'd;

On this account me, *Neptune*, dost thou chide?
 No God shall thee despise; 'tis more then hard
 To throw Aspersions on so great a Lord:
 But if that any Mortal thee shall slight,
 I will revenge thy Cause, and doe thee Right.
 Thee these I leave to pardon or chastise.

When thus the Shaker of the Earth replies;
 Then, by your Leave, a Tempest raise I will,
 (But, Brother, under your Correction still)
 And their fair Ship, returning home with Joy,
 Ent'ring their Land-lock'd Harbour I'll destroy:
 That they no more shall Mortals thence transport,
 She like a Mountain shall choke up their Port.

Then *Jove* reply'd; Do, *Neptune*, what you list,
 I shall be more then Neuter, and assist:
 I'll bring forth all the Town as Lookers on,
 To see a Ship transform'd into a Stone.

A a

They

(c) The Olive-tree was sacred to *Minerva*, the Patroness of *Ulysses*; and therefore aptly feign'd by our Poet to keep his deposited Treasure.

(d) For *Phaenax*, King of the Island, from whom they were called *Phaeacians*, was Son of *Neptune* and *Coryra* the Daughter of *Aphus*.

(b) *Phorcys* was the Son of *Pontus* and *Terra*, according to *Hesiod* in his Genealogy of the Gods.

Ἀφροίτη δ' αὖθις ἑστῆκεν ἱερὰν ἐν ἀγῶνι
 ὅπου
 ἱερὰ ἑστῆκεν, ἐν Κελῶν καὶ ἀγῶνι,
 ἑστῆκεν ἡ δὲ ἑστῆκεν ἡ ἐστῆκεν
 ἑστῆκεν.

He was one of the Rulers of the Seas, and had his Temple in this Haven; from whence it receiv'd its appellation.

They shall admire how such a mighty Fort,
Rais'd like a Mountain, should besiege the Port.

Thus order'd, Neptune thence with high Content
To ^(c) *Sceria* and *Pheacian* Bulwarks went,
And there remain'd untill the well-trimm'd Ship
Drew near the Harbour with all Sails a-trip:
Then in a trice transform'd her into ^(d) Stone,
And, fixing her, went off when he had done.
When the *Pheacians* this strange Sight survey'd,
They sadly viewing one another said;

Ah! who hath fix'd this Vessel in the Sea,
So near come home? (The whole Ship might they see.
None knew the Cause.) *Alcinous* then; Of old
My Fath'r inspir'd this Chance to me foretold,
That *Neptune*, angry that we did transport
A foreign Prince unto his Native Court,
Would change the Ship return'd into a Hill.
These his Predictions thus the Fates fulfill.
This Prodigy must us instruct, no more
Strangers to waft to any other Shore.

Let's twelve fat Bullocks to great *Neptune* kill,
That, pitying, he remove this mighty Hill.
As he advis'd, to him they Offerings made,
And all the Princes and the People pray'd.
But when *Ulysses* wak'd, long absent he
Knew not's own Country, nor it well could see.
With grosser Mists *Pallas* so dimm'd the Air,
That things refracted seem'd not what they were;
Left that his Wife or Friends should find him, ere
He made the Suitors reckon for their Cheer.
The Pile and Prospect of the place seem chang'd,
The Harbour, Ways, the Rocks and Trees estrang'd.
Whilst he his Native Country thus beheld,
Beating his Thighs, he briny Tears distill'd,

And

And lifting's Hands to Heav'n aloud complain'd;
Where am I now? what Place is this? what Land?
What am I fallen 'mongst a Race unjust,
Stern and injurious, onely rul'd by Lust?
Or pious Souls that Hospitable are?
Where shall I hide these Riches? whither bear?
Where go my self? Would I had still remain'd
'Mongst the *Pheacians*, or been entertain'd
By some kind Prince, whose Love and pitying hand
Had sent me attended to my Native Land.
I know not what to do, how this great deal
Of Wealth from greedy persons to conceal.
I will no more, you Gods, my Judgment trust,
These fly *Pheacians* false are and unjust,
Who leave me on an unknown Coast, whom they
To my own Country promis'd to convey.
Revenge me, *Jove*, on them, thou who dost all
Such cheating Sycophants to strict Audits call.
But I will see what Goods I lack: well may
Such Sharks themselves for my Transporting pay.

His Tripods and his Chargers o're he told,
Vests and rich Mantles, Silver, Brags and Gold:
All found he there. Then creeping near the Shore,
Whilst his Misfortunes loud he did deplore,
Pallas drew nigh him like a youthful Swain,
(Such Sons of Kings keep Flocks upon the Plain)
His Vest well lin'd, his Sandals neatly ty'd,
Arm'd with a Spear; whom when *Ulysses* spy'd,
He joyfully thus said; Your Servant, Sir;
You being the first that I encounter here,
No Look, no Posture of an Enemy have;
Preserve this Treasure, and me also save,
Since as a God, or Genius of the place,
I supplicate thee, and thy Knees imbrace.

A a 2

And

(c) The Island inhabited by the *Pheacians*, afterward call'd *Corcyra*, now *Corfu*, in the *Venetian* Gulf.

(d) *Eschylus* notes that the Ancients report there lay a Rock near unto the Isle, representing the form of a Ship; which occasion'd the Fable of our Poet. But certainly by this Transmutation he has deliver'd his opinion concerning that Secret of Nature, the Transforming of one Species into another, Wood into Stone, by Water, signified here by *Neptune*. For this kind of Transmutation is not lately discover'd, but was known unto the Ancients. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis* says, that among the *Cicones*, a people of *Thrace*, there was a River that congeal'd the Bowels of those who drank thereof, and converted whatsoever it receiv'd into Stone.

*Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
Viscera, quod talis inducit marmora rebus.*

Ciconian Streams congeal his Guts to Stone
That thereof drinks, and what therein is thrown.

It seems to have had a Slime of that nature which unites and indurates. So the Dust of *Pazzolo*, being touch'd by Water, is presently petrified.

And I beseech you, Sir, inform me well
What Land this is, what People in it dwell;
Whether this be *Pemphida* or *Ile*,
Or, near the Sea, the main Land's gleby Soil.

Then she reply'd; 'Th' art in Experience young,
Or else some Stranger, hast not here been long,
That ask'st what Country's this; 'tis not so poor,
But 'tis well known to every neighb'ring Shore,
Nay, where so'er the Sun, in Progress hurl'd,
Gilds with Day-beams the North and Southern World,
Our Grounds are Rocky, we have little Plain,
But that well cloath'd with Vines and golden Grain:
This Country Dews and frequent Showrs not wants,
Feeds Goats and Cattel well; all sorts of Plants
Cast pleasant Shades, where they to watering come.
Ithaca's name, Friend, hath reach'd *Ilium*,
Which they report far distant from this Isle.

Glad he had landed on his Native Soil,
His Joy dissembling though, he thus reply'd,
And spake at random things both o're and wide,
Still acting subtle parts; Beyond the Sea,
Sir, I in *Crete* much heard of *Ithaca*,
And now come hither with my whole Estate,
My Children left, since I unfortunate
Ω *Orsilocbus* slew, *Idomeneus* his Son,
Who all their swiftest Youth could far out-run;
Who would have forc'd from me my *Trojan* Share,
Purchas'd in War with so much Toil and Care,
And Miseries upon the boist'rous Main,
Because his Father on the *Trojan* Plain
I serv'd not, but commanded others there.
I him i'th' Field with a sharp-pointed Spear,
Way-laying him with one Companion, slew.
When Night o're Heav'n her sable Mantle threw,

My

My sudden Flight and his sad Fortune hid;
None of my going knew nor his b'ing Dead.
I got aboard in a *Phœnician Ship*
With what you see; the Sailours had a ship,
Who promis'd to transport me through the Main
To *Pyle*, or *Elis* whereth' ^(b) *Epæans* reign.
Up to a Harbour which they ne'r design'd
They run their Vessell, forc'd by adverse Wind
Against their wills, intending no Deceit.
At night there landing, neither Drink nor Meat
Once thought upon, though we had fasted long,
Full weary on the Shore themselves they flung;
Where me they left, surpris'd by charming Sleep,
With all my Goods, and launch'd into the Deep,
And straight for the *Sidonian* Confines bore;
A wofull Wretch I on this unknown Shore.
Wringing my Hand, then with a Smile the Maid,
Her own Celestial Form resum'd, said;

Thou'lt prove too hard for who-e're plays with thee,
And Cheat for Cheat stake, though a God he be;
Nor want'st thou now here in thy Native Soil
Feign'd Stories; by thy Stars taught to beguile.
But of this Theam to say more I am loth,
Since at Contrivements we are skilfull both:
For dextrous Sights 'mongst Mortals thine's the prize,
My ready Wit's well known in th' arch'd Skies.
Yet know'st thou *Pallas* not, whose Care and Love
Still works thy harder Fortunes to improve.
I gave thee Favour in *Alcinous* eyes,
And once more hither cometh thee to advise
How thou these costly Presents may'st conceal.
But I'll a greater Consequence reveal:
In thy own Palace, which thou'rt now so near,
Many Affronts thou must with Patience bear.

Walk

(b) Strabo observes that *Hecataeus Milesius* makes the *Epæans* distinct from the inhabitants of *Elis*, and says that they assisted *Hercules* in the destruction of that place; but adds also, that it is not at all incredible that two different people should unite into one body, and one name too, in process of time. Our Poet calls them by the same name too in his *Iliads*, at the end of the 2. Book, where he reckons the *Græcian Fleet*.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔπειθ' ἐπὶ τῇ ἑσπέρῃ
ἔσαντες
'Ὅσων ἴσ' ἔπλετο, καὶ Μυρτὸν ὅσον
ἔσαντες
Τῶν δ' αὖτ' ὅσοντες ἐπὶ τῇ ἑσπέρῃ
ἔσαντες
Νῆες ἔσαντες ὅσοντες δ' ἐπὶ τῇ ἑσπέρῃ
ἔσαντες.

Who in *Buprasium* and fair *Elis* dwell,
Who *Hermin* and the *Myrtin* Plains did
till,
Th' *Oleian* Rock, and whom *Alifum*
sent,
In forty Sails, with these the *Epæans*
went.

(g) It is observ'd by *Enslatinius*, that this relation is not consonant to the ancient Histories, but on purpose invented to make him more acceptable to the Sutors, having slain the Son of *Ulysses*'s Friend. But something of History is contain'd in it: for *Idomeneus*, King of *Crete*, was Commander of some Forces in the *Trojan* Expedition, as appears in the second book of the *Iliads*.

Κῆρυξ δ' ὅτ' Ἰδομενεὺς δεικνύσθαι ἔμελλεν,
Οἱ Κῆρυξ δ' ὅτ' ἔργον, ἔπλετο τῇ ἑσπέρῃ
ἔσαντες.

Idomeneus ruled the *Cretan* Bands,
From *Gortyn's* Bulwarks and the
Gnosian Strands.

And, though the Ancients have not recorded it, yet from hence I conjecture that *Orsilocbus* was slain according to this relation, though not by *Ulysses*.

Walk there disguised, would'st thou be secure,
And silent what thou seest and hear'st endure :
With that same Temper thou so oft hast tri'd,
Meet their Affronts. When thus the King reply'd ;

Thou may'st, O Goddess, well Man's knowledge
That canst transform thy self to any Shape. (scape,
I know how much to thee I stood oblig'd
When our great Army Trojan Walls besieg'd.
But after we did Priam's City get,
From thence then sailing Jove dispers'd our Fleet,
And I, best Lady, thee no more did see,
Or dreamt thou hadst the least Concern for me ;
(But wandred as my wav'ring Fancy led,
Untill the Gods me from all Sorrows freed)
Till 'mongst Pheacians me thou didst instruct,
And me encouraging didst to th' Court conduct.
Thee, by thy Father, Virgin, I implore,
To tell me if this be my Native Shore.
For I suppose it is some other Soil,
And thou wouldst my Credulity beguile.
Am I at Home? Me Hopes and Fears divide.
When thus to him th' illustrious Maid reply'd ;

Thou alwaies dost new Doubts and Scruples start ;
Yet my Ulysses I shall ne'r desert,
Who Prudence and Complacency may'st boast.
Another coming to his Native Coast
Would long his Children, House and Wife to see ;
Thou ne'r inquir'st, nor car'st where-e're they be.
Thou would'st have ventur'd for Her heretofore,
Who with salt Tears bedews her Chamber-floor,
And night and day doth in thy Absence mourn.
I knew, though hard to Sense, thou shouldst return ;
But not against my Uncle durst engage,
Whose Bosom burns with unextinguish'd Rage ;

Nor

Nor could thy lost Associates quench his Ire.
But thou shalt see what thou dost so desire.
This is the Port of Phœceys, th' old Sea-God,
Crown'd with a spreading Olive like a Wood :
Near this a sacred ⁽¹⁾ Cave, the shady Grott
O'th' Naiades, roof'd with a grassy Plat,
Where oft to them thou Hecatombs hast pay'd.
There's Mount Neritus with a Forest clad.

Pallas, this said, dispers'st the gloomy Mist :
The Coast appearing, glad Ulysses kist
His Native Earth, and, kneeling on the Shore,
Thus did the Nymphs with rear'd-up Hands implore ;

You Naiades, I thought without dispute
Ne'r you to see, whom I with Joy salute,
And shall, as heretofore, your Altars laud,
If by permission of the Heav'nly Maid
My Son yet lives. The Goddess then reply'd ;
Scruple no more, I say, in me confide.

But let us straight into this Cave convey
Thy Wealth, and carefull up in safety lay :
There we'll consult what's best to doe. This said,

Into the Vault walks the Celestial Maid,
Whilst in Ulysses all his Riches gets,
Gold, Silver, Vests, which he in order sets ;
Gifts which to him the kind Pheacians gave.
She rowl'd a Stone in th' entry of the Cave.
Pallas and he then on an Olive Root
Complotting fate, both in a high Dispute,
The haughty Suitors Ruine to prepare.

Then Pallas said ; Thou must take special Care
These men to master who now court thy Spouse,
And three years have kept Revels in thy House,
Contriving Joyntures ; whilst she, prest with Cares,
Now for thy coming Home hopes, now despairs ;

Yet

(1) Cronius observes that the Cave here describ'd agrees not with History, there being no mention of it in any of those who writ the Topographies of that Isle. Wherefore the Grammarians have laboured to find out the Allegory or Intention of the Poet veiled under this obscure Description. A Cave was the Symbol of the World among the ancient Theologists, as Porphyrius on this place proves out of Plato, in the seventh of his Polity, and Empedocles in his Physicks, where speaking of the World he says,

Ἡ δὲ οὐρανὸς τὸ ἀπὸ τοῦ κόσμου

The two Doors are the two Tropicks : the North, through which the Souls descended when they were to be united to a Body ; the South, through which they ascended when they were separated. The Nymphs weaving their purple Webs upon Rocks of Stones signified the Soul's framing its garment of Blood and Flesh upon the solid foundation of the Bones. Hony was accounted purgative ; and therefore in some Initiations the Hands were wash'd with it in stead of Water, and the Tongue was cleans'd from all its offences. By the Olive, sacred to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, which grew near to the Cave, was signified, that this World was not formed by Chance, but by some intellectual Being, separated indeed from it, but whose Seat was near, upon the head of it. This Olive being ἀεικωνὶς, constantly flourishing, did aptly denote the perpetual Descent and Ascension of Souls, for which this Cave was consecrated.

Yet treats them fair, promising each Address,
Sends them kind words, but thinks of nothing less.
Ulysses then with a deep Sigh reply'd;

I should have perish'd, as ⁽¹⁾ *Atrides* dy'd,
In my own House, hadst thou not told me this.
But tell me how the way t' avenge me lies.
Ah! help me now, and stand in my Defence,
As when we took *Troy's* lofty Battlements.
Then of three hundred I'll not be afraid,
But back'd by thee the proudest Rival beard.
Th' illustrious Goddesses then to him reply'd;

I shall be present, and with thee will side,
And make no doubt we shall with Brains and Gore
Of thy Devourers stain thy Palace floor.
But thou must not be known where thou art seen,
Therefore I'll rivell up thy smoother Skin,
Soil thy bright Tresses, and thy Body cloath
So, that who-e'er beholds thee shall thee loath:
When to thy Son and Wife thou dost appear,
And proud Corrivals, thy bright Eys I'll blear.
But to *Subulcus* first, who tends thy Swine,
Make thy Address: he sure to thee will joyn;
He thy Relations loves; him thou shalt find
Feeding with Mast his bristly Herd behind

⁽¹⁾ *Corax's* Rock, where *Arethusa* springs,
Where he to watering his fat Cattel brings.
There stay with him, till he shall thee instruct;
And I'll thy Son from *Sparta* Home conduct,
Who went to *Menelaus* Court, where he
Late his Addressees made in Quest of thee.

Ulysses then; Why told'st him not of me?
Thou knew'st the truth of all. What need had he
Either at Sea to try uncertain Fate,
Or *Harpyes* leave devouring his Estate?

The

The Goddesses him thus answer'd; Be content,
Him I abroad to purchase Fame have sent.
He in *Atrides* Palace takes his Ease
In safety, there commanding what he please.
But the Corrivals a dire Plot contrive,
To murder him e're he at Home arrive.
But some of them before shall meet their Fate,
Who in a Rant now ruine thy Estate. (Wand.

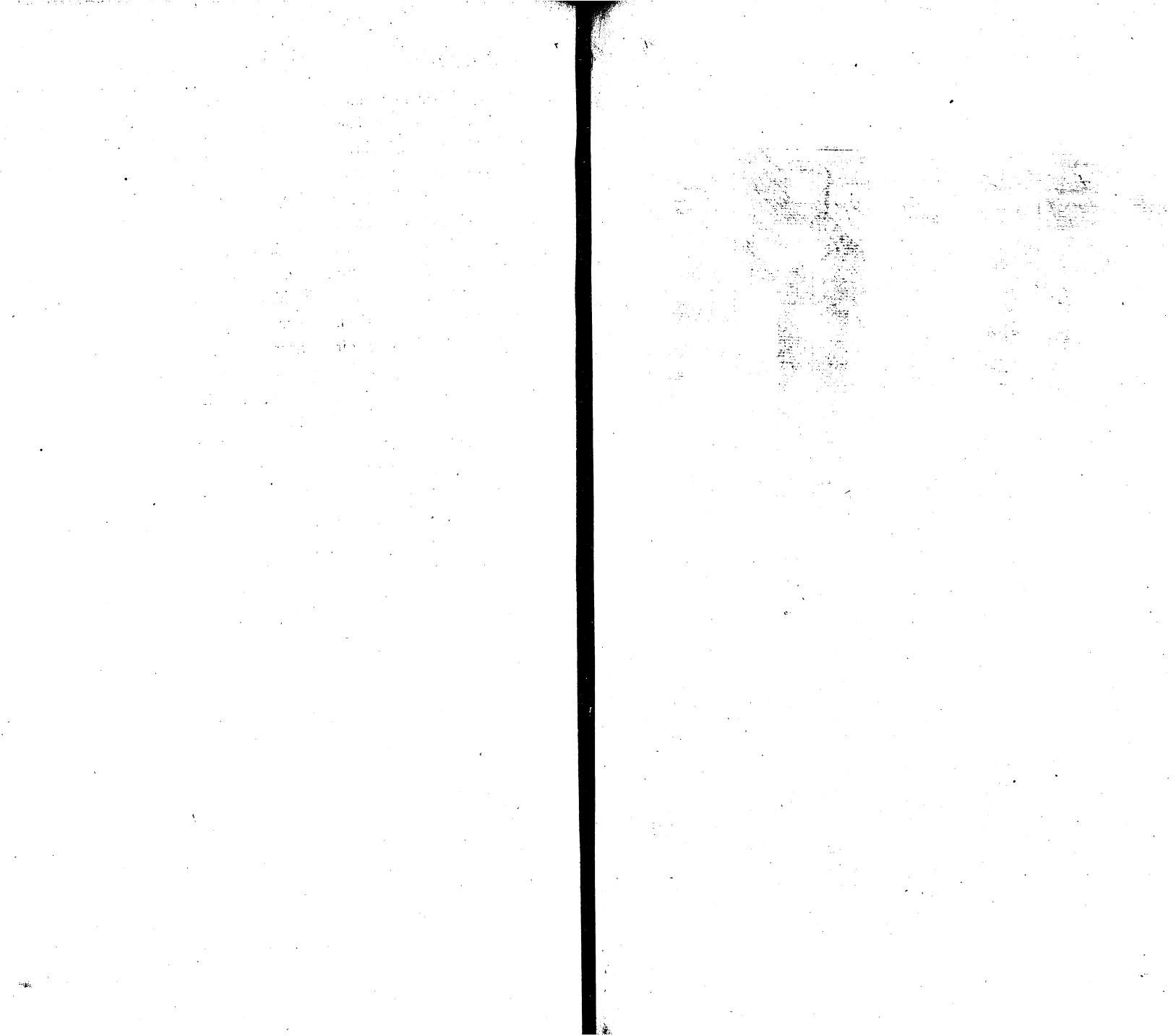
Thus say'ng, the Goddesses touch'd him with her
Straight his clear Skin all rivell'd up and tann'd,
His golden Hair a sudden Frost did hoar,
And his plump Cheeks Old-age straight crusted o're;
His sparkling Eyes she blear'd; then straight she drest
Him in a totter'd Coat and fordid Vest,
Piec'd, patch'd, and stain'd with sooty Smoak and Dirt,
And with a Deer's pill'd Skin his Belly girt;
Gave him a Staff, and a torn wretched Scrip,
Hanging it in a twisted leather Slip.
Accounted thus the Goddesses left him there,
And to his Son in *Sparta* did repair.

B b

HOMER'S

(1) *Spandanus* was unhappily mistaken in the meaning of this place, who thought that *Ulysses* had here delivered how by the assistance of *Minerva* he escaped some imminent Danger in the Palace of *Agamemnon*; who never came thither, as appears by the whole Series of this Book; but it is clear that *Ulysses* saies onely this, That he had been murdered like *Agamemnon*, in his own Palace, had it not been for the Advice of *Minerva*. Now the manner of the death of *Agamemnon* he had learn'd from *Agamemnon's* Ghost in his descent into Hell, as it is at large delivered *Odys.* 11.

(1) *Corax* was an Inhabitant of *Ithaca*, who in pursuit of a Hare fell down a Rock, and broke his Neck, from whom it had this appellation. *Arethusa* his Mother, hearing the sad news of her Son's death, hang'd her self near a Fountain, from her called *Arethusa*. *Eustathius*.





Honoratissimo Domino D.
De Kingston. Tabularum
Johanni King Barotti
hanc. MDDDIO. lib. 14



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Eumæus first in Rags Ulysses spies ;
Rates off the Dogs barking at his Disguise ;
Him as a Beggar kindly entertains,
And of the Suitors Revel-rout complains.
This tells the Coming of his absent Lord :
That of his Stories not believes a Word.*

BUT from the Port a rough way
through the Cops
'Mongst Cliffs he went and Wood-
cloth'd Mountain tops ;
Where Pallas told him that *Subulcus* dwelt,
Who with his Lord more faithfully had dealt
Then any Swain, to husband his Estate :
And straight he found him sitting at's Lodge Gate,
Which in fair Prospect on a rising Ground
He built with Stone, and hedg'd with Quick-fets round,

Distant from th' Court, his Master absent, nor
 Did th' Queen or old *Laertes* charge therefore.
 This he surrounded with a standing Guard
 Of Oaken Pales, the Staves both strong and hard.
 Twelve ample Sties within convenient reach
 He there had built, Fifty fat Swine in each.
 The pregnant Females in these Chambers kept,
 Their bristly Husbands in the Portals slept,
 Fewer by far, by rioting Suitors spent,
 To whom the fattest still *Subulcus* sent.
 Three hundred yet and sixty there remain'd.
 Four Dogs as fierce as Lions he maintain'd,
 Who alwaies slept attending on the Hogs.
 Himself there sat ord'ring a pair of Brogues,
 Of a py'd Bullock's Skin: three others there
 About the Sties and other Business were.
 The fourth he with a Swine to th' Palace sent,
 That might the Suitors feast with high Content.
 Soon as the Dogs had spy'd him coming on,
 With open mouths they at *Ulysses* run:
 But, cunning, he sits down, and drops ^(a) his Staff.
 Nor was he then from those stern Warders safe,
 Had not *Subulcus* leap'd up to his Aid,
 And thrown aside the Shoes were almost made,
 Pelting with Stones the bawling Party back:
 Who, when he had secur'd the King, thus spake;
 The Dogs, O Father, gave a fierce Assault,
 And if th' had hurt thee, 't had not been my Fault.
 The Gods for me have sadder Business found.
 Here I with Groans and Sighs, laid on the Ground,
 Lament my King; whilst others in his House
 Devour his Cattel, and his Wine carouse:
 Whilst he in Want, (perhaps) by Fortune hurl'd,
 Wanders to this and that place through the World;

If

If yet he live and see the rising Sun.
 But to my Cottage go with me, old man;
 And when thou art refresh'd with wholesome Fare,
 Say whence thou cam'st, and what thy Sufferings are.

This said, *Eumæus* in *Ulysses* led,
 And straight a wild-Goat's Skin and Branches spread,
 Him placing on that Couch. *Ulysses*, glad
 At this his first so kind Reception, said;

O *Jove*, and all you Gods, grant his Request
 What-e're, who now so kindly treats his Guest.

Eumæus then; It is not fit that we
 Should Strangers, though they poorer are than thee,
 Drive from our Gates: *Jove* to all those in Want,
 In *Forma Pauperis* gives a special Grant.
 But small our Treatments are and mean our Boards,
 Still fearing young and domineering Lords.
 Ah! his Return the Gods obstructed have,
 Who lov'd me well, and this Possession gave:
 He to his Servants kind was, he a House
 And Fortune gave me, with a vertuous Spouse.
 Since, his Estate *Jove* here has much increas'd,
 And my small Labours not a little blest.
 Much more the King improv'd had my Estate,
 Here had he stay'd; but he hath met his Fate.
 Ah! would that *Helen's* Race had perish'd quite,
 For whom so many Hero's fell in Fight:
 And he went with *Atrides* to destroy
 Proud *Ilium*, and the Walls of lofty *Troy*.

This said, he girds his Coat, and forth he hies;
 Then chusing two fat Porkers from their Sties,
 Slaughters them both, and next a quick Fire gets,
 Them to *Ulysses*, roasted on the Spits,
 Straight carries hot, sprinkled with finest ^(b) Flour,
 And in a Mazer lusty Wine doth pour.

Then

(a) *Didymus* on this place saies, that
δοῦναι βοῦντα πρὸς ἀποδοῦναι Κωνίαν,
 ἢ καὶ σῆμα, ἢ σῆμα τοῦ ἐκδοῦναι, αἷμα
 ἐκδοῦναι. It is a natural Defence for
 the aversion of Dogs, to sit down, and
 lay aside the Weapon out of one's hand,
 as not intending to set upon them. *Pliny*
 has the like observation in the eighth
 Book of his Natural History: *Impetus*
canum & furiæ mitigatur ab homine
confidente humi. The fierceness and
 rage of Dogs is mitigated by a man's
 sitting on the ground.

(b) *Enstatius* notes, that the Cu-
 stom here mention'd, of sprinkling
 Flour on the Meat when brought to
 Table, was long since laid aside.

Then plac'd againſt him ſaid ; Sir, taſt ſuch Fare
 As onely fit for us poor Servants are :
 The fatteſt for the Suitors we ſelect,
 Who want Commiferation and Reſpect.
 The bleſſed Gods all curſt Deſigns abhor,
 But ſtill for Juſt and Pious Actions are.
 Yet ſome there be that others Realms invade,
 And, *Jove* conniving, home their Veſſels lade.
 Yet oft their Boſoms are with Conſcience ſtorm'd.
 Sure theſe have heard (or been by Heav'n inform'd)
 Of his ſad Death ; elſe would they not reſort
 To his fair Queen, and riot in his Court,
 But take their Leaves : they know not how to ſpare ;
 As many Feaſts as Days and Nights there are.
 Not one or two fat Victims ſerve their turn,
 Who ne'r from eating, but to drink, adjourn.
 He had a fair Eſtate, his Riches ſuch,
 That none about him could boaſt half ſo much ;
 No not to th' twentieth part would theirs amount :
 Which, now I'm in, I ſhall to thee recount.
 Twelve Herds of Cattel the main Land doth keep,
 As many Goats, and Swine, and fleecy Sheep,
 Goats eleven Herds in th' other Field are bred,
 By luſty Swains and jolly Shepherds fed.
 They from each Herd one every day afford,
 And ſtill the fatteſt, to ſupply the Board.
 And from my Charge, to amplify their Feaſt,
 I ſend the fatteſt Porkers and the beſt.

This ſaid, on fell he, eat and drank rich Wine,
 His Brains ſtill working on his main Deſign.
 His Spirits recruited well, well chear'd his Soul,
Subulcus gives him an o'reflowing Bowl.
 Then joyful, he ſo fair a Progreſs made,
 Who is this wealthy Perſon, Friend, he ſaid,

So

So valiant, and of ſo large Eſtate,
 Who at the Trojan War receiv'd his Fate,
 As thou believ'ſt ? tell me, there's no ſuch odds,
 (Since *Jove* knows all and the immortal Gods)
 But I have ſeen him in my Travels, hurld
 By various Fortunes through the peopl'd World.

None, Father, hither comes, *Euменыς* ſaid,
 But ſo the Queen and his dear Son perſuade,
 And, to ſupply their preſent Wants, deviſe
 Stories to pleaſe them, and a thouſand Lies.
 Who-e're land here, they to the Court repair,
 And with a handſom Tale ſtill ready are.
 She entertains them, and of him inquires,
 Her ſparkling Eys brim full with briny Tears,
 As Women uſe, wanting their deareſt Lord,
 Thou couldſt put in a comfortable word,
 Would ſhe new ſheath thee, would ſhe ſee thee dreſt
 In a Court-Mantle and a comely Veſt.
 But, ah ! on him Dogs have and Vultures fed,
 And piece-meal rent ; ah ! 'tis too true, he's dead :
 Or hungry Fiſh have eat him far from Land,
 And now his Bones lie ſepulchred in Sand.
 Thus he's deſtroy'd, whiſt his Relations grieve ;
 But I'm ſo much concern'd, I loath to live.
 I ſuch a Royal Maſter ne'r ſhall get.

Should I return unto my Native Sear,
 Where dwelt my Parents, I my breeding had,
 Their Loſs I ſhould not ſo much mourn, though ſad
 For ſuch Miſfortune I enough ſhould be,
 As for my Prince, whom I deſpair to ſee ;
 Whom I with Reverence nominate, and him
 Put in the higheſt place of my Eſteem.

Then ſaid the King ; Since thou'lt no Credit give,
 Say'ſt he'll ne'r come, wilt no ſuch thing believe ;

I dare

Before the *Gracians* did beleaguer *Troy*,
 Nine times as Captain they did me employ
 In several Ships against all Privateers
 And foreign Force. Success crown'd my desires :
 By which I purchased no mean Estate,
 Was lov'd, admir'd, and honour'd through all *Crete*.
 Then *Jove* engag'd us in a fatal Strife,
 Where many a valiant Hero lost his Life.
Idomenus then and me th' employ,
 Both Admirals, to conduct their Fleet to *Troy*.
 And there was no disputing, no Reply,
 Fame of the Expedition flew so high.
 Nine years there lay we, a hard Siege endur'd :
 The tenth we took their Town, (so well immur'd)
 And plunder'd *Troy*, by a Religious Cheat.
 Thence sailing Home, great *Jove* dispers'd our Fleet,
 And, for my pains, poor me more wretched made.
 A Month at home I with my Children stay'd,
 My dear Relations, and my dearer Wife,
 And at full Tables led a merry life.
 Then I, forsooth, must see th' *Egyptian* Land.
 Nine Ships I rigg'd, well victuall'd and well mann'd.
 Six daies my Friends I treated to the height,
 And paid the Gods each their peculiar Rite.
 The seventh from *Crete* we with a Northern Gale
 Smoothly, as down a River's Chanell, sail.
 We nothing wanting, stiff and tight our Ship,
 Clap all our Canvass on, our Sails a-trip.
 The fifth day ^(e) *Nile* we reach'd : I order'd there
 My lusty Lads straight up the River steer.
 Our Anchors dropt, a Party I command
 To search the Creeks, the Caves, and winding Strand.
 But they to Nature's rougher Dictates yield,
 And fall to Plunder the *Egyptian* Field,

Their

Their Babes and Women took, the Men they slew.
 Straight a sad Rumour to the City flew.
 They hear the Cry, and with the early Dawn :
 In compleat Arms out Horse and Foot were drawn.
 There *Jove* my Party worsted, they gave ground,
 And were by Foes coup'd up, as in a Pound :
 Where many slaughter'd were, the rest were led
 Thence Captives. Then *Jove* put it in my head,
 (Would I had rather dy'd, paid Nature's Debt,
 Who still thus suffer with Despair beset)
 To give my self a Pris'ner up and yield.
 Down I my Javelin laid, Helmet and Shield,
 And running to the King, his Knees embrac'd.
 He (pitying) me in his own Chariot plac'd,
 And scarcely sav'd me from the Vulgar rage,
 Whom nothing but my Death could then assuage.
 For Hospitable *Jove* he well did know
 Lov'd mercy to a Quarter-begging Foe.
 Seven Years I there remain'd, my Riches flow'd,
 Rich Gifts th' whole City upon me bestow'd.
 But in the eighth came a *Phœnician*, who
 (An old Trappanner) cheating Tricks well knew.
 He with persuasions led me by the Ear,
 To go with him into *Phœnicia*, where
 I at his House should well be entertain'd.
 I went, and there with him a Year remain'd.
 But when that Months and Daies had fill'd the Spear,
 And Time fetch'd round the circumvolving Year,
 To *Libya* me in a stout Ship he sent,
 Freight'd with Goods, but to no good intent :
 He Spirited me over, meaning there
 To make the best of me, and sell me dear.
 I ventur'd with him, though my Heart did fail,
 And had as far as *Crete* a favouring Gale :

C c 2

But

(e) It is a great error in *Giphanius* and *Spondanius*, who take *Ajyos* here for the name of the Country of *Egypt*, when both *Strabo* and divers others of the Ancients have abundantly prov'd the contrary, partly out of this very place. These *Pliny* follows in his Natural History; *Nec ante Nilus quam se totum aquis concordibus rursus junxit. Sic quoque etiamnum Sicis nominatus per aliquos millias; & in totum Homero *Egyptus*, aliisque Triton. Which River never takes the name of Nile before his waters meet again and accord all whole together. And even so was he sometime named *Siris* for many miles space; and of *Homer* altogether *Egyptus*, and of others *Triton*: whom *Ammianus Marcellinus* follows in his History. Whence it may very probably be conjectured, that the name *Nile* for the River of *Egypt* is later than our Poet, it being not mentioned in all his Works; yet in use profusely after him, it being found in the works of *Hesiod*, as *Erastosthenes* affirms.*

But *Jove* contriv'd the Ruine of us all.
 We failed forwards, nothing now did fall
 Within our ken but endless Seas and Skies :
 When suddenly a fable Cloud did rise :
 Dark grows the Floud, it thunders, lightens, rains ;
 The dismall Notes fill up loud Hurricanes.
 Then with a flaming Bolt *Jove* struck our Ship :
 The Men like Sea-Mews floated on the Deep,
 There up and down on surging Billows born,
 Since *Jove* decree'd they never should return.
 I was with this Disaster much agast ;
 When *Jove* my Arms contriv'd about the Mast,
 Which boist'rous Winds and Billows nine Days bare,
 Lock'd up in my Embrace, I know not where.
 The tenth an o're-grown Wave, the Night being dark,
 The poor Remains drove of my bulged Bark
 On ^(f) *Thefprot* Shoar. King *Phidon's* dearest Son
 To fetch me off (both cold and tir'd) did run,
 And to the Palace led me by the hand,
 Then straight to Clothe me gave a strict command.
 And there I first of your *Ulysses* heard.
 He me acquainted with how much Regard
 By him he had been treated in his way
 To his own Native Country *Ithaca* :
 And what huge Wealth he had acquired told,
 Iron and bright Brads, with Ingots of pure Gold,
 With which ten Generations well might shift,
 Which he had in the King's Exchequer left.
 But he was gone, he said, to ^(g) *Dodon's* Grove,
 There to consult the sacred Oak of *Jove*,
 (Having been long from Home) to be advis'd
 How to return, in publick, or disguis'd.
 He swore to me his Ship and Men were clear,
 That him should to his Native Country bear

(f) The *Thefprotians* were a People of *Epirus*, bordering upon the Sea-Coasts, over against *Corcyra*, not far distant from *Ithaca*.

(g) At *Dodona* in *Epirus* was the most ancient and famous Oracle of *Jupiter*. The Story of it is thus related by *Herodotus*, the ancientest of the Greek Historians, who seems to have been inquisitive after the original of it. The Priests of *Jupiter* at *Thebes* a City of *Aegypt* told me that the *Phenicians* had stoln away formerly two of their Priestesses, and sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Greece*, which Women first prostituted, as they understood, Oracles in those places. But the Priestesses at *Dodona* say, that there flew two black Pigeons from *Thebes* of *Aegypt*, the one into *Libya*, the other to them ; which, lighting on an Oak, said with a humane voice, that there ought to be an Oracle of *Jupiter* there. They, supposing it to be a Divine command, caused one to be built there. The rest of the *Dodonians* agreed with them in the relation. My opinion of them, saies *Herodotus*, is this : If it be true that the *Phenicians* carried away these two holy Women, and sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Hellas* ; it seems to me that this Woman was sold to the *Thefprotians* in the Country now call'd *Hellas*, before *Pelagia*, where during her Slavery she consecrated the place near a neighbouring Oak : it being probable that she, who had been consecrated to *Jupiter* in *Aegypt*, would retain the memory of him here. Now these Women were call'd by the *Dodonians* *moenades*, Pigeons, because, using an unknown Language, they seem'd to speak like Birds : but that this after a while spake with a humane voice ; because she by conversation had learn'd the Greek Language. When they say the Pigeon was black, they signify that the Woman was an *Aegyptian*. The Oracle at *Thebes* in *Aegypt* and that in *Dodona* are very like one another.

But first he put me in a Ship lay there
 Bound for ^(h) *Dulichium*, and commands the care
 Of those aboard, me safely to convey
 To King *Acastus* through the Briny Sea.
 But these pure Villains a Contrivement laid
 To make me wretched that such Woes had had.
 No sooner had they lost the sight of Land,
 But forthwith they the Roguery took in hand ;
 First stripped me of my fair Coat and Vest,
 Then cloath'd m' in Rags, which thou so totter'd feest.
 Reaching your Coast at night, they left me fast
 Bound in the Ship, and landing took Repast.
 But me the favouring Gods from Fetters freed.
 Then 'bout my Head wrapping my totter'd Weed,
 To Shore, descending by the Rudd'r, I swam,
 And far from them to shelt'ring Copses came.
 There close I sculk whilst privy Search they make,
 And sighing pry in every Bush and Brake,
 Untill they thought more labour was in vain.
 Then they returning launch'd into the Main.
 The Gods for me then play'd their second part,
 Sent me to thee, thee who so worthy art,
 That now I hope to live for better daies.
 When thus *Eumais* to *Ulysses* saies ;
 Your Story and particulars are such,
 That I confess, poor man! they move me much.
 But how shall I a Wanderer believe,
 Or any Credit 'bout *Ulysses* give ;
 Since one in thy condition flattering Tales
 To tell and smooth Romances most avails ?
 What hopes have I of his Return, what odds,
 When in close Juncto a whole Court of Gods
 Complot against him ? nor would they at *Troy*,
 Nor him amongst his Friends at Home destroy.

(h) A small Island near *Ithaca*, one of the *Echinades*, right over against the mouth of the River *Achelous*.

And in a Charger dist'd. *Eumæus* carv'd,
Who alwaies points of Equity observ'd.
Dividing all into seven equal Shares,
To th' ^(m) Nymphs and *Hermes* he with zealous Pray'rs
Sets by oné Part, distributing the rest
In order due; but honouring most his Guest,
(Which he receiv'd as kindly) the whole Chine
He plac'd before him of the white-tooth'd Swine.

Ulysses said; *Eumæus*, would thou wert
In as much favour, as with me thou art,
With mighty *Jove*, that thus hast me supply'd.
To whom *Subulcus* chearfully reply'd;

Sir, please your self with what's here, pray fall too:
God gave us this, God who can all things doe.
This said, First-fruits he pays the Pow'rs Divine;
His King presents next with a Bowl of Wine;
Next his own Share then bluntly takes his Seat.
To th' rest *Mesaulius* distributes the Meat.
In his Lord's Absence him he kept alone,
Both to *Laertes* and the Queen unknown.
Him of the ⁽ⁿ⁾ *Taphians*, bartring Goods, he bought.
The Meat prepar'd all fell to as they ought.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Mesaulius takes away their broken Fare:
On Couches then themselves they entertain'd.
Dark grew the Night, it blew and sadly rain'd,
When thus *Ulysses* said; (trying his Friend,
If any old cast Coat he would him lend,
Or persuade one o'th' rest, seeing his Care
And love to him) To what I say lend ear: (Wine,
Both Fools and Wife men, warm'd with sprightly
A& Buffoons, sing, in antick Dances joyn,
And oft speak words had better ne'r been said.
But now I'm in, I'll on, nor be dismay'd.

Ah!

Ah! would I were as Young and Stout a Lad,
As when your King and *Menelaus* laid
Near *Troy* an Ambush, they in chief, I third.
When we came near't with lofty Walls immur'd,
'Mongst Shrubs and Weeds down in the plashie Fields
We lay, under our Arms and ample Shields:
Dark grew the Night, and *Boreas* cold did blow,
Ush'ring a Flight of freezing Hail and Snow:
Our Targets all in Crystal Cafes shin'd.
They all had on their Coats and Mantles lin'd,
And under Shields they quiet lay at rest:
I, like a Fool, had left behind my Vest.
I onely had a Jump on, thin and slight,
Nor dreamt how cold might be th' ensuing Night.
Of which three quarters spent, when, towards the West
Declining, Stars descended to their Rest,
Your King I pinch'd by th' Elbow, lying near,
And whisper'd thus to him, who straight did hear;
Out long I cannot, dear *Ulysses*, hold,
But here shall perish, kill'd with bitter Cold,
Wanting a Coat, deceived by some God;
In a thin Cassock I shall be destroy'd.

After he had my words consider'd well,
Who both in Field and Counsel did excell,
He with low Voice thus whisper'd in my Ear;
No more, lest any of the rest should hear:
His Head then leaning on his Elbow, spake;
A Vision told me we Recruits should lack,
Adventuring so far now from the Fleet.
Let's with all speed some one or other get,
That to the Camp may to our General run.

Up *Troas* started straight, *Andraemon's* Son,
And left behind his well-lin'd purple Vest,
In which I lay till gilded was the East.

D d

Had

(m) To the Nymphs, saith *Eustathius*, because they, as presidents of the Fountains, Rivers, and Groves, provide food for Cattel; to *Mercury*, because he is Patron of Shepherds. Both these has *Simonides* also joyn'd together, perhaps taken from hence,

Οὐρανὸν ἡμεῖς καὶ Μαιῶναι θεοὶ
Οὐρανὸν γὰρ ἀνέστηντο καὶ ἡμεῖς καὶ Μαιῶναι.

To the Nymphs sacrifice and Maia's races,
For Shepherds live by their especial grace.

(n) The *Taphians* inhabited some of the Islands called *Echinades*, near unto *Ithaca*.

Had I that Strength and Youth which then I had,
 Amongst you soon I should be better clad,
 Either for Love or Fear. There's small Respect
 For one in tatter'd Weeds thus poorly deckt.

Thou well and wisely hast thy self exprest,
Eumæus said : Thou shalt not want a Vest,
 Nor ought for one in thy Condition meet :
 Well as we may to morrow thee we'll fit.
 We know no Change of Suits, nor to be brave :
 So many Backs, so many Coats we have.
 The Prince, come, will what-ere he please bestow,
 And you your Passport give where-e're you'll go.

This said, he near the Chimney made a Bed,
 And o're a shaggy Goat's and Sheep-skin spread.
 There lay *Ulysses*, over whom he threw
 His upper Weed, soft and well quilted too,
 With which himself 'gainst any Change he arms
 Of cloudy Skies or Winter's bleaker Storms.
 So slept *Ulysses* 'mongst many a youthfull Swain :
 But Sleep *Eumæus* could not there detain,
 Out arm'd he goes : which made his Master glad,
 That he in's Absence such a Servant had.
 First o're his Shoulder he's good Faulchion hung,
 And over that a well-lin'd Garment flung,
 A Goat's-skin next athwart : then takes his Spear,
 With which he neither Thieves nor Dogs did fear.
 Under a Rock, where he his Porkers kept,
 Then he repos'd, whilst they, well shelter'd, slept.



HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Minerva to Telemachus appears,
Gives him good Counsel, and abates his Fears.
The Princes leave of Menelaus take.
Ulysses and Eumæus long awake
Their Stories tell. Telemachus sets Sail,
And 'scapes the Suitors with a favouring Gale.*

BUT straight to Sparta went th' illustrious Maid,
And to Telemachus there her self convey'd,

T' advise him Home, and how all Plots to shun.
In Bed she found him with old Nestor's Son
In Menelaus Court. Nestorides
Slept foundly; but Telemachus his Eyes
Ne'r clos'd, such Care all the night long he took
About his Father. T' whom thus Pallas spoke;

D d 2 Telemachus,



*Honoratissime Domine
Tabulam hanc*



*R. D. Katherine Kingston
LMDDDI. O. Lib. 35. Feb. 27.*

Telemachus, thou must not longer stay,
 Leaving thy House and Fortunes thus a Prey
 To haughty Rivals, lest they share thy State,
 And all consuming, thou return'st too late.
 Leave to depart of *Menelaus* get.
 At home thou shalt thy Mother find as yet,
 Whose Father and ^(a) Brothers ^(b) urge her now to
Eurymachus, as worthiest of her Bed, (Wed
 Who best can settle her a plenteous Dow'r:
 So thy imbezzled State they will devour.
 Women are fickle; and her second Spouse
 Shall with her former Childrens Goods fill's House.
 She'll ne'r regard her late dead Husband's Dust.
 What e're thou hast of value, that intrust
 Unto some careful Damfel, till the Gods
 Give thee a Wife, and fix th' in thy Abodes.
 But this be sure to cabinet in mind;
 To murder thee the Suitors have design'd,
 Lying to intercept thee in the way
 'Twixt dusty ^(c) *Samos* and steep *Ithaca*.
 But first the Earth shall some of them intomb
 Who seek thy Ruine and thy State consume.
 Off from those Isles by Night steer thou at large,
 And what e're Tutelar Pow'r hath thee in charge,
 Shall a fair Wind to wait on thee command.
 But soon as thou shalt reach thy Native Land,
 Thy Ship and Men run up into the Town,
 And to *Subulcus* Cottage first go down:
 He loves thee well, he 'tis thy Swine doth keep.
 There in his Lodge all night in private sleep;
 But him send to thy Mother, who long hath mourn'd,
 To acquaint her thou in safety art return'd.
 This spake, to Heav'n her self she thence convey'd.
 But he, *Pisistratus* awaking, said;

Rise,

Rise, dear *Nestorides*, arise, I pray;
 Let us put in our Steeds and drive away.
 To whom thus then his dear Companion spake;
 Though we have Haste, such Haste what need we
 To ride by Night e're Dawn? Stay till the King (make,
 Puts up the Gifts, which he intends to bring,
 Safe in our Chariot, and he us dismiss
 With gentle Language: such a Friend he is,
 And us with such Civility doth treat,
 That whilst we live we never must forget.
 Thus as they held dispute, the blushing Dawn
 Purpled the East, in her gilt Chariot drawn;
 And from his Bed straight *Menelaus* rose,
 Leaving fair *Helen* to her own Repose.
 Of which soon as *Ulysses* Offspring knew,
 He slipt on's Coat, and o're his Shoulders threw
 His upper Weed, and out in haste he made,
 And, meeting him in th' Entrance, thus he said;
 O thou who here the sole Commander art,
 Thy Licence grant, that Home I may depart:
 My Genius prompts me here not to abide.
 To whom thus *Menelaus* then reply'd;
 Be sure, *Telemachus*, I shall not long
 Detain thee here desiring to be gone:
 In Hospitality I think't not right,
 Fond of our Guest to be, or him to slight.
 I for the Golden Mean am; 'tis all one
 To thrust one out would rather not be gone,
 Or keep one sits on Thorns: sure better 'tis
 To treat Guests well, and, when they please, dismiss.
 Stay but untill thou in thy Chariot may'st
 Behold those Gifts that I present thee plac'd.
 Our Maids within straight something shall prepare
 To Break-fast; good, though short, your Bill of Fare,

And

(a) *Samus* and *Auletes*, according to *Enstathius*.

(b) This is not a Fiction of *Minerva's*, but a true relation of what passed; as appears by *Penelope's* Speech in the nineteenth Book. The like is delivered by *Ovid* in *Penelope's* Epistle to *Ulysses*:

*Me Pater Ictavius viduo discedere lecto
 Cogit, & immensas increpat usque
 moras.*

*Increpat usque licet; tua sim, tua dicar
 oportet.*
Penelope Coniux semper Ulyssis ero.

Ictavius my Father would compell
 Me leave my Widow's Bed, much blaming still
 My long Delays. And let him still me
 blame;
 Still I'll be thine, *Ulysses* Wife I am.

(c) Either a City on the Island of *Cephalonia*, or else the name of the Isle it self, between which and *Ithaca* the passage was very narrow, fit for the Suitors Designs. *Artemidorus Ephesus*, in a fragment of his Geography extant in *Porphyry*, measures it thus; From the Port of *Cephalonia* Eastward lies *Ithica* distant 12 Stades; this Island is 85 Stades in circuit, &c.

And long your Journey. I, to mend your Dish,
Shall to both Honour, Wealth and Fortune with.
And would you farther *Greece* and *Argos* view,
I'll in my Chariot ride along with you :
I'll shew you many Towns, and not in vain,
Who'll us with Presents kindly entertain ;
Give each a Tripod, Caldron, or at least
A pair of Mules, or golden Bowl enchas'd.

Then said *Telemachus* ; Renowned Sir,
Who to thy People Rudder art and Star,
Fain would I Horte to my own House repair,
Because I left no faithfull Steward there.
Whilst they my Goods imbezzle and abuse,
Seeking my Father, I my Self may lose.

When *Menelaus* this did understand,
He to his Queen and Servants gave Command
Cates to prepare, of which were store within.
Eteoneus started from his Bed comes in,
Whom *Menelaus* forthwith did desire,
He lodging next him, straight to make a Fire,
And Spits lay down. The Business he attends.
Then to his perfum'd Parlour he descends
With *Helen* and his ⁽⁴⁾ Son. And now come there
Where lay their Goods of greatest worth that were,
A Cup and Silver Charger straight from thence
Atrides takes, and gives unto the Prince,
To carry as a Present to his Guest.
Whilst the fair Queen opens another Chest
Full of rich Vests, which she her self had wrought ;
And culling 'mongst the bright'st, one forth she brought
Whose Splendour all the rest out-shined far,
It lay at bottom glitt'ring like a Star.
Thence went they forth straight to *Ulysses* Son.
Then said *Atrides* ; Now you may be gone,

If

If *Jove* to please, great *Juno's* thundring Spouse,
The best of what is precious in my House
Here I present. This Goblet of pure Mold,
The Body Silver, the bright Margents Gold,
By *Vulcan* wrought, which the *Sidonian* King
Did at his Court me as a Present bring
When thither I return'd, this same shall be,
My dear *Telemachus*, bestow'd on thee.

This said, his hand he with the Goblet fill'd,
Whilst *Megapenthes* him the Charger held.
To him the Veil *Helen* presenting spake ;

This Token of my dear Affection take,
Which at thy Marriage give thy beauteous Spouse :
Till then let thy dear Mother in her House
Keep 't safe for thee. Now may a prosperous Gale
Impregnate to thy Native Port thy Sail.
These he with Joy accepts, them in the Box
Pisistratus, the Work admiring, locks.
Then to the Hall *Atrides* them convey'd.
Soon as their Seats they fill'd, a comely Maid,
That they might wash, pour'd streams like Crystal pure
In a bright Basin, from a Silver Ew'r :
Then spread the Table, set on Bread, and plac'd
Dishes well cook'd, and pleasing to the Taste.
Eteoneus their just Proportions carv'd,
And *Megapenthes* at the Cup-board serv'd.
Straight they fall too, and plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Telemachus and *Nestor's* Off-spring got
Their Horses in, and mount their Chariot ;
And through the sounding Portico they drove.
That they might their Libation pay to *Jove*,
And Favour beg from all the Powers Divine,
The King presents them with a Bowl of Wine,

And

(4) *Megapenthes* the Son of *Menelaus*, not by *Helen*, but by a Slave, as appears in the beginning of the fourth Book,

Ἰσίδ' ἑμὲν πρῶτος Ἀνδρόμαχος ἦν καὶ κλέων,
'Ος αἰ παύσιλος γένετο παρὰ τοῖς Μενελάῳ.
216.
*Eteoneus, &c.

And thus, before their Horses standing, spake;
Farewell, my youthfull Princes, merry make;
My Commendations to King Nestor bear,
Who as a Father had of me a Care
In that long business of the Trojan Siege.

Telemachus then; What ere you me oblige,
I shall acquaint him. Ah! could I as well
Return'd to Ithaca my Father tell
Of all your Love, and these rich Presents shew
Which you on me are pleas'd to bestow.
Thus whilst they take their Leaves, at parting just,
A stately Goose up a stern Eagle trust
At the Barn door, and carried through the Skies,
(Women and Men pursuing with loud Cries)
And on the right side of the Chariot flew.

With joy the Omen all there present view.

When to the King Pifistratus thus spake;

Of this strange Sign a Judgment please to make,
If our Concern or yours it signifie.

Whilst Menelaus studied a Reply;
Helen, preventing him, thus said; Hear me,
The Gods are pleas'd I should the Augur be.
As from the Hill this Eagle stooping did
Snatch up a Prey her Airy brood to feed:

Ulysses so shall Home return ere long,
And call t' Account all those that doe him Wrong.

Then thus Telemachus to her reply'd;

Is this from Jove that warms fair Juno's Side?
Then as a Goddess I will honour thee.
This said, he whips his Steeds; the Horses free
Swift through the City with a looser Rain
In a trice hurrie them into Campaign.
The jolted Teem-pole rattles all the way,
Till Night's black Regiments obscur'd the Day.

To Diocles Court at Pheræ on they trot,
(His Sire Orsilochnus, him Alphens got)
Where they all night well treated took Repose.
But when the purple-finger'd Morn arose,
They joyn'd their Steeds, and mounted ply the Whip;
The Ports resounding, they the Wind out-strip.
When near to Pyle, their Journey almost done,
Telemachus thus spake to Nestor's Son;

Dear Friend, thy Promise to me now recall.
Th' Acquaintance that's betwixt us is not small,
By our Sires Friendship and our equal Age.
But what will more endear't, I thee engage,
Leave m' at my Ship, left else your Father stay
Me 'gainst my will, whom Business calls away.

This said, Pifistratus a while did muse
How here to serve him, and himself excuse:
And thus at last concludes; He turns his Steeds,
And to the Ship on Sea-wash'd Margents speeds;
Then by the Stern he thrusts into the Hold
Atreides costly Presents, Vests and Gold;

Then said; Now get aboard, but order some
That wait on you to march before me home,
And tell th' Old man: well I his Humour know,
His bounteous Soul would never let thee go,
Till entertaining he presented thee.
To balk his House thus sure he'll angry be.

This said, he drives on his free-mettl'd Steeds,
And through the City to the Court proceeds.
When to his Friends Telemachus thus spake;

Get straight aboard, and all things ready make,
That we may in our Voiage speed. This said,
His Orders as one man they all obey'd;
The Ship they entred, on their Banks they fate,
All at their work, whilst he did invoke

E c

His

To

(*) It is evident from this place and several others, that in Augury the right side was accounted successful, as, on the contrary, the left ominous and unfortunate. *Iliad*. 12.

Ναὺς δ' αὖτ' ἔρχεται ὅς τις δόκωι τρέφει δέσποιν.
Μὴ τοῦτο δαράσθην μνηστῆρας ἀπὸ τοῦ νηῦς.
ὣς ἄρα φησὶν ἔκτανος ἄλκιμος υἱὸς Ἰσάρου.
Τροῶν δ' αὖτ' ἔπειτα ἰδὼντες ἀποβύσαντες μνηστῆρας
ἔκτανος υἱὸς Ἰσάρου δέσποινος ἀπὸ τοῦ νηῦς.

And now to speak my mind I shall not spare;
This day th' entrenched Enemy forbear.
Bad I suspect that this event will be,
Since me this touring Eagle here did see
Grasping a speckled Serpent, by us glide
Through yielding air on our swifter side.

But when any observation was made from Heaven, the left side was esteemed fortunate. *Virgil Aeneid*. 9.

Adiit, & caeli Genitor de parte serena
Inconnis levum.

Because, faith Servius on the place,
When we look up, what is our left, is the right side of Heaven.

His Goddess *Pallas* on the lofty Stern.
 When he one drawing near him could discern,
 Flying for Refuge, (who a man had slain)
 A Prophet, one of grave ^(c) *Melampus* strain,
 That once in *Pyle* a fair Estate enjoy'd,
 And fled from thence great *Neleus* Wrath t' avoid;
 That in one year by Rapine and a Cheat
 Had purchas'd to himself a vast Estate;
 Whilst in a Dungeon he in Chains lay bound,
 For *Neleus* Daughter, in deep Sorrows drown'd,
 Almost distracted, never could take Rest,
 Such Snakes *Erinnyes* shot into his Breast.
 But he escap'd Death, and did from *Phylax* get
 The bellowing Herd, so paid the unjust Debt
 To *Neleus*; then to his Brother's House
 From thence he brought his long-desired Spouse.
 To *Argos* then he went, where better Fate
 Increas'd his Pow'r, augmented his Estate.
 There ^(f) married he, and built a stately House;
 Had *Antiphat* and *Mantius* by his Spouse.
Antiphat got *Oicles* the great,
 And *Oicles* *Amphiaras* gat.
 Both *Jove* and *Phæbus* his Admirers were:
 But he ne'r liv'd to Age and silver Hair;
 He dy'd at *Thebes* upon a Female Plot.
Alcmaon and *Amphilochus* he got.
Mantius *Polybides* and *Clitus* had.
 But in *Aurora's* golden Chariot rode
Clitus snatch'd up, and took (for's Beauty) place
 In Heav'n 'mongst Gods and the Celestial Race.
 But *Phæbus* *Polybides* rais'd high,
 Above all men inspir'd with Prophecy,
Amphiaras dead: he did retire
 To ^(g) *Hyperefe*, t' avoid his Father's Ire.

(c) *Melampus* was eminent among the *Græci* for Predictions, which continued in his Family, as the Art of Physick in *Asclepius's*, as appears by this Relation, compared with another in *Pausanias*, where he saies that *Eperastus* the Prophet was descended from *Melampus*.

Τὸν δ' ἐποχάζοντο Κούρην γένος εὐχόμενοι
 Μελίη, δ' αὖ ἱερὸν ἔμμε Μελανποδίδην.

After his Death, at *Agisthana* he had a Temple consecrated to his Memory, where on his yearly Festival the people sacrific'd to him. Concerning his Imprisonment and enlargement we have already spoken *Iliad* eleven. *Hesiod* writ the History of his life in his Book call'd from his name *Μελανποδία*.

(f) *Proetus* King of *Argos*, his Daughters being suddenly possess'd with a raging Fury, offer'd one of them with part of his Kingdom for a Portion to him that should cure them; which was effected by *Melampus* by the virtue of *Elleboro*, (from him call'd *Melampodius*, saith *Pliny*) for which he receiv'd the propounded Reward, and succeed-ed *Proetus* in the Kingdom of *Argos*.

(g) *Hyperefe* was a City of *Achaia*, so call'd from *Hyperes* the Son of *Lycaon*. *Eustathius*.

His

His Son (*Theoclymenus* was his Name)
 Now to *Telemachus* for Refuge came,
 And found him as he Sacrificing pray'd
 On the high Stern, and thus imploring said;
 Thee (since I find thee Off'ring on this Shore)
 I by thy Sacrifice and God implore,
 Thy Self and Friends, to let me know your Name,
 Your Country, Parents, and whence now you came.
 Then said *Telemachus*; The Truth I'll say,
 Stranger. My Native Soil is *Ithaca*,
 My Sire *Ulysses*, if he yet survive,
 And fill the Musters up of those alive;
 For whom long absent I have been in Quest,
 And him to seek this Ship and men impress.
 To whom *Theoclymenus* thus reply'd;
 So I from Home about a Homicide
 Fly to thy Refuge: He I slew has such
 Friends and Relations, that my Danger's much.
 Since I must wander by sad Fate's Decree,
 And am as banish'd, take me home with thee,
 Left I be slain; for me they close pursue,
 Their vengefull Weapons in my Bloud t' imbue.
 When thus *Telemachus* kindly to him spake;
 If thou art willing, I'll not drive thee back:
 Come thou aboard, and thee from hence I'll bear,
 And whatfoe're we have be pleas'd to share.
 The Prince from him his Jav'lin takes, this said,
 And it 'mongst Poles and other Tackle laid;
 Himself then up he to the Stern convey'd,
 Placing him by him. Anchor forthwith weigh'd,
Telemachus bids them to their Tackle stand.
 They readier are to doe then he command:
 They raise their Mast, and hoise their Sails a-trip,
 Whilst with fair Winds *Minerva* wings their Ship.

E c 2

On

On each side broken Billows thunder loud,
 Whilst foamy Brine the Ship in Furrows plow'd.
 Now the Sun setting, Darkness all o'respread:
 They *Phera* past, and, where th' *Epeians* swaid,
 To *Elis* came, and ^(b) *Thoe* Isles forlook,
 He fearing Death, or to be Pris'n'r took.

Meanwhile *Ulysses* and the other Swains
 Once more with Cates *Eumæus* entertains.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Ulysses try'd *Eumæus*, if he were
 Still in one Humour, or if colder grown,
 T' advise him from his Cottage to the Town:

And thus he said; *Eumæus*, and the rest,
 Because I would not be a tedious Guest,
 I to the City earnestly intreat
 To go to-morrow, there an Alms to get.
 Advise me well, and let some one instruct
 Me on the way, and to the Town conduct,
 Which I will wander through from Street to Street,
 And Alms from charitable people get.
 And to the Court I'll, if I can thrust in,
 Venture, and something tell the vertuous Queen.
 I'll 'mongst the haughty Suitors, who, perhaps,
 From heap'd-up Dishes me may throw some Scraps.
 'Tmay be their Benefactour I may be.
 But what I tell thee think on't as from me,
 For *Hermes* sake, who crowns our better Parts,
 Gives Grace and Glory to all Liberal Arts.
 Few dare their Strength with me at Grasping try:
 Dry Wood I cleave and cut, make Fires Nose-high,
 Well rost I Meat, and skink rich Wine, and carve;
 In which the meaner sort the Better serve.

Eumæus, startled at the Motion, said;

What fond Conceit thy Judgment hath betraid?

Hast

Hast thou a mind, poor Stranger, there to die?
 The Suitors Insolence invades the Skie;
 Their high Affronts and Injuries such be.
 They have no Gentlemen Waiters like to thee,
 But fresh young men, accouter'd a-la-mode, (Blood:
 Their Hair kem'd out, in their plump Cheeks fresh
 Such them attend, not better taught: then fed,
 Who load the Boards with Dishes, Wine, and Bread.
 But stay; nor I, nor any here desires
 Your Absence, us your Company not tires:
 And when *Telemachus* returns to Court,
 Thee he will cloath, and where thou wilt transport.
 To whom then thus *Ulysses* made reply;

Ah! would great *Jove* lov'd thee as well as I,
 That me wand'ring and poor hast entertain'd.
 What's worser then to be a Vagabond?
 An empty Belly Business ill designs,
 When in the Juncto Grief and Errour joyns.
 But since my Leisure well admits my stay,
 Now something of *Ulysses* Parents say,
 Whom aged grown he left, if yet they breath,
 Or are descended to the House of Death.

Eumæus then, Prince of the rustick Youth,
 Said; I'll inform thee of the certain Truth.
Laertes lives, but still imploring *Jove*
 His Soul from's Body that he would remove,
 Much grieving for his absent Son, and's Wife,
 Who pining for *Ulysses* lost her Life.
 Her he espous'd a Maid; she broke her Heart;
 And he's now almost ready to depart.
 May none that loves me die a Death so sad.
 For me she a great Kindness alwaies had.
 Long as she liv'd it was her daily use
 To send for me, inquiring after News;

For

(b) *Thoe* are Islands which lie Eastward of *Ithaca*, as *Cephalonia*, where the Suitors lay privily to intercept *Telemachus*; Westward. They are part of the *Echinades*, according to *Strabo*, and the inhabitants serv'd under the same Prince in the Trojan Expedition. But *Stephanns*, in his Book de *Urbitus*, saies, that the Isle *Dulichium* was call'd *Ogée*, which *Homer* plurally call'd *Oeai*, the Signification of those two words being the same, viz. sharp-pointed.

For with her youngest Child *Crimena* she
 Had foster'd, nor much less esteemed, me.
 But after both were grown to Marriage state,
 At *Samos* she provided her a Mate,
 And on her settled a great Joynture there.
 Me she with Shifts, and Vests, and Sandals fair,
 And all things fitting, sent into the Field;
 And still for me the same Affection held.
 I now want those things: yet the Pow'rs Divine
 Daily increase this little Stock of mine:
 So here I eat and drink, and Strangers treat.
 Nothing of our dear Queen I can relate
 That's fit to hear; but what I may complain,
 A pack of Roysters in her Palace reign.
 Yet of my Servants oft the Questions asks,
 Of one by one inquires their several Tasks;
 Then makes them eat and drink, and somewhat bear
 Still home with them, that may their Spirits cheer.
 When thus *Ulysses* to *Eumens* spake;

Didst thou thy Native Countrey e're forsake
 And Parents? I am earnest now to know;
 Or was your City sack'd by any Foe,
 Where your Relations dwelt? or keeping Sheep
 By Enemies wert Spirited through the Deep,
 And here dispos'd of at no little price?

Eumens then, the Rusticks Prince, replies;
 Since you'll my Story know, I would injoy
 Your Silence, sitting o're a Bowl of Wine.
 The Nights are long; there is a time to rest,
 A time to hear a Tale or pleasant Jest.
 Repose before the hour is not so good:
 Much Sleep the Brain distempers and the Blood.
 But whosoe're would rather go to Bed,
 Let him his Charge forth in the Morning lead,

His

His Fast first broke; whilst here we drink and eat,
 And Stories sad alternately repeat.
 Those who have suffer'd much and travell'd far,
 Recounting former Grievs delighted are.
 So now my Tale I'll tell; There is an Isle
 Beyond ⁽¹⁾ *Orygia*, which they ⁽²⁾ *Syria* style,
 Not great, but fruitfull; Vineyards store they plant,
 Much Corn and Pasture have, and know no Want,
 Nor sad Diseases which poor Mortals have;
 But when grown old, full ripen'd for the Grave,
 By *Phæbus* and *Diana* they are slain,
 Insensible of Sickneses or Pain.
 Two Towns there are, (by Two's they all divide)
 O're which my Father *Ctesus* did preside.
 Voiages hither the *Phœnicians* made,
 And with Toys freighted drove a subtle Trade.
 My Father there kept a *Sidonian* Dame,
 Well bred and fair. At her these Merchants aim:
 One her from Washing did aboard intice,
 And wone to wanton Dalliance in a trice.
 When condescending, she had quench'd Love's Flame
 He ask'd her who she was, and whence she came.

She said that *Arybas* her Father dwelt
 In *Sidon*, where no Poverty they felt:
 But that the *Taphians* her from thence convey'd,
 And to this King her selling, well were paid.
 Then her Gallant to his new Mistress spake;
 Sail with us to thy Native Country back,
 That thou thy Parents stately House may'st see,
 Who yet are both alive, and wealthy be.

Then she reply'd; If solemnly you'll swear,
 That me in safety you'll to *Sidon* bear.
 At this all there, not one of them were loath,
 Soon took the Solemn Covenanting Oath.

Then

(1) One of the ancient names of the Island *Delos*, because, according to the Fabulists, *Asteria*, to avoid the Embraces of *Jupiter*, transformed her self into a Quail, in Greek called *ἀστυρία*, and leaping into the Sea was changed into an Island; whence *Delos* is obscurely described under the title of *ἀστυρία*, the winged Quail, by *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*.

Τῆλα δὲ δὲ πόλις ἄστυς ἀστυρίας
 Τῆλα δὲ δὲ πόλις ἄστυς ἀστυρίας

Tremo, the Admonition near the winged Quail,
 Waves of the Ægean Sea shall ne'er assail.

Or rather, according To *Phanodemus* in *Athenens*, from the great number of Quails found in that Island.

(2) An Island near to *Orygia*, memorable for nothing but that it brought forth *Phœreides* the Philosopher, Master to *Pythagoras*; though commended by our Poet both for Health and Plenty; but in this he seems to describe the *Saturnine* Age, of which there is no other mention in him. Certes *Hesiod* expresses it in sense not much differing from this of *Homer*:

ὅτι τοὶ δὲ θεοὶ, ἀκαλὰ δὴν ἐργασίαν
 Νισσοῦν ἀπὸ τοῦ κόσμου ἐκείνου, ὅτι τὸν δὲ
 δὲν
 They live like Gods, without or Toil or Care,

They live like Gods, without or Toil or Care,
 Nor felt they drooping age when old they were;
 But, strong and active, they delighted still
 To dance, and dy'd as if asleep they fell.

Then thus she said ; If any of you meet
At yonder Fountain me, or in the Street,
Not the least Notice take of me at all ;
Left some should carry News to th' Old man's Hall,
And angry he should me in Chains secure,
And you by Folly your own Deaths procure.
But when you victuall'd and well freighted are,
Straight me inform : I Gold, and whatsoe're
Lies in my Trust, shall straight from thence convey,
And my young Master, at the Gates at play,
Foster'd by me, who, when you come abroad,
May of more Value prove then all your Load.

This said, she left them : there a Year they stay'd,
Acquiring Riches by a mighty Trade.
But when their Vessel they had freighted well,
They to the Palace sent one her to tell,
A cunning Snap, that no man could suspect,
Who brought a golden Crown with Amber deckt.
On this my Mother and her Women look,
Much with the Beauty and Invention took,
Beating the Price. He winks, no time let slip :
She takes the Sign, and steals down to the Ship ;
But in the Portal first Me snatches up,
A curious Table, and a Golden Cup,
With which my Father oft his Friends did treat,
Before they march'd unto the Judgment-Seat ;
And three Cups more she in her Bosom hid :
And I a ^(c) Child went with her, as she bid.
Just when the setting Sun obscur'd the Way,
We came where the ^(m) Phœnician Vessel lay.
Now all aboard, they steer their Course design'd,
Plowing vast Billows with a favouring Wind.
Six Days and Nights the foamy Brine we plow ;
But when the sev'nth Morn shew'd her shining Brow,

Diana

Diana kill'd the Strumpet : down she fell,
And like a Sea-mew dropp'd into the Well.
O're board they threw her to be Fishes Food.
Whilst I sat weeping, to this Port they stood,
Where dearly me they to *Laertes* fold ;
And so this Country first did I behold.

Then said *Ulysses* ; Me, *Eumæus*, much
Thy Fortunes sadly thus related touch :
But *Jove* hath mix'd thy Lot, that thou so good
A Master hast, who Raiment grants and Food :
Though mean, thou hast enough ; when I am hurl'd,
In Want and Woe, despis'd, about the World.
Thus various Discourses they recite,
Spending with little Sleep the tedious Night.

Now when the Dawn appear'd, all Danger past,
Telemachus furl'd his Sails, and struck his Mast ;
And rowing in, their Vessel straight they moor,
And, safely harbour'd, they all went a-shore,
There eat and drink, and plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Telemachus thus to his Mates begun ;

Now to the City up your Vessel run :
I'll to the Fields and to my Rusticks walk,
And there with them of Country Business talk.
But in the Morning down to you I'll come,
And give y'a Breakfast for your Welcom Home.
When *Theoclymenus* to the Prince thus spake ;

But where shall I, Sir, my Addressee make ?
Shall I some Noble Person here attend,
Or to the Queen and thy own Palace bend ?
Then gravely thus *Telemachus* replies ;

Unto our Palace I could thee advise,
Where nothing thou couldst want ; onely I fear,
'Twould be worse for thee, in my Absence, there,

F f

Since

(c) Not her Son, as *Spondanius* on the place conceived, but the Prince whom she nurs'd, or govern'd. The name indeed of his Mother is not delivered by our Poet, but *Euphorion* calls her *Pampha*, others *Penia*, or *Danae*.

(m) *Herodotus* notes that the *Phœnicians* were the first that carried away Captives in this manner, and enslaved Men and Women ; which was the occasion of the Wars afterwards between *Asia* and *Europe* ; and therefore are apply here made the Subject of this Figure.

Since that my Mother is but seldom seen
By th' very Suitors, plying her Web within.
But I'll direct thee unto *Polybus* Son,
Eurymachus, by all now look'd upon
As the most fit *Penelope* to wed,
And have the Honour of *Ulysses* Bed:
But *Jove* knows best whether those Nuptials may
Not be prevented by a Fatal Day.

This said, a ⁽ⁿ⁾ Falcon (*Phæbus* Messenger)
Flying, a Dove did in her Pounces bear,
Pluming her Quarry; Feathers dropt and ^(o) Blood
Amidst the Ship, and where *Telemachus* stood.
Then him aside *Theoclymenus* takes,
And gently wringing by the Hand, thus speaks;
From some kind Pow'r this happy Omen came;

For I, dear Prince, in Augury skilfull am.
No other Stock here Regal Pow'r shall gain,
But you and yours for ever here shall reign.

Then thus *Telemachus* reply'd; Ah! wou'd,
Dear Sir, thou couldst what thou hast said make good;
I would so bountifully play my part,
That every man should say, Thou happy art.
To's Confident *Pyreus* then he said;

My Orders thou hast hitherto obey'd:
Conduct this worthy Stranger to thy Home,
And love and honour him untill I come. (main,
Then he reply'd; Though long thou should'st re-
He shall have no occasion to complain.

This said, they went aboard, and Cables loose,
And on their several Banks themselves dispose;
Whilst on *Telemachus* his Sandals knits,
And out o'th' Vessel his strong Javelin gets.
Their Anchors weigh'd, their Vessel loose, they sail
Up to the City with a leading Gale,

As

As them the Prince injoy'n'd. But he on foot
Went merrily on untill he reach'd the Coat,
Where lay the Porkers which *Subulcus* kept,
And he, a Friend to th' Princes, soundly slept.

(n) The Falcon was peculiarly, as other Birds to the rest of the Gods, sacred to *Apollo*: whence *Aristophanes* in his *Clouds*,

—ὁ Ζεὺς γὰρ, ὁ καὶ βασιλεύων,
ἀντὶν ἔσται φῶς ἐξ οὗ τοῦ παραλλῆ, βα-
σιλεύων αἶψ'
'Ἢ δ' αὖ Σωκράτης γλαῦκος, ὁ δ' Ἀπόλλων
ὁσπερ διέξενον ἱερεῖς.

Jove, who now reigns as King, bears on
his Crest
An Eagle, Pallas hath an Owl impressed,
Phæbus a Falcon.

Which the *Græcians* seem to have borrowed from the *Egyptians*; of whom thus writes *Ælian*: There were certain Priests of *Apollo* which were called *ἱεροβοσχοὶ* Feeders of Hawks; for they are peculiarly consecrated to *Apollo*, either by the swiftness of their Flight signifying the motion of the Sun, (that as *Apollo*) or else, ἐν ἱεῶνι ἡ ἱεραία *ἱεροβοσχοὶ* μαντοῦ αὐτῶν καὶ αὐτῶν οὐκ ἔστιν, ὥστε καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀετῶν καὶ ἀετῶν ἰσχυροὶ ὡς ἀετῶν, because Hawks alone of all Birds can without pain look directly against the beams of the Sun. *Herodotus* says that they were had in so great honour in *Agypt*, that whoever kill'd one of them, though unwittingly, was certainly put to death, lib. 2. c. 65.

(o) The ancient *Augurs* prognosticated from Birds several waies: either from their manner of Flight or Wings, which Birds were called *Præpeteres*; or else by their Note or Cry, which were called *Oficines*; or else from their Fighting with or devouring one another, which were called by the *Latins* *Volfæ*: which last sort of Augury is here mentioned, where the Eagle, the Emblem of a King, betokened *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca*; the Pigeon, the Suitors, whose whom *Ulysses* was to engage with.

Ff 2

HOMER'S

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HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus now is to Eumæus gone,
Who treats Ulysses kindly, though unknown.
Suitors return, their Enterprize in vain.
Pallas Ulysses turns t' himself again.
He to his Off-spring doth himself reveal,
Penelope rings Antinous a Peal.

(a) The ancient Grammarians observe that there were three usual times of eating in the times of the Hero's. The former Meal is call'd by Homer *ἀ-εσση* in this place, and but once more, that is *Iliad* 24.

EUMÆUS and Ulysses by Day
break
Kindle a Fire, and (c) Break-fast ready
make,

And fend the rest forth with their grunting Crue.
When near Telemachus to the Cottage drew,
The Dogs about him fawn. The King this saw,
And heard one nearer yet. and nearer draw:

Thus then Ulysses to his Swain begun;

Some Friend is near, some Person, sure, well known;

The

Yet we must not think that this Meal was unusual, because that word is but twice found in *Homer*; for he calls it by another name common to other Meals, Dinner and Supper, as may appear from these places,

Οἱ δ' ἄγε δειπνῶν εὖρω, ἀνδ' δ' αὖτις
δειπνῶμεν,

for, saith *Athenaus*, they fought at Break of day. So on *Odysf.* 1.

ἔσθια ἔσθια
ἔσθια μὲν αὖτις ὁ μὲν αὖτις

Estabius, ἀρὰ αὖτις ὁ μὲν αὖτις ὁ μὲν αὖτις, it is manifest that in this place *δειπνῶν* signifies the Morning Repast.

The Dogs ne'r bark at him, though very near :
Now you the trampling of his Feet may hear.

Scarce spoke, when o're the Threshold steps his Son;
To whom surpriz'd *Eumæus* forth did run,
And lets his Mazer brimm'd with rich Wine fall,
T' embrace his Master entring now the Hall,
Kissing his Hands, his Cheeks, and sparkling Eys,
Whilst down fell Tears in briny Deluges.
A Father so receives his dearest Son
Come from far Lands, that had been ten years gone,
His onely Darling, gotten in his Age,
For whom his Sorrows he could ne'r assuage :
Eumæus so his Prince did entertain,
And him saluted o're and o're again,
And oft, as if escap'd from Death, imbrac'd ;
Then thus with glad Condolement speaks at last ;

Com'st thou alive ? I thought, my dearest Prince,
Ne'r to have seen thee more once sail'd from hence.
Be pleas'd to enter, that I may delight
In thy glad Prefence and thy joyfull Sight,
Whom amongst us too seldom (ah !) we view,
Took up with Suitors and that ranting Crue .

Then said *Telemachus*; Here now I am;
To see thee, and t' enquire I hither came.
Remains my Mother still within her House,
Or is she now become another's Spouse ?
If so, by this my Father's empty Bed
Well ^(b) Spiders may with Nets and Cobwebs spread.

To whom the Rusticks Monarch thus reply'd ;

She patient in thy House doth still abide,
And day and night her Sorrows never cease,
Uttering her Grief in briny Deluges.
Thus whilst he spake, he took from him his Lance,
And He into the Parlour did advance :

Then

Then for his Son *Ulysses* straight gave place.

But this *Telemachus* refusing, saies ;

Pray, Sir, sit still, be pleas'd to keep your Seat ;
Eumæus shall for me another get.

Ulysses reassumes his Chair, this said :

Another with Boughs and Skins *Eumæus* made.
The Prince thus seated, he supply'd the Board
With cold Meats, and with Bread and Wine well stor'd,
Then seats himself : they plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Telemachus thus to *Eumæus* said ;

Whence came this Stranger hither ? how convey'd ?
Of what great Family does himself he boast ?
Sure he on Foot could never reach our Coast.
Then to the Prince the Rusticks Monarch spake ;
Well as I can a true Account I'll make.

From *Creet* he saith him cruel Fates have hurl'd
Through divers Fortunes round about the World :
And now some God his Course did hither shape;
Here from a *Tbesprot* Ship he made Escape,
And found me out. Doe with him what you please,
For he's your humble Suppliant, he saies.
Then thus *Telemachus* himself declar'd ;

You put me on a Business something hard.
How can I give at Home this Guest respect,
Since I am young, Pow'r wanting to protect
His Person from their Insolence and Scorn?
My Mother's Mind with various Thoughts is born ;
Whether she still should keep my Father's Court,
Preserve his Bed, and her own fair Report,
Or let her noblest Suitor her espouse ,
And carry with rich Presents to his House.
But since he is thy Guest, I'll him afford
A Coat, a Vest, new Sandals, and a Sword,

And

(b) This is an hyperbolical speech
used by the *Græcians* when they signified
any thing neglected and deserted, not
farther used : From whom the *Latines*
borrowed it. So *Plautus* in *Asinaria*,

— an nē quis ades auferat ?
*Nam hic apud nos nihil est aliud questi
paritius,
Ita inani sunt oppleta atque aranea.*

Will not this House be stoln ? For no-
thing's left
Worth stealing ; 'tis of all things else
bereft
But Spiders Webs.
And *Catullus* of his empty Purse,

— nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est araneorum.

And sign his Passport whereoe'r he goes.
 Meanwhile amongst you let him here repose :
 I'll send him Cloaths and Diet too, lest he
 To thee and thine too burthenfom should be.
 I'mongst the Suitors cannot him well trust,
 Such are their high Affronts and so unjust,
 Which I must suffer. Were I ne'r so strong,
 Yet many may a single Person wrong.

Then said *Ulysses*; Sir, if speak I may,
 Be pleas'd to hear on this what I can say.
 I much am troubled, Sirs, at this Report
 Of Rioting Suitors in *Ulysses* Court,
 Who in perpetuall Rants devour and swill.
 Sir, act they thus with your Consent and Will ?
 Or have you else incurr'd your People's Hate,
 Who still hate those they see pursu'd by Fate ?
 Or blam'st thou else thy Brothers and Allies,
 In whom we trust when Differences arise ?
 Ah! would that I as young and lusty were
 As now you seem that are *Ulysses* Heir ;
 Or that himself in here should wandring chop,
 Which I despair not of, but rather hope.
 This Head I'll wager, should I on them fall,
 That in a trice I would confound them all.
 But should they me o're-pow'r, I rather would
 Die in my House, then such rude acts behold,
 Strangers ill treated, Virgins wrong'd, my Wine
 And Meat devour'd, and (gratis) all that's mine.

Then spake the Prince ; Sir, I'll the Truth relate :
 I never yet incurr'd the People's Hate ;
 My Brother blame I not, nor dear Allies,
 In whom we trust when Differences arise.
Jove pleas'd our Stock should still produce but ^(c) One :
Laertes was *Arcifus* onely Son ;

None

None had *Laertes* but *Ulysses* ; he
 Left in his Court onely an Infant, ^(d) me,
 Who now am haunted with this hateful Train.
 The primer sort who in these Islands reign,
 Who ^(d) *Samos* and shady *Zacynthus* sway,
Dulichium, and our rocky *Ithaca*,
 My Mother court, consuming our Estate.
 She nor refuses, nor will chuse a Mare.
 But what we have these Roysters now enjoy,
 Abuse our Palace, and would me destroy.
 Heav'n's Will be done. But, Swineherd, straight go tell
 The Queen, I'm come from *Pyle*, am safe and well ;
 And I till thy Return shall tarry here.
 Be sure, when thou inform'st her, none be near
 To catch the News; the Suitors many be,
 And alwaies brewing Mischief against me.

Eumæus to *Telemachus* then said ;
 Sir, your Commands with care shall be obey'd.
 But as I go along, be pleas'd to say,
 Shall I acquaint *Laertes* in my way ?
 Who would, though much he for *Ulysses* mourn'd,
 Look on the Labourers, and oft not scorn'd
 To tast their homely Cates : but all this while
 That thou wert absent, and wast sail'd to *Pyle*,
 He will nor eat nor drink, but sighs and groans,
 And pining fits, consum'd to Skin and Bones.

Then said the Prince ; We his tormenting Grief
 Not yet can ease with cordial Relief,
 Till better we inform'd may make't appear
 That my dear Father will be shortly here.
 But to the Court do thou directly bend,
 And tell the Queen she may a Servant send,
 May him the News in private bear. This said,
 On goe his Sandals, and, soon ready made,

G g

He

(†) Although *Homer* mentions but one Son of *Ulysses*, yet the Authour of the *Telegonia*, an ancient Writer, mentions another, *Arcifius*; and *Sophocles*, one call'd *Euryalus*, slain by *Telemachus*.

(d) Three Islands lying round *Ithaca* : for by *Samos* is here meant *Cephalonia*, as we have already observ'd out of *Strabo*.

(c) The Genealogy of *Telemachus* is here imperfect, but preserv'd intire by *Eustathius*, I know not out of what Authour, thus ; *Telemachus* the Son of *Ulysses* and *Penelope*, *Ulysses* the Son of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*, *Laertes* of *Arcifus* and *Chalcomedusa*, *Arcifus* of *Jupiter* and *Eurydica*.

He posts to th' Court, and *Pallas* did not spy,
 Who in a Woman's Shape stood very nigh,
 Beauteous, tall, skilfull in all Female Arts.
 But straight she forth before *Ulysses* starts.
 Neither did her *Telemachus* espie :
 Gods to appear to everyone are thie.
 But her *Ulysses* and the Dogs beheld.
 Mute the Dogs fled, for fear themselves conceal'd.
 She beckens to *Ulysses* : he obey'd,
 And drawing near to her, thus *Pallas* said ;

Disclose thy self, *Ulysses*, to thy Son,
 And carry Fate and dire Destruction
 To the proud Rivals ; I my self shall be
 Ready both to assist and counsel thee.
 Then with her golden Wand she touch'd his Vest,
 Which newly wash'd became his manly Breast,
 Which larger grew ; his Cheeks wax plump and fair,
 His Beard turns brown, and black his hoary Hair.
 Thus to himself transformed in he goes,
 And to his Son amaz'd himself then shews ;
 Who looking round, much wondring, and afraid
 Left he some God should be, thus trembling said ;

You are much alter'd, Sir, from what you were,
 Neither the same your Cloaths nor Person are :
 You are some God, descended from the Skies :
 If so, be pleas'd that we may sacrifice,
 And to thy Deity golden Gifts prepare,
 That thou our woful Family wouldst spare.
 Then thus the King did to his Son reply ;

Why call'st thou me a God ? no God am I,
 But I thy Father am, whose Bowels yern
 About these Suitors, and thy sad Concern.
 Kissing his Son, this said, Tears, which before
 Broke not their Sluces, now bedew'd the Floor.

But

But yet the Prince could not himself persuade
 He saw his Father, but thus, doubting, said ;
 Th' art not *Ulysses*, but some drolling God,
 That me would yet with more Afflictions load ;
 Thou art some Deity : no Mortal could
 Cast aged Limbs thus in a youthfull mould.
 Late you were Gray, your Garments rent and bare ;
 Now one of the Celestial List appear.

When thus the King to his dear Off-spring said ;
 Be not surpriz'd with Wonder nor dismay'd ;
 Thou ne'r shalt see another Father here.
 My Absence now hath made up twenty year,
 Toft and turmoil'd the while on Seas, and hurl'd
 (Returning to my Home) through all the World.
 But this *Minerva* did ; she Shapes can feign,
 And me thus change unto my self again ;
 Late like a Beggar, now I'm comely deckt :
 The Gods can us ennoble, or deject.

This said no longer the young Prince forbears,
 But, hugging close his Father, shed salt Tears ;
 And he his Son in strict Embraces kept :
 Whilst both alike o're one another wept.
 As Eagles cry, with bitter Sorrow stung,
 When Rusticks bear away their callow Young :
 So from their Eys did briny Rivers run,
 And would have so untill the setting Sun,
 Had not the Prince thus to *Ulysses* said ;

How were you hither, Royal Sir, convey'd ?
 From whence ? what Master did your Ship command ?
 For hither sure you could not come by Land.
 Then to his Off-spring thus the King begun ;
 I'll tell thee, tell thee all, my dearest Son.
 Me the *Phaeacians* through the Ocean bore,
 And sleeping left me on my Native Shore,

G g 2

With

(c) That is, so suddenly. For the Ancients did conceive it to be in the power of man by virtue of Herbs and Minerals to retrieve decayed Nature, and to restore it to its former strength and vigour : as appears by the Story of *Medea*, who, by a Medicine boiled in a Caldron, composed of sundry Herbs and Roots and precious Stones of like nature, with the Dew of the Night, and spume of the Moon, and the Flesh and Wings of Screech-owls, and other Ingredients, restored old *Aeson* to his Youth again ; thus at large described by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*,

—*striato Medea recubans*
Ense senis jugulum, veteremque exire
crurem
Passa replet succis ; quos postquam com-
bitit Aëon,
Aur ore exceptus aut vulnere, barba co-
maque,
Canicie posita, nigram rapere colorem ;
Pulsa fugit macies, &c.

Medea cuts the old man's Throat, out scus'd
 His scarce-warm Blood, and her Re-
 ceipt infus'd,
 His mouth or wound suck'd in. His
 Beard and Head
 Black Hair forthwith adorns, the hoary
 shed ;
 Pale Colour, Morpheus, meager Looks
 remove,
 And under-rising Flesh his Wrinkles
 smooth ;
 His Limbs wax strong and lusty. *Aeson*
 much
 Admires his Change ; himself remem-
 bers such
 Twice twenty Summers past. Withall
 ent'd
 A youthfull Mind ; so both at once re-
 new'd.

With Gold and Silver store, with Robes and Vests,
Put up in Fardels, or kept safe in Chests;
Which in a Cave the Goddess did conceal,
And bid me now I should myself reveal,
That we may plot against the Enemy.
But stay, how many may these Roysters be?
What kind of men? that I may then advise,
If them our selves w^e are able to chastise,
Or whether we should draw to us more Aid.
Then thus *Telemachus* to his Father said;

Sir, I have heard, what Fame you alwaies gave,
That valiant you'r in Field, in Counsel grave.
Well you advise: but 'tis beyond my Hope,
That two with many valiant men should cope;
Not two, nor ten to one, but many more;
Which I, well as I can, will reckon o're.
Twice twenty six from the *Dulichian* State,
With six Attendants, on her Answer wait.
From *Same* valiant Striplings twenty four.

And from ^(C) *Zacynthus* we count twenty more.
Ithacans twelve are early there and late.

On them a Herald and a ^(D) Poet wait.

Two more there are that Dishes marshall up,
Are at their Elbows when they dine and sup.
If we should charge all these, our selves then might
Fall unreveng'd in the unequal Fight.
But, if y^e are able, some Forces list,
Such as most willing are us to assist.

Then said *Ulysses*; Thee a Truth I'll tell,
Of which, when th' art inform'd, consider well:
If *Jove* and *Pallas* please us to assist,
What need we muster others in the List?

Then said the Prince; If they be on our side,
With a sufficient Party w^e are supply'd.

They

They sitting on *Olympus* have the Ods;
They rule both Mortals and th' Immortal Gods.

Then said *Ulysses*; They'l be with us there,
Soon as we shall against our Foes appear;
Soon as our Fight begins with that proud Crue,
Whose Bloud our Walls and Weapons shall imbue.
But with the Dawn return thou to the Court,
And there with the proud Suitors talk and sport;
Whilst me *Eumæus* to the City leads,
Clad like a poor old man in tatter'd Weeds.
But if thou see that there they me abuse,
Keep down thy swelling Breast, and Patience use:
Though through the Hall they by the Feet me drag,
And o're me, punching with their Javelins, brag,
Contain thy self, and them with Language fair
Advise they would such foolish Tricks forbear.
But they will still go on, nor thee obey,
Because near draws to them the Fatal Day.
But one thing more now closet up; when *Jove*
And *Pallas* first begin my Spirit to move,
I'll give a Nod: what-ever Arms then ly
About the House neglected, lay thou by
In thy own Chamber. If the Suitors ask
The reason, with good words our Purpose mask:
Tell them they are remov'd, half spoil'd with Smoak,
And smutt'd, nothing like those Weapons look
Ulysses left when he to *Ilium* sail'd,
With footy Smoak their glittering Luster foil'd.
Or say, a Revelation from the Gods
You had; lest they by chance should fall at Ods,
With Wine distemper'd, and turn Nuptial Rites
To bloody Banquets: itch of Steel invites.
For us two Swords, two Shields, two Javelins leave,
To charge whom *Pallas* will and *Jove* deceive.

Next,

(C) An Island in the Ionian Sea, not many Leagues distant from *Ithaca*, now called *Zante*.

(D) *Phemius* the Son of *Terpias*, *Odys.* 22.

Τερπιάδης δὲ τ' ἀοιδὸς ἀνδραγαθὸς ἦεν· μέ-
λαστον
Φημίος, ὃς ἦ ἦτορ μὲν μνηστήρων ἀνδρῶν.

Next, if from us thou dost thy Stock derive,
Ulysses is it! House tell none alive.
 This from *Laertes* and *Eumæus* see
 Thou keep, from all, nay from *Penelope*.
 Next, thou and I must first the Women find,
 And then how our Men-servants stand inclin'd;
 Which of them us still honour and still fear,
 Which nor for us nor our Concerns do care.
 When thus to him the gallant Youth replies;

Sir, knew you me, you would not Cowardice
 Suspect in me: but this Task hard will prove,
 W' have many great Impediments to remove;
 And long and hard, you know, would be the Task,
 To take them one by one, and Questions ask,
 Since they all settled, and contented are
 To eat thee up, and nought that's thine to spare.
 But first to move the Women I advise,
 Who thee, stirr'd by Femality, despise.
 The Men pass over, them to try forbear,
 Till *Jove* discovers what a Pack they are. (while

Thus they amongst themselves discours'd. Mean-
 The Ship that brought *Telemachus* from *Pyle*,
 And all his kind Associates with him, bore
 Into the Harbour; laying close a-shore
 Their Arms and Tackle, they th' rich Presents bare
 To *Clytus* House and left in safety there;
 And straight sent to *Ulysses* Palace one,
 T' inform the Queen *Telemachus* was gone
 Up to the Field, but order'd them to th' Town,
 That she her self in Tears no longer drown.
 The Herald and *Eumæus* met full butt,
 Each ready with their Message piping hot.
 Ent'ring the Court, the Herald could not hold,
 But the glad tidings to each Giggler told;

Whilst

Whilst up *Eumæus* to the Queen did run,
 And told her all commanded by her Son.
 His Errand done, *Eumæus*, then at large,
 Forakes the Court, and goes unto his Charge.
 But this bad News the Suitors much amates,
 And out they went, and fate before the Gates,
 And in close Juncto there their Business weigh'd.
 When thus *Polybus* Son *Eurymachus* said;

Telemachus hath a great Business done,
 'Gainst which we twenty would have laid to one.
 Let our Consult be brief, no time let slip,
 But with all speed fend forth a well-rigg'd Ship,
 Them to advise, and hasten to come back.
Amphinomus saw their Vessel, as he spake,
 Within the Haven, on embracing Shores,
 Furling their Sails, and lifting up their Oars;

Then, smiling, said; Yonder our Friends appear,
 We need not send Advice, for they are here.
 Some God inform'd them; or, his Ship in view,
 Infatuated, they could not pursue.

This said, the Princes rising went a-shore,
 And lusty Sailers their stout Vessel moor.
 Then to a frequent Council they all throng,
 Not suffering one to speak, nor old, nor young.

When thus *Antinous* said; Heav'n mocks our Hopes:
 All Day some fate on windy Mountain-tops,
 And at Sun-setting, him to intercept,
 We tack'd about at Sea, and never slept,
 That we at once might take him and dispatch;
 Whom sure a Guardian Deity doth watch,
 And thus convey'd him to his Native Shore.
 But let's our Business ply, lose time no more,
 If we would finish what we have design'd.
 The Young man's Parts are great, and high his Mind:

To

To us the People's Favour now grows small.
 Let's doe his work e're he a Council call;
 There us he'll charge, and the whole Court incense,
 How we conspir'd the Murder of a Prince:
 Which they'll so take, that us they will exile,
 To live unhappy in a forein Soil.
 Let's intercept him e're he reach the Town,
 And share his Wealth and Fortunes as our own;
 To's Mother all the Movables afford,
 And whomsoever she chuseth for her Lord.
 But if this Counsel you not well receive,
 Let him enjoy his Father's State and live;
 Then we no more must banquet in his House,
 But each at home seek out some wealthy Spouse.

This said, all silent were, when *Nisus* Son,
Amphinomus, *Dulichium's* Prince, begun,
 (Whose Courtship best *Penelope* did please,
 Who still Dissensions labour'd to appease;)

Kill not *Telemachus* the Royal Heir,
 But to the Gods for ^(c) Counsel first repair.
 If *Jove* his Death's Commission please to sign,
 Boldly go on; if not, the Fact decline.
 Pleas'd with th' Advice, up they their Council broke,
 And in *Ulysses* Hall their places took.
 Meanwhile the Queen, to ease her troubled Breast,
 To the Conspirators her self address;
Medon had told her all: chaf'd, she descends,
 Many a fair Damfel on each hand attends:
 Veiling her Cheeks, she at the Threshold staid,
 And thus aloud, taxing *Antinous*, said;
 Accurst *Antinous*, thou who art so much
 Fam'd for good Parts, and yet hast nothing such!
 To kill my Son why hast thou Plots prepar'd,
 Nor hast to *Jove* and Piety regard?

Why

Why evil thus for good repay'st? Thou know'st
 When first thy ^(b) Father shelter'd on our Coast,
 Fearing the People, who against him rag'd.
 When with the ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Taphian* Pirates he engag'd
 Against our *Tesprot* Friends, him th' had destroy'd,
 Plunder'd his House, and his Estate enjoy'd;
 Had not *Ulysses*, hind'ring, sav'd his Life:
 And now you eat him out, would wed his Wife,
 Murder his Son, and me with Sorrow kill.
 You and the rest forbear his Bloud to spill.
Eurymachus then, *Polybus* Son, reply'd;

Best Queen, on my Integrity confide,
 Lay by your Fears; none here, whilst I draw breath,
 Shall hint the smallest motion for his Death.
 Who it attempts, by all the Gods I swear,
 Shall purple with his reeking Bloud my Spear.
 Oft on his Lap *Ulysses* me hath set,
 Giv'n me sweet Wine and many a favoury Bit:
 Therefore thy Son I love and much admire.
 What e're the Princes shall 'gainst him conspire,
 Bid him not care at all, not mind their odds,
 Nor e're fear Death, unless sent by the Gods.

Thus he persuades, and yet his Death conspires.
 Thence to her Chamber the chaste Queen retires,
 Where for her Lord her Cheeks salt Rivers steep,
 Till *Pallas* cast her in a golden Sleep.

Eumæus e're the Day his Course had run
 Came back unto *Ulysses* and his Son;
 And in the Cottage Supper they prepare,
 Slaught'ring a Yearling Porker, fat and fair.
 But *Pallas* did behind *Ulysses* stand,
 And made him Old again touch'd with her Wand,
 Clad him in Rags, lest he his King should know,
 And back toth' Queen with the glad Tidings go.

H h

Telemachus

(b) *Eupitheus*, with *Enstathius*.

(i) The *Taphians* inhabited some small Islands near to *Ithaca*, one of which was *Taphos*; afterwards call'd *Taphiussa*. They were formerly call'd *Teleboæ*, noted for Piracy.

(c) That is, Let us consult some Oracles; for the Grammarians, in stead of the word *Θεοις* read *μυσηναι*, *Prophetes*, *Oracles*. *Tyche* was the name of the Mountain in *Epirus*, on which the Temple of *Jupiter* was built in *Dadonia*, so much celebrated for Responses; whence the word afterward signified a Prophet, as in *Lycebron*.

Ευμειος *Ευμειωνος*.

Now *Enstathius* elsewhere observes, that the *Græcians* had often deposed their Princes upon the meer command of an Oracle.

Telemachus then to *Eumæus* said,

What News in Town? Are from their Ambuscade
The Suitors come? or 'till Field do they lie
To seize me passing? Then *Eumæus*; I
My self ne'r troubled Questions there to ask,
But straight return'd having perform'd my Task.
There from thy Vessel I did one behold,
Who the glad News first to thy Mother told.

And, near the City, on a ^(k) Hillock's side,
Up to the Port I saw a stout Ship glide,
With Men and Arms, fit to receive a Foe:
These I suppose are they, but do not know.
Telemachus on's Father smil'd, this said,
And from *Eumæus* turn'd aside his Head.

Their Labour ended, Supper straight they dress,
Nor wanted will to make a sumptuous Feast.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
They to their several Dormitors repair.

(k) Call'd *Hermæum* from the Statue of *Hermes*, (that is, *Mercury*) standing on it. *Eustathius*.



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HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus leaves the Farm, and walks to Town :
Ulysses follows in a Beggar's Gown.
Argus, his Dog, his Lord disguised knows.
To crave an Alms be 'mongst the Suitors goes.
They fill his Scrip ; but him Antinous strikes.
His Son's Resentments and his Queen's Dislikes.*

S OON as in th' East appear'd the
blushing Dawn,
The Prince his curious Sandals putteth
on,

Takes up his Spear, well fitted to his Hands,
And, going forth, *Eumens* thus commands :

I go toth' Court, that me the Queen may see,
Who nor from Tears nor Sorrow will be free,
Till I a Visit make ; but you I bid
This hapless Stranger to the City lead ;

H h 2

Where

Where up and down he craving Alms may go,
 Plying those few are willing to bestow.
 I am not able, thus o'repow'd with Grief,
 To give to every one in Want Relief.
 This if he like not, he may worser fare.
 They are good Friends that no Dissemblers are.
 Then thus *Ulysses* to his Son reply'd;

I here desire no longer to abide.
 In Towns our Scrips and Bottles oft are fill'd;
 Alms drop but thin and coldly in the Field.
 No longer here I lingering shall stay,
 But what my Master orders shall obey.
 Goe thou; and let him shew me to the Town.
 But since my Vest is thin, threadbare my Gown,
 First at the Fire my self I fain would warm,
 Left me thus clad the morning Dew may harm:
 You say the City is far off from hence.

Forth went (this said) with speed the active Prince,
 And, going, 'gainst the Suitors Plots contriv'd.
 As soon as at the Palace he arriv'd,
 Against a Column he his Javelin plac'd,
 And o're the Marble Threshold stepp'd in haft.
 Whom *Euryclæa*, dressing up the Hall,
 Ord'ring the Chairs and Seats, spy'd first of all,
 And weeping to him ran; Damfels a Throng
 About him gather, and embracing hung.
Penelope from her Apartment came,
 Like bright *Diana* or the *Cyprian* Dame,
 And with glad Tears to his Embraces flies,
 Kissing his rosie Cheeks and sparkling Eyes,
 And like a tender Mother question'd thus;

Art come, my Dear? come, my *Telemachus*?
 I never thought (alas!) to see thee more,
 When thou for *Pyle* forlook'st thy Native Shore.

But

But tell me what hath happen'd since you went
 To seek your Father, without my ^(a) Consent.

Then said the Prince; Pray let my Sorrows rest,
 Nor Passion stir ferment'd in my Breast:
 It is enough that Death not seiz'd me hath.
 Go up with your Attendants to your Bath,
 Then vested in your ^(b) cleanest Garments come,
 And offer to the Gods a Hecatomb,
 Implying *Jove* what he begun to end.
 But I must to the Change, to call a Friend
 That came with me, gone with *Piræus* Home,
 Whom I bade treat him well, till I should come.

This said, *Penelope* took her Son's Advice,
 Bath'd, and fresh Garments put on, in a trice,
 And with a Sacrifice the Altars loads,
Jove's Aid imploring and all favouring Gods.
 The Prince walks forth, arm'd with a glittering Spear;
 His Dogs, his faithfull Guard, Attendants were:
Pallas with heavenly Raies his Temples deck'd,
 That all admir'd his *Mien* and brave Aspect.
 Whilst round about the Suitors fawning throng,
 Gall in their Bosoms, Honey in their Tongue.
 He their Croud waving, to old *Mentor* bends,
Aliberte and *Antiphus*, his Father's Friends.
 Whilst they together there discoursing sat,
Piræus up to them the Stranger brought.
Telemachus his Respects no whit delay'd,
 But up he stands: when thus *Piræus* said;

Your Gifts let Damfels to the Palace bear,
 Which by the *Spartan* King presented were.

Piræus, then *Telemachus* reply'd,
 How may they there secur'd as mine abide?
 Me the proud Suitors plot to murder there,
 That they may my Paternal Fortunes share.

(a) 'Tis apparent that, according to *Homer*, *Telemachus* travell'd without the knowledge of *Penelope*; wherefore I take that to be the meaning of *Ovid* in *Penelope's* Epistle;

Ille per infidiam penè est mihi super ademptus,
Dom parat; invitis omnibus, ire Py-lon.

(b) *Homer* usually express'd that Purity of Mind required of those that made their Supplications to God, by the washing of the Hands, as *Odysseus* 12.

'Ανδ' εἰς δὴ δὴ νῆα λαὸν κούρῃ κραίῃ;
 ἄνεστ' ὑπόμῃ, ὡς εἰς ἄνεστ' ὑπὸ δὴ
 πύλῃ,
 ἡπόμῃ νύκτωρ δούλῃ.

But here he adds another Rite of the same nature, the putting on of clean Garments, not to be observ'd in any other part of his Works.

I'd rather thou then they should'st them enjoy.
 But if those Enemies I can destroy,
 Then send them gladly to my House. This said,
 He by the Hand the Stranger Home convey'd.
 As soon as they within the Palace drew,
 Their Vests aside on Beds and Seats they threw; (Soil,
 Then to sweet Baths they went, where, cleans'd from
 Damfels their Skins suppled with perfum'd Oyl,
 Then on them richer Vests and Mantles put.
 This finish'd, they in Chairs prepared sat.
 Water to wash their Hands a Virgin-Sewer
 Pour'd in bright Silver from a golden Ewer;
 Next spread the Table, set on Bread, then plac'd
 Dishes in order grateful to the Taft.
 Plying her Loom, his Mother there did cull
 The softer Fleece, and carded purple Wool;
 Whilst they fall too, and plentifully fare.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

My dear *Telemachus*, the Queen then said,
 I'll now retire, where I'm no sooner laid
 On my sad Couch, but trickling Tears distill,
 Which wash my Pillow and my Bosom fill,
 Since my *Ulysses* sail'd to *Ilium*.
 But you'll not tell me e're the Suitors come,
 What you abroad have of your Father heard.
 Then thus *Telemachus* himself declar'd;

Mother, I will the Truth to you relate.
 We went to *Pyle*, where *Nestor* us did treat,
 And us'd me as a Father would his Son
 Return'd from Travel, having long been gone:
 Such was my joyfull Welcom, such our Chear.
 But of my Father he did nothing hear,
 If dead, or yet alive. But me he sent
 To *Menelaus*, Horse and Chariot lent.

There

There I fair *Helon* saw, upon whose score
Trojans and *Græcians* with commixed Gore
 Dy'd *Phrygian* Plains. The King of me enquires
 Wherefore I came, I told him my Desires.
 When thus to me the Royal *Spartan* said;

Would those base Slaves fill such a Hero's Bed?
 A Hind so in a Lion's Den her Fauns
 Secures, then wanders fertile Vales and Launs,
 When he returning straight devours them all:
 So would *Ulysses* on these Suitors fall.
 Would *Phæbus*, *Jove* and *Pallas* him assist,
 As when at *Lesbos*, entering the List,
 He threw *Philomelides* on his Back,
 When joyful Shouts rung like a Thunder-crack;
 To these Corrivals he would prove as kind,
 They soon should sad and bitter Nuptials find.
 But to the Point; in pity of thy Youth
 I'll not extenuate nor wave the Truth.

What ^(c) the Sea-God me told shall be reveal'd;
 Who said that him he in an Isle beheld,
 Whom 'gainst his will *Calypso* doth detain,
 Without all means Home to return again.
 There he laments, wants Shipping, Men and Oars,
 That should transport him from enchanted Shoars.
 Such was th' Account he gave. From thence the Gods
 With fair Winds sent me back to my Aboads.
 This new Commotions in her Bosom made:
 To whom thus then *Theoclymenus* said;

Best Queen, your Son knows little, but I'll tell,
 That am Prophetick, and the Truth reveal.
Jove I attest, the greatest of the Gods,
 Thy Hospitality and these Aboads:
Ulysses is arriv'd, and lurketh where
 He all their Plots and Villanies doth hear,

Whose

(c) *Proteus*, whose account of *Ulysses* deliver'd *Odys.* 4. is here verbatim repeated.

Whose fure Destruction now he hath contriv'd.

I saw the ^(d) Omen just as we arriv'd,
And to thy Son my Observation made.

Ah! couldst thou make this out, the Queen then said,
I such Returns and Kindness should impart,
That all should say, A happy man thou art.

Whilst thus they talk'd within, just at the Gates
The Rivals Javelins threw, and play'd at Coits,
Where they before their Consultation field.
But now near Supper, (Sheep come from the Field)
Medon, whom they lov'd best, who did attend
Still at their Feasts, said; When your Game you end,
(That so we Supper may prepare) walk up:
'T is not accounted wholsom late to sup.

This said, they all went in, their Vests and Coats
In their Seats laying; Sheep and well-fed Goats,
And fatted Swine with a huge Ox they drest;
Then having sacrific'd, prepar'd to Feast.
Meanwhile *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* made
Hast for the Town, when thus the Swineherd said;

You to the Town desire to walk to day,
As our Lord bids, and Lords we must obey:
Else I had rather you would here abide,
But that my Master would be sure to chide.
Come, let us now make hast, the Day grows old,
And Closes of the Evenings oft prove cold.
Kindly himself *Ulysses* thus exprest;

Your Orders, Friend, I closet in my Breast:
So let us march; lead you, and I'll attend.
And since we must make hast, a Staff me lend:
You say the Way is rough, and I may slip.

This said, he o're his Shoulder throws his Scrip,
Which worn in Holes hung on a twisted Thong;
A Staff he lends him, and they walk along,

And

And leave the Farm by Dogs and Rusticks watch'd:
Then like an Old man, leaning, poor and patch'd,
In Beggar's Habit, on he leads the King,
Through rough waies, near the Town, unto the Spring
From whence the City all their Water had,
Which ^(e) *Itacus*, *Nerit* and *Polyctor* made,
Planting a Grove of pleasant Trees about,
(Cold Water falling from a marble Spout)
And to the ^(f) Nymphs above an Altar plac'd,
Where weary Travellers offer'd as they past.
There they *Melanthius*, *Dolius* Son, o'retook,
Leading some Goats, the prime of the Flock,
(The Suitors Feast) which two Swains after drove.
Them thus he taunts, which much the King did move;

One Villain leads another; 'tis *Jove's* will,
That like to like should go together still.
Where, Swineherd, lead'st thou this thy hungry Mate,
Who, begging Scraps, will, crouching at the Gate,
Have's Shoulders broke? How he a Feast would rout!
Chargers and Swords fit no such heavy Lout.
But lend him me, and he shall sweep my Cotes,
Look to my Flocks, and feed my tender Goats,
And Whey shall swill untill his Belly sag.
But since he will not work, but rather beg
To feed his hungry Paunch, let him beware
He go not to *Ulysses* House, lest there
About his Head their Foot-stools flie as thick
As Hail, whilst him about the Hall they kick.

This said, he strikes *Ulysses* on the Hip.
But he stood firm, him up he could not trip.
Who, ready with his Staff to knock him down,
And teach more manners to a Buffle-head Clown,
Patient forbears. Which as *Eumæus* spies,
Rating him first, his Hands rais'd to the Skies,

I i

He

(d) A Pigeon devour'd by a Falcon, mention'd in the latter end of the Fifteenth Book.

(e) These were three Sons of *Phereclus*. From the one the Island and City receiv'd its name, *Itaca*; from the other, the Mountain *Neritus*; and from the last, a place call'd *Polyctorium*.

(f) These Nymphs were of three several kinds among the Ancients, as *Homer* in his Hymn on *Venus* distinguisheth them:

Ἡ τε Νυμφὶς αἶψ' ἀλυσά κ' ἐκείνη Νύμφη,
Ἡ Νυμφὶς αἶψ' ἀλυσά κ' ἐκείνη Νύμφη,
καὶ τῶνδε ποταμῶν, ὃς βίοντα ποταμῶν.

Those here meant are the *Naiades* or *Ephyriades*, whom Antiquity call'd the Daughters of the Ocean, because all Fountains have their origination from thence:

He thus begins an execrating Prayer ; (e're
 You Fountain-Nymphs, *Jove's* beauteous Race, if
Ulysses offer'd you the brawny Thighs
 Of well-fed Lambs and Kids in Sacrifice,
 Ah ! grant me my Request : grant He may come,
 Conducted by his better Angel, Home.
 He'll spoil your Pride, which wand'ring up and down
 You use both in the Country and the Town ;
 Whilst wicked Swains destroy the numerous Flock.
 When thus *Melanthius* the Goat-herd spoke ;

For what thou say'st, Dog, I shall thee convey
 In a good Ship far off from *Ithaca*,
 And, bart'ring thee, shall make what Gain I will.
 Would *Phæbus* this *Telemachus* would kill,
 Or let the Suitors him to day dispatch :
 They long may look that for *Ulysses* watch.

This said, he left them gently walking on,
 And to the Court with speed repair'd anon.
 There 'mongst the Suitors he a place possess'd
 Against *Eurymachus*, who lov'd him best.
 They from their several Messes him afford
 Choice Cates ; with Bread supply him from the Board.
Eumæus and *Ulysses*, now drawn near,
 A well-strung Harp and *Phemius* singing hear.
 The King, by th' Hand taking *Eumæus*, said ;

This Court of old was for *Ulysses* made,
 You easily may know it at first sight ;
 The Hall's adorn'd, the Wall and Trench not slight,
 The double Gates are fortifi'd so well,
 They mock all Force or Power of humane skill.
 But many (sure) invited Guests are met,
 And merry now at plenteous Tables set :
 I a good Treatment smell, the Harp I hear,
 Which Heav'n ordain'd ^(c) Companion to good Cheer.

Then

Then thus *Eumæus* to *Ulysses* said ;
 You know, who have so long Experience had.
 But now let us consult what's best to doe.
 Either do thou first in to th' Palace go,
 And walk up to the Hall, whilst here I stay ;
 Or tarry here, and I will shew the Way :
 But be not long, lest any thee here spies,
 And strike or drive th' away. Thus I advise.

Then said the King ; I hear what thou dost say.
 Go thou in first, and here a while I'll stay :
 I'm us'd to Stripes, my Sides are hard with Blows,
 My Heart's grown Steel, enduring Woes on Woes,
 Turmoil'd in Battels, tost on swelling Seas :
 Banging and Kicks are Flea-bitings to these.
 But th' hungry Belly in each Corner hunts,
 For which we suffer many sad Affronts :
 To feed the Paunch, stout Ships we man and rig,
 With Mischief and our Enemy's Ruine big.

Whilst such Discourse amongst themselves they had,
 His Dog prick'd up his Ears and rais'd his Head,
 (Call'd *Argus*) whom before he went to *Troy*
Ulysses bred, for others to enjoy.
 With him, in's Absence, the young men were wont
 Wild Goats and swifter Hares and Deer to hunt.
 But now he lay in a dejected state,
 Upon a Dunghill just before the Gate,
 That Mules and Steeds congested with their Dung,
 Which Swains on the improving Past'rage flung.
 There lay poor *Argus* full of Ticks, and knew
 His Royal Master as tow'rd's him he drew,
 Wagging his Tail, and couching close his Ear,
 But could not stir ; at which he stole a Tear,
 Which hiding from *Eumæus*, thus he said ;

I wonder here this Dog his Bed hath made.

I i 2

He's

(c) The *Grecians* were so far added to the study of Musick from the very foundation of their Commonwealths, that their common discourse came afterwards Musickall : but they specially us'd it in their Temples, and their Banquets and Entertainments : hence is that of *Horace*, concerning the Harp,

ivivum mensis & amica Templis.

or does *Homer* ever describe a Banquet without it. Which Custom *Virgil* insinuated out of him into the Banquet *Dido* ;

—citharâ crinitus Iopas
 resonat auratâ docuit quæ maximus
 Atlas.
hic canit errantem Lyncam, Solisque labores
unde Hominum genus & Pecudes, unde
Jovis & Igne's
riturum, &c.

—whilst curl'd *Iopas* plaies
 upon his golden Harp great *Atlas*
 Laies.
 the changing Moons and the Sun's Labours sing,
 whence Men and Beasts, whence
 showers and Lightning sprung ;
 the Beasts, *Triones*, Kids foretelling
 Rain ;
 why Winter's Sans run halt'ly to the
 Main.

the Instrument chiefly at that time
 'd was the Harp, call'd by our Poet
γυγυξ and *Κίθαρις*. *Quintilian* lib. 1.
 (titul. Orat. *Unde etiam ille mos*
in Conviviis post Cænam circumferre
Lyra's : Whence rose the Custom, that
 Banquets after Supper a Harp was car-
 d about. *Pind.* *Olymp.* 1. speaking
Her. King of *Syrac* *Je*,

*ἀργαλέων δὲ
 μωαῖς ἐκ δόκω,
 οἷα παύσων εἶδω
 ἀνδρῶν ἐμὴν δαυὰ
 ἡδαιμένην, ἀνὰ δόκιον ἀ-
 πὸ φθιγνῶτα πικρὰν
 ἡδυσίαν.*

the sweet Musick best,
such as is usual at a Feast,
let take me down the Doric Lyre
from the nail.

He's well made : but is he of a swift Breed?
 Or such as Princes at their Tables feed?
 Then he reply'd; This, once fair, fat and young,
 Did to *Ulysses* (dead, I fear) belong,
 When he to *Troy* with *Agamemnon* went :
 You would admire his Swiftneſs, Strength and Sent.
 Through Groves and Thickets he the Game in view,
 Or hunting on the Foot, would ſwift purſue.
 But now grown old, abſent or dead his Lord,
 The Women negligent don't him regard.
 Servants, when that their Maſters abſent are,
 To execute their Duties little care :
 Half of their Induſtry *Jove* takes away.
 Slaves care not what comes on't, where's none t' obey.

This ſaid, he ventur'd through the arch'd Gate,
 And went directly where the Suitors ſate.
 But *Argus* Eys the ſullen *Parca* ſeal'd,
 Having's Lord after ^(b) twenty years beheld.

When firſt *Telemachus* *Euemeus* ſaw
 Coming, he beckn'd, nearer him to draw.
 But he looking about ſtraight took his Seat,
 (Near where the Cook diſtributed the Meat
 About the Hall unto the Feaſting Crew)
 And nigh *Telemachus* the ſame he drew.
 Thus ſeated by him, ſoon the Herald brought
 Him Diſhes, and the Board with Manchet fraught.
 Straight after him *Ulyſſes*, hung in Rags,
 Enters the Hall with's Bottles and his Bags :
 Like an old Beggar, down within the Gate
 Before the Aſhen Portico he ſate;
 His Back againſt the Cypreſs Entrance ſtaid,
 With rich Croteſk engrav'n and Boſcade.
Telemachus then to *Euemeus* ſpoke,
 And a whole Manchet from the Charger took,

With

With as much Meat as both his Hands could hold ;
 Bear to yon Stranger this : bid him be bold,
 And round of all the Suitors Alms implore.
 Baſhfulneſs ſutes not perſons that are poor.

Thus order'd, ſtraight *Euemeus* him obey'd.
 And, drawing near, thus to *Ulyſſes* ſaid ;
 The Prince this Meat and Manchet ſends to thee,
 Advifing that you would their Charity
 From all the Suitors round the Hall implore.
 Baſhfulneſs ſutes not perſons that are poor.

The Prince, *Ulyſſes* ſaid, *Jove* happy make,
 And proſper all things he ſhall undertake :
 And with both Hands, this ſaid, puts up the Meat
 In a foul Wallet lying at his Feet.
 Meanwhile the Poet heav'nly Raptures ſung,
 And, Supper ended, up his Harp he hung.
 Then various Prattle echoing Voices made,
 When *Pallas*, drawing near *Ulyſſes*, ſaid ;

Now craving Alms among the Suitors go,
 That thou their ſeveral Characters may'ſt know.
 (How-e're, he was to ſpare none of them all.)
 Then craving Alms he ſneaks about the Hall;
 At each one's Back he like a Beggar ſtands,
 Them importuning with extended Hands.
 The Princes all him pity and admire,
 Ask whence he came, and who he was enquire.
 When thus *Melambius* the Goatherd ſpake ;

Hear me, you worthy Hero's that here make
 Addreſſes, hoping to eſpouſe our Queen ;
 This ſturdy Beggar I before have ſeen :
Euemeus brought him here, but I don't know
 Whether he may be call'd a Friend or Foe.
 When thus *Antinous* *Subulcus* chid ;

Why didſt thou to the Town this Vagrant lead ?

Have

(b) *Pliny* in his Natural History, ſays *Laconici* (Cani) annis decem, ſemina dactyli : cætera genera quinquaginta annos, aliquando viginti. The *Laconian Dogs* live ten years, the *Pæſian* twelve : other ſorts live fifteen, ſometimes twenty : in which he follows *Trifolius*. But *Alien*, in his History of Animals, produceth the life of a Dog fourteen years onely.

Have we not yet enough of such fine Guests,
A pack of wand'ring Rogues, at all our Feasts?
Think'st thou it fit to bring one here to sup
Would us devour, and eat thy Master up?
When thus *Eumens* on *Antinous* fell;

Sir, this your speech is not digested well.
Who-e're invites a Stranger to your Fare,
But such as Trades-men or Mechanicks are,
A Poet, or Physician, or whose Voice
At Banquets with sweet Songs doth all rejoyce?
Such famous men are entertain'd by all.
But none this Beggar did invite nor call
Of all us here. You worst to please still be,
Still finding Faults; but piquing most at me.
But I regard not you nor all your Spleen,
Whilst here the Prince dwells and our gracious Queen.

When thus *Telemachus* to *Eumens* spake;
Be silent, Sirrah, and no Answer make.
Antinous loves to meddle thus and brawl,
Himself to trouble and disturb the Hall.

Then turning tow'rds *Antinous* he went on;

You use me as a Father would his Son,
That from my House to drive poor Strangers still
Officious are: but sure 'tis not *Jove's* will.
Give him an Alms, I bid you. Neither fear
My Mother in this, nor any Waiter here.
But you've another Reach; you'll rather stay,
Devour't your self, then any give away.

Then thus *Antinous* boldly did retort; (smart.

Sweet Prince, your Speech methinks is something
If each should give as much as I bestow'd,
At Home three months Cates would his Table load.

Here threatening, he a Foot-stool up did whip,
Whilst all the rest with Doles fill'd up his Scrip.

Ulysses

Ulysses then, ere his Retreat he made,

Stopping before *Antinous* thus said;

Dear Sir, your Charity to me impart;
Sure thou art rich, so like a Prince thou art:
Therefore on me thou better may'st bestow,
And I shall praise thee wherefoe'er I go.
I once was wealthy, had a fair Abroad,
And oft on Strangers what they lack'd bestow'd;
I many Servants kept, had all things which
Make People happy, and accounted rich:
But *Jove* destroy'd it, who doth what he list,
And me with cruising Privateers dismiss.
For *Aegypt* we a tedious Voiage made.
At last we in *Nile's* pleasant River rode.

Then to the Company I gave Command
To moor their Ships, and by no means to land,
And sent forth Spies that should the Country view;
But they, o're-daring, the poor Natives slew,
And fell to plunder the *Aegyptian* Field,
The Women ravish'd, tender Infants kill'd.
The Country to the City gives Alarms,
Who with the Dawn drew forth in glittering Arms,
Both Horse and Foot, shining in Steel compleat,
And so *Jove* pleas'd that straight they us defeat:
Not any stood, but all the Field forsook;
Many they kill, and many Pris'ners took,
To doe their Drudgeries; me to ⁽¹⁾ *Dmetor* gave,
Who reign'd in *Cyprus*, there to be his Slave.

From thence I hither, as you see, forlorn,
Ventur'd through worlds of Woes, still Fortune's
When thus *Antinous* himself exprest; (Scorn.

What God this wandering Rogue sent to our Feast?
Stand farther off, lest thou at once do see
Aegypt and *Cyprus* acted o're by me.

Thou

(1) Although *Cinyras* be King of *Cyprus* in the *Iliad's*; yet he being dead, this *Dmetor* the son of *Jafus* seems to have reign'd in his room. *Enstatius*.

Thou impudent and lying Rascal, go ;
 Thou begg'ft of each, and all on thee beftow :
 There is no Spare, no Pity ; none forbid
 To cut large Slivers from another's Bread,
 Since there's no Want. When thus *Ulyffes* spoke ;
 Sir, in your Judgment fure you are miftook ;

In your own Houfe you fcarce would ^(k) Salt afford,
 That are thus pinching at another's Board :
 That of fuch Plenty me deny'ft to blefs
 With one fmall bit of Bread in my Difrefs.
 At this Reply *Antinous*, almoft mad,
 Frowning on him, in much Diftemper faid ;

Thou never fhalt unpunish'd leave this Court,
 That dar'ft fo fawcily to us retort.
 Then him with's Stool he o're the Shoulder ftruck,
 Who took the Stroke, firm ftanding like a Rock,
 Nor more was moved at *Antinous* Blow ;
 Then filent, thinking on Revenge, did go
 Back to the Door, where fitting down, he laid
 His full Scrip by, then to the Suitors, faid ;

Hear, you that Court the Queen, and herenow Feaft,
 The fudden Dictates of my troubled Breaft.
 Men are not griev'd when they receive a Stroke,
 Fighting to fave their Cattel or their Flock :
 But from *Antinous* I my Payment have,
 By ill-advifing Hunger forc'd to crave.
 But if the Gods the Poor revenge, then he
 May Death espoufe before he married be.

Then he reply'd ; Sit quietly, and eat,
 Or elfe be gone, left thee the Waiters treat
 In a worfe manner, who dar'ft thus retort,
 Kick, cuff, and drag thee round about the Court.
 They all diflik'd he fo much on him took ;
 Then one of them to him thus boldly fpoke ;

I muft

(k) He exprobrates to *Antinous* by this expreffion his Inhospitallity, of which Salt was the Symbol among the Ancients, which was therefore firft brought to Table, and laft carried away.

I must confess, *Antinous*, a Dislike,
 Objects of Charity any one should strike.
 What if some God ⁽¹⁾ from Heav'n descended be,
 Who oft as despicable seem as he,
 And, the World wandering, make a harder shift,
 That they the Just from the Unjust may sift?

These words *Antinous* did but little touch.
 But poor *Telemachus* was troubled much,
 To see his Father beaten, yet forbears
 To wet the marble Pavement with salt Tears;
 Onely sat silent, working out his Plot.
 But when *Penelope* this News had got,
 That one was struck, she to her Damsels said,
 May *Phæbus* him that struck him so strike dead.
Eurynome reply'd; Let me too pray,
 May none of them e're live to see next Day.

Then said the Queen; They all are of one Pack,
 And no Contrivance to our Ruine lack.
 But this *Antinous* plaies the Devil and all.
 A Poor man craves their Charity in my Hall,
 Ready to starve: They fill his Wallet full;
 He takes him o're the Shoulder with a Stool.
 Thus to her Women discontent she said,
 Set in her Chamber, whilst *Ulysses* fed.

The Queen then thus did to *Eumæus* call;
 Go for that Stranger sitting in the Hall,
 And bring him straight up hither, I desire,
 That I may bid him Welcom, and enquire
 If e're our Lord he heard of or did see,
 Who, like him, a poor Wanderer may be.
 Then he reply'd; Ah! would this prattling Throng,
 Madam, were silent, or without a Tongue.
 The News he brings would breed your Heart's Delight.
 I kept him in my Lodge three Days and Nights.

K k

From

(1) It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Gods often assum'd a humane shape, in which they viewed the world, and the actions of mankind. See *Ovid lib. i. Metamorph. of Jupiter*,

*Contingat nostras infamia temporis aures,
 Quam capiens saltem, summo delabor Olympo,
 Et Deus humana lustris sub imagine terrarum, &c.*

The Times accus'd (but, as I hop'd, believ'd)
 To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide:
 A God transform'd like one of Human birth,
 I wandered through the many-peopled Earth.
 'Twere long to tell what Crimes of every sort
 Swarm'd in all parts; the Truth exceeds report.

These all receiv'd this Opinion of theirs from *Homer*, and he from the *Ægyptians*, who believ'd the World to be full of Gods or Angels.

From Sea escap'd he first to me repair'd.
All his sad Stories yet I have not heard.
As when some rare Musician sweetly sings,
Touching, from Heav'n inspir'd, concording Strings,
Ravishing all with his Celestiall Voice;
So did his sweet Discourses me rejoyce.

From fruitfull *Crete*, where *Minos* Off-spring swaies,
He comes, *Ulysses* Friend, who now, he saies,
Among the *Thebians* living, and in Health,
Prepares to come, and fill his House with Wealth.

Penelope then; Go fetch him hither straight.
They now are in the Hall, or at the Gate,
Or where they list, following their various Sports.
Their own States are preserv'd, empty their Courts,
Their Servants stinted to Crab-wine and Bread,
Whilst here they on Varieties are fed:

Our Beeves and Goats, our fattest Sheep they kill,
And all the day our richest Wine they swill;
Havock they make, and none dares be so bold,
Mongst their loose Riots, once to bid them hold.
None like *Ulysses*, who this Pestilence

Would quickly with a Vengeance drive from hence.
He and his Son, if e're he live to see
His Native Soil, would soon revenged be.

This said, *Telemachus* sneez'd aloud, whilst round
The ample Hall Re-echoings re-sound.

But the Queen smiling said; *Eumæus*, call
Straight the poor Stranger hither from the Hall.
See'st thou not how my Son scarce draws his Breath,

(m) Sneezing so oft? the Omen carries Death,
'The Suitors are involv'd in one sad Fate.

But what I say now do not thou forget.

If Probabilities to me he tell,

I with a Suit and Coat shall cloath him well.

Eumæus

Eumæus straight *Penelope* obey'd,
And drawing near him, Hapless Pilgrim, said,
The Queen calls for thee, who, though full of Woe;
Something about her absent Lord would know.
And she, if her what's probable thou tell,
With a new Suit and Coat will cloath thee well:
Thou shalt no more about a-begging go,
What ere thou want'st she freely will bestow.

Then thus *Ulysses* said; *Eumæus*, I
Icarus Daughter well shall satisfie;
Concerning him her I can well acquaint,
For we alike felt Miseries and Want.
But of these Ranters Fear doth me surprise,
Whose Pride and Folly scales the starry Skies.
One struck me without Cause, nor did the Prince
Nor any here rebuke his Insolence.
But let the Queen be patient till 'tis Night,
And I at large shall what I know recite
Near a good Fire. My Cloaths are of the worst,
Which well you know, who entertain'd me first.

Eumæus with this Answer coming in
Without the Stranger, smartly said the Queen;
Why hast thou not this Guest, *Eumæus*, brought?
Is he mistrustfull of some dangerous Plot?
Or is he bashfull to be seen in Court?
Blushes not well with wandring Pilgrims fort.

Eumæus then; Madam, th' Excuse he made
Seems what in Prudence any might have said:
That he this boist'rous Crue may better shun,
He prays your Patience till the setting Sun.
For you 'twill be convenient, best Queen,
To talk with him in private and unseen.

Then thus *Penelope* herself exprest;
Sure this is no Buffoon nor simple Guest;

K k 2

For

(m) That Sneezing was counted ominous by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, we find by many of their Histories. When *Themistocles* was ready to offer Sacrifice to the Gods, there were brought before him three Captives of Noble descent, and richly habited; whom when the Prophet *Euphranides* had viewed, seeing the flame of the Sacrifice large and lucid, and hearing a Sneezing on his right side, taking *Themistocles* by the hand, he with'd him to make a Victim of those three Youths unto *Bacchus*. *Omses*, by which he should obtain Security and Victory. So *Xenophon* relates how the whole Army promised themselves Success upon a sudden Sneezing. Mention of which is more frequent in the Poets. *Catullus*,

*Hæc ut dixit Amor, sinistra at auræ
Dextræ sternit approbationem.
Nunc ab aspicio lævo profecti
Mutui animis amant, amantur.*

When Cupid this had spoken, He
Then sneez'd, & good must the Omen be;
So going from a happy sign,
The Lovers in affection join.

For never such a Crue together got
Of Varlets, that do nought but Mischief plot.
The Queen thus having shew'd her Discontent,
Eumens thence amongst the Suitors went,
And to *Telemachus* then drawing near,
He softly whisper'd thus, that none might hear :

Now, Sir, I must unto my Charge repair;
You of your House and Self take special Care :
Many they be in Mischief that conjoyn ;
But *Jove* confound them and their dire Design.

Then said the Prince ; I'll doe what you advise ;
Just, Father, are your Fears and Jealousies.
But early bring fat Offerings for our Feast,
And leave it Immortal Gods and me the rest.

This said, the Prince again resumes his Seat.
Subulcus then fell to, and drank and eat ;
Then walks he to his Charge, and leaves the House
Full of proud Feasters, who rich Wine carouse,
Dancing and Singing merrily to the height,
Till bright Day fled from fable-enfin'd Night.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Irus, a sturdy Beggar of the Town,
Quarrels his King : they fight ; He knocks him down.
Publick the Queen in gorgeous Dress appears,
Where she her Suitors both trapans and jeers.
A Stool Eurymachus at Ulysses throws :
The loud Disturbance flowing Cups compose.*

BUT then a Beggar came, who long in
Town,
And through all *Ithaca*, had begg'd up
down :

Deep could he guzzle, stoutly gormandize,
Yet wanted Courage, though of largest size.
His ^(a) Mother him *Arneus* nam'd, whom all,
For carrying speedy Errands, *Irus* call.
He thought to drive the King from his own Gates,
Whom in a rustick manner thus he rates ;

(a) *Eustathius* observes that it was the Custom amongst the *Gracians* that the Mother should give the name to her Child ; which I find confirm'd by *Euripides* in a Fragment preserv'd by the Scholiast of *Aristophanes* in *Aulul.* *En rhu d'agelau eisien emi nris paronhion, is te at-tu me d'agelau trizaulu nris moui, naidame Euphrosine de Atyai.*

U en qu'ap te d'agelau nris d'agelau ;

On the tenth day after the Birth of their Children they make a Feast, and then gave a name to their Children, according to *Euripides* in his Tragedy call'd *Ageneus*.

What nam'd the Child the Mother the tenth day ?

Dotard,

Dotard, be gone, hear'st not the Feasters sense,
That I should drag thee by the Heels from hence?
Warn'd, I say, rise, else we'll the Cause decide
With dint of Fist. He, frowning, then reply'd;

I hurt not you, I hinder none to give,
Nor any one their Charity to receive:
Here's room for both. Is't fit, thou snarling Dog,
Rogues should with one another play the Rogue?
Heav'n make us thankfull, here's enough for both.
No more, lest I begin, though I am loath:
You'll find too soon, an old man's pond'rous Fist
Shall make your Mouth dye with fresh Blood your
Then I shall quiet here to Morrow stay, (Breast:
And you'll scarce take this House more in your way.

Then he reply'd; Rascal, thou well canst brag,
But look'st no better then a wither'd Hag.
I'll on your mouldy Chaps your Passport sign,
Drive out your Teeth, as one would serve a Swine.
Prepare thy self, that all may here behold
The younger Beggar triumph o're the old.
Thus sitting they out in rough Language broke;
Of which *Alcinous* first Notice took,
And, smiling, thus to his Companions said:

Yonder's such Sport, the like we never had;
The Beggars ready are to play a Prize.
Let's set them on. At this they all arise,
And in their Seats their upper Garments fling,
And thronging round the Champions make a Ring.

Then said *Antinous*; Hear me, I require:
Goats Puddings are now lying on the Fire,
Well stuff'd with Blood and Suet, ready dress'd;
And he who in this Duell gets the best,
Shall chuse him one; he still with us shall eat:
We'll keep all Beggars else without the Gate.

Alcinous

Antinous Motion all the Concourse took;
When she *Ulysses* cautiously thus spoke;
'Tis hard for me, consum'd with Grief and Age,
With such a sturdy Youngster to engage.
But since the Belly, which ne'r counsels well,
Says I must fight, and Hunger doth compell;
All that are present take a solemn Oath,
That none help *Irus* here, but let us both
Try our own proper Strength: for one man two
(Though ne'r so valiant he) may overthrow.
This said *Ulysses*, and they swore: when thus
Unto his Father spake *Telemachus*;

Stranger, If thou by a brave Confidence
Art mov'd, not doubting but to drive him hence,
Fear none that stand behind thee or before:
Who-e'r strikes thee shall fight with many more.
I and *Eurymachus* and *Antinous* shall
Be on thy side. This Motion pleas'd them all.
Whilst up to's Twist his Shirt *Ulysses* ties,
And round his Waist, shewing his brawny Thighs,
His Breast and Arms, and spreading Shoulders, bare,
Which *Pallas* made more roscid, plump and fair;
The Suitors wondring at his Manly Make.
When looking on his Fellows one thus spake;

Irus, I doubt, will by this Bargain lose.
What Thighs (his Rags now off) the Old man shews!

Thus said they, whilst the Waiters *Irus* dress'd,
And led him forth with extream Fear possess'd;
A trembling Ague his whole Body shook.
When thus *Antinous* to *Irus* spoke;

Tremblest, thou Boaster, (hope for no Reliefe)
To fight an Old man, spent with Age and Grief?
But this I threaten, and it shall prove true;
If he the better have, and thee subdue,

I shall

(b) He was King of Epirus, Son of Eucleor and Phloges, who put out the eyes of his Daughter Metope, or Amphissæ, corrupted by Achædicius, and set her to grind Corn made for that purpose of Iron, saying, she should then recover her Sight, when she had ground that to Flower. Inviting afterwards Achædicius to a Banquet, he caus'd all the Members of his body to be cut off. At last falling into extremity of Madness, he died by devouring his own Flesh. Others say that Ecbetus liv'd in the time of Homer, by whom being ill treated, he Poetically reveng'd himself by this Relation, as he did on *Thersites* in his *Siade*.

I shall transport thee to *Epirus* then,
Where King ^(b) *Ecbetus* reigns, the worst of men;
Who shall cut off thy Ears, thy Nostrils slit,
And thy raw Dowsets give the Dogs to eat.
These Threatnings more increas'd his agonish Fear:
But in they drew, and high their Hands they rear.
Ulysses then consider'd, I or no,
If he should kill the Rascal at one Blow,
Or lay him on the Pavement with a Cuff.
The last seems best, and such Rebuke enough;
Left the Spectators so his Strength should find.
Then to't they went, his Business thus design'd.
First *Irus* him on the right Shoulder struck.
But him *Ulysses* such a Whirret took
Under the Ear, a Bone brake with the Blow.
Straight from his Mouth a purple Stream did flow:
He on his Back lay in a deadly Swound.
Gnawing his Teeth, and kicking of the Ground.
Clapping their Hands aloud the Suitors laugh,
Whilst by the Heels *Ulysses* drags him off,
Sets him against the Wall in th' outward Court,
And gives him's Staff, his Body to support.
Here, Sirrah, Dogs and Swine drive from the Door:
Be not so busy to keep out the Poor,
Left thou receive worse Blows then yet thou hast.
This said, his Scrip he o're his Shoulder cast,
Which hung down at a Thong; then on the Floor
Resumes his place, just where he sat before.
The Suitors then all thronging in and glad,
Thus to *Ulysses* (much delighted) said;
May thee great *Jove* and the Immortal Gods,
Who hast thus driv'n from us and these Aboards
This sturdy Rogue, this gormandizing Beast,
Grant whatsoe're thou shalt of them request.

But

But we'll to *Epire* (shipp'd) the Rascal send,
To *Ecbetus*, who governs like a Fiend.

This said, *Ulysses* at their Vote rejoyc'd.
Antinous the Paunch before him plac'd,
Stuff'd well with Bloud and Fat: *Amphinomus* brought
Him from a Basket two Loaves piping hot,
And in a Gold Bowl drinking to him spake;

Bold Stranger, may the Gods thee happy make,
And give such Riches as thou hadst before:
For, Father, now thou art exceeding poor.

When thus *Ulysses* said; Sir, I believe,
That Character which all your Father give
May be call'd your's, (*Dulichian Nisus* aim,
Though rich, was alwaies to preserve his Fame)
Since thou his Off-spring, like him, prudent art.
To thee this special Maxim I'll impart:
Man is th' unworthiest Creature of them all
That breathe the Air or on the Earth do crawl;
Who (well) Defiance to bad Fortune gives,
And saies, he ne'r shall suffer whilst he lives:
But when chang'd Fates usher the evil Day,
He's fain to bear't with Patience as he may.

So vain the Fancies of poor Mortals be,
Changing with their Condition: so with me;
I once was rich, so much in Wealth did trust,
I on mere humour lov'd to be unjust,
Through Confidence in my Relations had.
Henceforth let none be so unjustly bad,
But what the Gods shall send him take with Thanks.
Strange men you Suitors seem, who play mad Pranks,
Courting his Wife, making of all a Spoil,
Who may e're long his Friends and Native Soil
With Joy behold. Stay not thou till he come;
Ah! may some God before conduct thee Home.

L I

When

That a poor Stranger, who in Charity
W' are bound to comfort, should thus injur'd be.
Who-ever we receive under our Roof,
From Wrongs it should Protection be enough;
Thine's the Disgrace else, and th' Example bad.
When thus her Son unto his Mother said;

I'm not offended at your high Discourse,
But yet I understand better from worse,
As well as when a Child, but cannot here
With greatest Prudence things distinguish clear.
Me they would ruine, Plots on Plots are laid
For my Destruction, and I have no Aid.
By joynt Consent both *Irus* and our Guest
This Combat had; the Stranger got the best.
Ah! that great *Jove*, *Pallas* and *Phæbus* would
We in like case your Suitors might behold,
Some in the Court, and some within the Hall,
With palsied Heads in Death's Convulsions fall,
As *Irus* now in th' outward Porch doth sit,
Shaking his Head, as in a drunken Fit.
He cannot stand, nor's able to goe home;
His locomotive Faculties are gone.
They this Discourse standing together had,
When to the Queen *Eurymachus* thus said;

Icarus Daughter, fair *Penelope*,
If all the Youth of ^(d) *Argos* should you see
In this your Splendour, many Suitors more
Would early wait to morrow at your Door;
Since Nature you her Master-piece design'd,
In so much Beauty casing such a Mind.

Then said the Queen; Those Parts that I enjoy'd,
Features and Vertues, deathless Gods destroy'd
(With which I so much took my dearest Lord)
When He with *Agamemnon* went aboard.

Would

Would he return and rule this Life of mine,
My Honour and my Beauty more would shine:
Now Fortune's bitterer Blasts have all bereft.
When he me and his Native Countrey left,
He, by th' Right hand me taking, said, My Dear,
We shall not all return from *Troy*, I fear.
They say the *Trojans* valiant be in War,
Throw Javelins well, and able Archers are,
On foot or mounted to no Nation yield,
Who in a trice will clear a bloody Field.
Nor know I if my Fate will drop me there.
Then all that's mine I leave unto thy Care.
But my dear Father and my Mother mind;
Be in my Absence, Love, to them more kind:
And when our Son shall come to Age, espouse
Then whom thou wilt, and leave to him thy House.
Now all hath happen'd that my Husband said.
The Night draws near that I the Nuptial Bed
Must venture in, although so much abhorr'd;
Since *Jove* hath took away my dearest Lord.
But something grieves me, which I will unfold.
The Custome, Sir, of Suitors was of old, (wed,
(Who some great Dame or rich man's Child would
Courting t' enjoy the honour of her Bed)
Fat Beeves and Sheep they and rich Presents sent,
To feast her Friends, but not her Fortune spent.

This over-heard did make *Ulysses* glad,
That thus dissembling she did them persuade
To send their Gifts and costly Presents in.
When thus *Antinous* did first begin;

Icarus Daughter, fair *Penelope*,
What-ever Presents we do send to thee,
From us be pleas'd with kindness to receive;
Returns ingratefull be of what we give.

But

(d) The word in this place, *Ἄργος*, a general word for Greece, as *Ἀργεί* for the *Græcijs*, which with several epithets signifies several particular places: as *Ἀργεῖον Ἄργος* *Thessaly*,

ἢ δ' αὖτ' αἰὲς ἔσται Ἀργεῖον Ἄργος ἔναον
o in this place *Ἄργος* signifies *elopunusius*, or *Morea*, according to *Irabo*; from *Istus*, Son of *Ios*, King of the place.

But we'll no other Business undertake,
 Till one of us you chuse, and Husband make.
 All to his Motion gladly condescend ;
 Their Herald's with rich Gifts the Queen attend.
Antinous sent a Vest, whose every Fold
 A Button had (a dozen in all) of Gold.
Eurymachus a golden Chain, so bright
 With Amber, like the Sun it cast a Light.
Eurydamas two Servants Pendants brought
 Set forth with Orient Pearl and rarely wrought.
 A Carkenet *Pisander's* Herald bare.
 Each sent her something, beauteous, rich, and rare.
 The Queen thence to her Chamber went, and they
 Who waited up with her the Gifts convey.
 With Dance and Song the Wooers themselves delight,
 Till golden Day sunk, vanquished by Night ;
 Nor end they then, still varying several Sports.
 Three Lamps were plac'd to light the gloomy Courts,
 Nourish'd with dry Materials round about,
 That they might clearly shine, and not go out ;
 Which Damsels snuff, and with fresh Fuel fed.
 To whom the King, offering his Service, said ;
 You Servants of your absent Lord, go in,
 And there attend the pleasure of your Queen :
 In her Apartment silver Fleeces cull,
 And carded her present the purest Wool :
 And I'll supply and feed these Lamps, should they
 Be merry here untill the Break of Day.
 All Pains I conquer, make a Sport of Toil.

This said, the Damsels on each other smile.
 But first to him *Melantho* giggling said,
 (*Dolius* proud Daughter, whom the Queen had bred
 As her own Child : but she a Wanton prov'd,
 Whom not at all her Ladie's Sorrows mov'd.

She

She with *Eurymachus* had done the Feat)
 And in uncivil Terms thus on him set ;
 Sure thou art mad, nor sleep wilt any more
 On a Smith's Forge, or Stall, or at some Door ;
 But prat'st amongst young Princes boldly here,
 Nor Symptom hast of Modesty or Fear.
 But, full of Wine, thou them dost entertain
 With trifling Talk, or Stories false and vain.
 Vap'rest thou that thou *Irus* didst o'rethrow ?
 Another comes that will not take it so,
 But with a Vengeance beat thee from the Door,
 And with thy one Bloud paint thy Bosom o're.

Then frowning he reply'd ; The Prince shall know,
 Bitch, what thou say'st, and thee well punish too.

At these his Threats they, much affrighted, all
 From thence ran trembling, and forsook the Hall,
 Saying, they fear'd the Stranger true had spoke.
 Then to preserve the Lamps he undertook,
 Looking about, contriving in his Mind
 How he might finish what he had design'd.
 No longer Temper them did *Pallas* grant,
 But suffer'd them forthwith him to affront,
 That so his Choler they might more provoke.
 When first of all *Eurymachus* thus spoke,
 Smiling on's Fellows e're he did begin ;

Hear me all you that court the Royal Queen,
 And to the Dictates of my Soul attend.
 Some God this Man t' *Ulysses* House must send,
 His Looks majestick, his Deportment fair,
 His Ey-brows thick, not cloath'd with scattering Hair.
 Then turn'd from them he to *Ulysses* spake ;

If thou wouldst serve, thee to my Farm I'de take,
 (Good should thy Wages be, nor shouldst thou want)
 To keep my Hedges prun'd, my Trees to plant:

Sandals

Sandals I would bestow, and neat thee cloath.
But those who idly live all Working loath :
Thou rather would'st a-begging go, and put
More Victuals still in thy ungodly Gut.
Then to *Eurymachus* *Ulysses* said ;

'Twixt us I would there were a Wager laid,
In the Spring-time, when lengthned is the Day,
Which of us with a Syth should mow most Hay :
We'll begin fasting, nor to labour yield,
But while Night calls to Supper keep the Field.
Or let us for the Plough our Cattel yoke ;
When we have both well fed our big-bon'd Stock,
Then thou shalt see me up long Furrows tear.
Or if *Jove* Peace should turn to cruel War,
Then to the Battel boldly I'll advance
With Cask and Shield, in either hand a Lance ;
Not, as you say, to fill my greedy Gut.
But such Affronts on me you alwaies put.
You think, forsooth, that no man is your match,
'Cause you converse with none but your own Batch.
But should *Ulysses* come, 'twould soon be try'd,
These Gates would seem too narrow (though thus wide)
For you to scape, rather then be engag'd.
At this Retort *Eurymachus* enrag'd,

Thus, frowning, made reply ; Rascal, I shall
Thee to account for saucy Answers call,
Who with such Impudence, and at no rate,
'Mongst Princes thus unmannerly dar'st prate,
And, full of Drink, thy self dost entertain
With wondrous Raptures and Discourses vain.
Vap'rst thou that poor *Irus* down you struck ?

Thus talking loud, up he a Foot-stool took.
Ulysses to *Amphinomus* Knee did duck,
Fearing *Eurymachus*. The thrown Tripods struck

A Skin-

A Skinker on the Hand : down on the Ground
The Goblet drops, the bruised Brims rebound.
Roaring aloud he on his Back did fall,
Which made a great Disturbance in the Hall.
When one of them thus to another said ;

Ah ! would this wandering Rogue had perished
E're he came here : quiet we were before,
This Devil's Brat puts all in an Uproar.
Fooling with him the pleasure of our Feast
We lose, nor well our savoury Dishes taste.
When thus *Telemachus* did his mind declare ;

Your full Bowls work, or you distracted are,
Or else the Devil in you this Stir doth keep.
Since y'are well treated, pray go Home and sleep.
No man I'll force, but so much I desire.

This said, biting their Lips, they all admire
Telemachus, that he so boldly spake.
When thus *Amphinomus* his part did take ;
Sirs, let us not be mov'd or take dislike ;
He says the truth : let none the Stranger strike,
Nor any Servant of *Ulysses* Train,
That are appointed us to entertain.

Now let the Skinker with a full Bowl come,
And, when we have Libated, let's walk Home,
And to the Prince's care this Stranger leave.

This said, the Suitors the Advice receive.
Mulius the Goblet carries through the Hall,
Amphinomus Herald, and straight serv'd them all.
Paying ^(c) Libations to the Powers Divine,
They troul the Goblet full with richest Wine.
Then after flowing Bowls and plenteous Fare,
To Rest they to their several Homes repair.

(c) *Athenaus* observes that in *Homer* Libations to the Gods were usual as well after Meals as before, whom *Plato* follows in his *Symposium*, for he saies that after they had sup'd, they made their Libations to the Gods, and honoured them with their usual Hymns. The like doth *Xenophon*. Only in *Epicurn's* Banquet no mention of Offerings or Libations. Thus far *Athenaus*.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses and his Son convey forth all
The Arms and Spears that were about the Hall.
The Queen descends, her Husband entertains
Unknown still. He a wofull Story feigns.
Euryclea bathes his Feet : his ancient Maid
Knows her old Master by a Scar he had.*

BUT still within the Hall Ulysses
fate,
Plotting with Pallas the proud Suitors
Fate ;

And thus spake to his Son ; It will behove
That all these Arms we from the Hall remove,
And carry in : and if, why so, they ask,
That we the better may our Business mask,
Tell them th' are taken down, because the Dust
And Smoak their Brightness with a fullen Rust

Hath much impeach'd, not like the same they were,
(Sailing for *Troy*) *Ulysses* left them here.
Or say, a Revelation from the Gods
You had, left they by chance should fall at Odds,
With Wine distemper'd, and turn Nuptial Rites
To bloody Banquets : ⁽⁴⁾ Itch of Steel invites.

Telemachus these his Commands obey'd :

Then calling *Euryclea* thus he said ;

In their Apartments, Nurse, the Women shut,
Till the King's Arms I in my Closet put :
Soil'd th' are with Smoak, which I, a careless Boy,
Left hanging here, e're since he went to *Troy*.

Then *Euryclea* thus to him begun ; (Son,

Ah ! would thou hadst that Prudence, my dear
As in thy Father's Absence (being the Heir)
Of all Household-affairs to take a Care.

But when I'm gone, who'll light you out and in,
When not a Female-waiter must be seen ?

Telemachus then said, This Stranger shall ;
I'll have no idle persons haunt my Hall :
Who-ere eats here shall work, what-e're he be.

His Orders she did punctually obey.
And first to shut the Gates she had a care,
Whilst in *Ulysses* and his Off-spring bare
Helmets and Shields and Lances, whom before
Pallas a golden blazing Taper bore.
Telemachus then to his Father said ;

Prodigious Beams, O Sir, my Eyes invade :
The Walls, the Seats, the Beams and Pillars shine
As if they were a-fire ; some Pow'r Divine
Must be within, in Heav'n us'd to reside.
When to his Son *Ulysses* thus reply'd ;
Peace, be not mov'd thereat, nor more enquire.
They oft doe this who plant *Olympus* Spire.

Go

Go thou and sleep ; but here I shall remain,
That I thy Mother and her female Train
May Questions ask : she grieves, and nothing knows.

This said, *Telemachus* went to his Repose,
Where he in *Morpheus* golden Fetters lay,
And soundly slept untill the blessed Day.
But in the Hall the King with *Pallas* staid,
For to compleat the Plot which they had laid.
When the fair Queen down from her Chamber came,
Like bright ⁽¹⁾ *Diana* or the *Cyprian* Dame,
Against the Fire her Chair of State they plac'd,
B' *Icmalius* with Gold and Ivory grac'd ;
And straight a Foot-stool for her they brought in,
Which soon they cover'd with a dappled Skin.
There sat the fair *Penelope* in State,
And all her Damfels round about her wait.
A Table spreading these with Manchet store,
And Cups in which proud Suitors drank before.
This a Fire kindles, that laies on more Wood,
Which might at once give light and warm the Bloud.

When thus *Melantho* at *Ulysses* flew ;

Stay'st thou still here to see what Women doe,
And us thus in our Privacies molest ?
Sirrah, be gone, and quickly too, y'ad best,
Or we with Fire-brands shall your Passport seal.

Then thus *Ulysses*, frowning, on her fell ;
Why dost thou me so spitefully thus taunt,
Minx ? is't because I better Garments want ?
I poor crave Alms of those that best can spare ;
And many such poor Wanderers there are.
I once had Riches, (and a fair Aboard)
A part of which oft I on those bestow'd
That wanted ; many Servants I employ'd ;
What names men Rich and Happy I enjoy'd.

But

(1) He compares her to *Venus* for the Beauty of her Face, to *Diana* for the Proportions and Comeliness of her Body ; for in that was her Excellence: *Odys.* 6.

Τῇ δὲ δ' (Diana) ἄμα Νούμφας, κῆραι Λίδες
Ἀλφειοῖο,
Ἄγεσθῆκος παλαιοῖο, γέγονε δὲ τὴν σφέρα
Ἄνδρα
Παρθένω δ' ὀμπύγῃ κῆρυ ἐπὶ δὲ μέτωπον.

Whom *Virgil* follows, *Aeneid* the first ;

*Qualis in Eurota ripis, aut per jugum
Cynthia,
Exercet Diana choreas, quam mille secun-
te
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ;
illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas super-
eminet omnes.*

As on *Eurotas* Banks, or *Cynthus* Top,
Diana Dances leads ; a beauteous
Troop
Of Mountain-Nymphs attend on every
side ;
Her golden Quiver at her Shoulder's
ty'd :
Walking the all the Goddesses ex-
ceeds.

But *Jove* was pleas'd my State to ruine quite.
 Therefore take heed to exercise such Spight,
 And make of others Poverty a Sport,
 Who brave now 'mongst the Maids of Honour art.
 You may be out, that now in Favour are :
 The King may come, of whom we don't despair.
 But should he not, and if no Hope we had,
 He hath a Son who, by *Apollo's* aid,
 Will suffer no such Giggles in his Court,
 To make of wofull Pilgrims thus a Sport.

Penelope observing what they said,
 Thus in rough Language rattl'd up her Maid ;
 Audacious Drab, how in my Prefence dar'st
 Thou speak such words, nor a poor Stranger spar'st ?
 On your own Head the Plot may fall you lay.
 Know'st thou not well, didst thou not hear me say,
 From him I hop'd Intelligence to have
 Of my dear Lord, would Sorrow give me leave ?
 Then to *Eurynome* thus spake the Queen ;

Bring a Chair hither cover'd with a Skin,
 That I what he can tell may better hear :
 For him I'll sift and question very near.

She straight obeys the Orders of the Queen,
 Brings a high Chair, and covers't with a Skin.
Ulysses there sat down, his Reverence made ;
 To whom *Penelope* thus mildly said ;

Sir, first be pleas'd to tell me who you are ;
 Your Nation, Town and Parentage declare.

Then he reply'd ; Not any you can blame,
 The World your Honour knows, the Stars your Fame.
 Like a Just King, who, fearing *Jove's* Commands,
 Governs in happy Union many Lands ;
 Where several Grains they in deep Furrows throw,
 Whose Fruit on Trees beyond Abundance grow ;

Pregnant's

Pregnant's their Breed, Fishes the Sea afford,
 The People are with Wealth and Vertue stor'd.
 Therefore, best Madam, ask not who I am,
 Nor what my Parentage, nor whence I came,
 Lest my own Sorrows me too deeply touch,
 Whilst I recount them : I have suffer'd much.
 In a strange House it fits not to be sad ;
 And to weep alwaies and lament is bad.
 Some of your Maids may take offence or You,
 Saying, The Maudlin Wine with Tears can brew.
 Then thus *Penelope* to him reply'd ;

The Gods my Parts and Beauty then destroy'd,
 When first the *Greeks* 'gainst *Troy* an Army sent,
 And with them my dear Lord *Ulysses* went.
 Should he return to rule this Life of mine,
 My Fame would grow, and more my Beauty shine.
 But now in Tears time and my self I spend,
 And my Misfortunes follow without end.

Whoe're *Dulichium* or ^(c) *Same* sway,
 Woody *Zacynthus*, or rough *Ithaca*,
 Court me and vex my House, that no Regard
 I Strangers give, nor those attend reward,
 Nor means Petitioners to answer find,
 Still troubled for *Ulysses* in my Mind.

Them, hastning Nuptials, still I did deceive ;
 And, by some God inspir'd, obtained leave,
 E're any of the Suitors I espouse,

A curious Web to finish in my House.
 My Princely Suitors, (thus to them I said ;)
 Since you suppose my dearest Lord is dead,
 Delay our Marriage till that we have done
Laertes Herse-cloath, which I late begun ;
 Left I incur some *Græcian* Ladie's Hate,
 Without t' interr one of so great Estate.

Thus

(c) The name of the Island *Cephalonia*, (in the Italian Charts now call'd *Zapollonia*) from the chief City thereof.

Thus I the haughty Suitors did persuade;
By Night unrav'ling what by Day I made.
Three years I mock'd their Hopes, and held them on:
But when the fourth to finish Months begun,
My careless Women let them in; they chide.
So I must finish what I could not hide.
I've no means left now Nuptials to avoid,
No Counsel, neither Friend to be employ'd.
My Parents, they, forsooth, still put me on,
And wasted State of my displeased Son,
Now grown a Man, fitting to rule his House;
Whose Cause I hope *Jove* will himself espouse.
But pray, Sir, tell me who, and what your Stock.
Y^e are not descended from an Oak or Rock.

Then thus *Ulysses* civilly replies;

O thou the Spouse of *Laertiades*,
Wilt thou still of my Stock and Parents ask?
Since you on me impose so hard a Task,
To reckon up those Sorrows fell so thick,
They, like my Tears, would pose Arithmetick;
Them I'll declare, who have so long been hurl'd,
Banded in Sufferings, round about the World.

Crete's a fair Isle, girt with the Ocean round,
Well planted, and with ^(d) Ninety Cities crown'd.
Greeks, ^(e) *Eteocrets* and *Cydones* there are mix'd,
The ^(f) triple *Dorians* and *Pelasgians* fix'd.
Gnosfos the greatest City of that Land, ^(g) (reign'd.
Where *Minos* nine years *Jove's* great Favourite
He bold *Deucalion*, and *Deucalion* me
And King *Idomenus* got; but he
In the *Armada* that the *Græcians* sent
Against the *Trojans* with *Atrides* went.
Idomenus younger Broth'r I am,
Whom now you see thus poor, *Æthon* my Name.

There

There I *Ulysses* saw, and him did treat,
Who, forc'd by adverse Winds, put in for *Crete*,
In's way for *Troy*, bruise'd by rough ^(h) *Malean* Waves,
He in ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Amnissus*, near *Lucina's* Caves,
Anchor'd, and hardly scap'd, with Tempests tir'd;
And for *Idomenus* straight enquir'd:
He said he knew him well, did much esteem.
Ten days on this account I treated him
With whatsoe're my Palace could afford:
Th' eleventh he with his Followers went aboard,
Whom I with Corn and Wine and Beef supply'd.
There in the Bay twelve days Wind-bound they ride,
So loud rough *Boreas* blew, they could not stand
Outwards to Sea, not yet recover Land,
Croft by Displeasure of some angry God.
The thirteenth day calm, they forlake the Road.

Thus, like the Truth, he feigns a handsome Tale;
At which she faints and weeps, grows wan and pale,
Melting like Snow upon the lofty Hills,
Which milder Winds work into pettie Rills,
Whose muster'd Streamlets do the Rivers swell:
So from her Cheeks a briny Deluge fell,
For her Lord weeping that fate by her Side;
Who pitying her, an equal Sorrow vy'd,
But kept his bright Eys drie, like Horn or Steel,
Though he within did like Compassion feel.
When she had wept enough, and dri'd her Eys
Blubber'd with briny Tears, she thus replies;

Pray, Sir, be pleas'd I may some Questions ask,
To answer which will be an easie Task.
You in your House, you say, my Lord did Feast:
What Habit had he on, what fashion'd Vest?
Such things I long to know: what kind of Man,
And who were those that him attended on?

N n

Then

(d) What here is ninety, in his *Iliad* is a hundred:

ἑξήκοντα τῆς, ἑξήκοντα τῆς, ἡ ἑξήκοντα ἑξήκοντα
ἄλλοι δ' ἐν ἑξήκοντα ἑξήκοντα ἑξήκοντα
το, &c.

Phæacians and Rhytians, and who in *Crete*

Did in a hundred famous Cities dwell,
domeneus, who did much excel
in feats of War, and bold Meceones,
four Vessels brought through briny
Seas.

Which dissonancy the ancient Writers
have several waies attempted to recon-
cile. Some say the number of the Ci-
ties was a hundred in the time of the
Trojan War, but that *Leucus* King of
the Island demolish'd ten for terror
the remainder. But *Ephorus*, an an-
cient Historian, saies that ten Cities
were built by the *Dorians*, whom *Al-
cmenus* planted there after the *Tro-
jan* War; to whom *Strabo* assesteth.
Others think that the number hundred
is used indefinitely for a great many, as
the Lemma of *Rome* in an ancient
Olyn, *Polus* ἑξακισχίλιος.

(e) That is, Natives of *Crete*, such as
are not from other Countries to set-
tle there.

(f) There is great diversity of opi-
nion among the ancients in the ex-
planation of this Epithet. *Andron*, one
of the ancientest of the *Greek* Histori-
ans, saies that *Doria*, from whence this
colony came, consisted of three Ci-
ties, and therefore the *Dorians* are
call'd by *Homer* *triple*, which cer-
tainly is the meaning of the Poet,
though *Strabo* admitteth it not; be-
cause, saith he, *Doria* consisted not of
three, but four Cities. But both *Thu-
cides* and *Diodorus Siculus* agree with
Andron. The former in his eleventh
Book, *ἡ δὲ δόρις ἡλικὸς οἱ θανάσι ἐτα-
μίσθη πόλιν αὐτῆς ἀπὸ τῆς τρι-
πλοῦς ἀνακατασκευασμένης τὰς τρεῖς πόλεις,
ἡ Βούρα, ἡ Εὐρύκη. After
few lines the Phocians was d War
against the Dorians, descended from the
cedæmonians; who inhabit three
cities, Cytinium, Bæum and Eriæum,
under the Mountain *Parnassus*.
After the same manner does the latter
narrate them in his first Book.*

(g) A Promontory of *Peloponnesus*
lying South-east, not far distant from
Crete, where Navigation was so dan-
gerous, that it became a Proverb,

Μαλὴν ὁ ἄλγος εἶναι τοῦ πλοῦ.

Strabo also notes, that the *Italian* and
Asian Merchants chose rather to carry
their Goods by land over the *sthemus* at
Corinth, then trust them to those Seas.

(h) A Station for Ships belonging to
Minus King of *Crete*, according to
Strabo: others say it is a River of that
Island. *Eustathius*.

Then he reply'd; Madam, 'tis hard to tell
These Niceties and to recall them well,
Now twenty years b'ing past since *Crete* he left:
But I, well as I can, shall make a shift.
Ulysses then had on a purple Vest,
With Loops and golden Buttons neatly drest.
Before he had within a ⁽¹⁾ Landskip drawn
A Hound, who greedy seiz'd a trembling Fawn,
(The curious Work Spectators all admire)
The Dog and Hind both wrought in Golden Wire:
He seem'd to hold fast by the Throat his Prey;

The other panting strove to get away.
What he wore under shew'd so fine and thin,
As a drie Onion's perspicable Skin;
So bright, it like the Sun shot golden Beams,
Admired much by our most skilfull Dames.
But, Madam, pray this Caution take before,
I cannot say that here such Cloaths he wore,
Or that some Friend or Stranger did present
That glorious Habit since to Sea he went.
For many did *Ulysses* much esteem,
Since few of all the *Greeks* were like to him.
I him presented with a curious Sword
And purple Vest, and sent them both aboard.
The Herald that *Ulysses* ushered
Was somewhat older, more his Shoulders spread,
More swarthy his Complexion, curl'd his Hair,
More of *Ulysses* honour'd then all there
That follow'd him; his Parts kept up his Fame,
And, as I take't, *Eurybates* was his Name.
When this exact Description she had heard,
And wept a-fresh, she thus her self declar'd;

You in sad plight were when you did attend
For Alms here, but be now my honour'd Friend.

That

That Vest I him presented which thou say'st
He then had on, with golden Buttons grac't.
But him (alas!) I shall behold no more,
Nor he e're see his House and Native Shore;
Who went to *Troy* enforc'd by cruel Fate,
That curs'd Town, whose very Name I hate.
To her *Ulysses*, chearing her, replies;
O thou fair Spouse of *Laertiades*,
Preserve thy Beauty; don't thy bright Eys blind
With blubbing Tears, waite not with Grief thy Mind.
There's none but would her former Lord deplore,
Whom young she married; t' whom she Children bore:
But you much more for your dear Husband may
Lament, for he was like a God, they say.
But cease from Grief a while, and list to me,
I am plain Tell-tröth, and I shall be free
To tell you what sure Information gives.
Ulysses now hard by the *Tbesprot*s lives,
'Mongst wealthy People, ready Home to sail
With store of Wealth and Goods of great avail;
But all his Friends and his stout Ship were lost,
Swallow'd by Waves near the ^(k) *Trinacrian Coast*.
For angry *Jove* and *Sol* them in the Sound,
For slaughtering *Sol*'s sacred Cattel, drown'd.
He on his Keel reach'd the *Phaeacian Shore*,
Where him they all did like a God adore;
Rich Gifts they gave him, would have sent him Home
In safety, who before this might have come;
But to consult his Profit he thought fit,
And Travelling a great Estate to get.
None knows more then *Ulysses* now alive,
None can with him in usefull Science strive.
This *Phidon*, *Tbesprot*'s King, to me declar'd;
He swore his Ship was rigg'd, his men prepar'd,

N n 2

That

(1) It appears from hence that the Art of working all sorts of Animals to the life in Vests, Hangings, and the like, was very ancient among the *Gracians*; which surely they must have learn'd either from the *Sidonians* or *Aegyptians*; as they from the *Perfians* or *Indians*; or that sort of Work was most usual in those Countries. *Aristophanes* in his *ana*,

ὅς ἱπποδρόμους, ἔν τε γαλαῖας, ἀπὸ οὗ, ἃς τῶν περὶ τὴν αἰὲν τοῖς Μεδιώταις γέγονεν.

Line not, like yours, prodigious Monsters be, such as are wrought in Median Tapestry.

the like we find in *Sidonius*,

teregrina dr. Supellex
tephthoutis ac Niphatis
inga tecta Bellidique
epidas vocante panno,
leuit quibus furorem
ene sita plaga ceco, &c.

from *Ctesiphon* straight get enough and *Niphates* fair Household-stuff, wrought with Hills and Wild-beasts which

the empty Prospect may enrich; who, by well-feign'd Wounds engag'd, seem more desperately engag'd. from Javelin fixed in their Sides loud in bloudless Rivers glides. Where the *Parthian* with such art O're his shoulder throws his Dart; tis Horse now changing, then retreats, and flying, to his Foe defeats.

(k) That is, the Coasts of *Sicily*, so call'd from its three Promontories, *Pelorus*, *Pachynum*, and *Lilybaeum*.

That soon would set him on his Native Shore.
 But me he sent in a stout Ship before,
 Bound for *Dulichium*. And there your Lord
 Shew'd me a mass of Riches, such a Hoard
 As would ten Ages his whole Charge defray,
 Which safe then in that King's Exchequer lay.
 He to the Sacred Oak in *Dodon's* Grove
 Went to consult the Oracles of *Jove*,
 Whether he should to his desired Home
 Private, or, like himself, in Publick come.
 So he's in Safety, and will soon be here.
 Which if you make a question of, I'll swear
 By *Jove*, the best and greatest of the Gods,
 E're long he shall behold his own Abodes,
 Where I a Stranger find your Charitie :
 What I averr, effected straight shall be.
Ulysses here shall land within a Year,
 Nay 'thin a Month or little more be here.
 Then straight *Penelope* this Answer made ; (said,
 Ah! would thou could'st make good what thou hast
 With Friendship I and Bounty would my part
 So act, that all should say thou happy art.
 But as my Mind misgives, even so I fear,
 I never shall behold *Ulysses* here,
 Nor thou get Home ; these Rulers fit not thee,
 Not like my Lord, (if yet alive he be)
 Who kindly would receive whoe're did come,
 And when he would depart, would send him Home.
 Maids, wash this Stranger, and prepare his Bed,
 Then Rugs and softer Blankets o're it spread,
 That warm he may repose till the approach
 Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach ;
 Early i'th' Morn wash and anoint him : thus
 Fit him to dine with Prince *Telemachus*.

Him

Him whosoe're shall use with Disrespect,
 Be what he will, he shall be surely checkt.
 How should you know, my Guest, that I excell
 In ord'ring House-affairs, in ruling well,
 If meanly cloath'd at Dinner thou should'st sit?
 Man's Life is short, and it had need be sweet.
 Those cruel men that after Rapine thirst,
 Shall live to hear themselves by all men curst,
 And after Death have Maledictions store :
 But who in Charity relieve the poor,
 Strangers shall through the World their Fame resound,
 Still shall their Liberality be renown'd.
 Then thus *Ulysses* to his Queen replies ;
 O thou fair Spouse of *Laertiades*,
 For warmer Rugs and Blankets, them I hate,
 E're since I left the Snow-crown'd Hills of *Crete*,
 Brushing with pliant Oars the briny Wave.
 I like such Lodgings as I us'd to have.
 Many long Nights in Cottages I lay,
 Expecting Comforts of the blessed Day.
 Nor care I much for Washing, nor think fit
 That any of your Maids should touch my Feet,
 But some old Woman, who like Woes hath felt,
 And with whom Fortune hath as roughly dealt :
 That she should wash my Feet I could abide.
 Then to *Ulysses* thus the Queen reply'd ;
 You have, dear Sir, so well your self express't,
 That I ne'r entertain'd a worthier Guest,
 That better spoke or more Discretion had.
 I have a prudent and an ancient Maid,
 Which at his Birth my poor *Ulysses* first
 From's Mother took, and diligently nurs'd.
 Go, *Enryclea*, and the Pilgrim bathe :
Ulysses Years, who-e're he be, he hath ;

Whose

Whose Hands and Feet like his by this may be.
They soon look Old who suffer Misery.
This said, th' old Nurse (whilst Tears in Rivulets ran,
Which she conceal'd) this wofull Speech began ;

O my dear Son! O cruel *Jove*, that dost
Declare thy self 'gainst pious men and just!
For none so oft as he the brawny Thighs
Of Beeves and Goats to thee did sacrifice,
Imploring that his ⁽¹⁾ Glass might longer run,
That he might live to breed his hopefull Son.
But now there's little hope of his Return :

Elsewhere proud Sluts do make of him a Scorn,
When to their Courts abroad he doth resort,
As now these Minxes make of thee a Sport,
Who (to avoid their Scoffs and grosser Wit)
Suffer'st not them, but me, to wash thy Feet,
Which me the Queen commanding, I obey,
For your own sake, and for *Penelope*.

Something methinks within troubles my Breast,
Which I'll declare : till when I cannot rest.
Here many wofull Travellers have been,
But none so like *Ulysses* have I seen :
Such a shap'd Body, Voice, and Feet he had.
When thus *Ulysses* to th' old Woman said ;

Old Friend, they say, who ever saw us two,
W' are strangely like, and fanfy just as you.

This said, th' old Woman straight did Water heat:
But e're she wash'd, from th' Light he turn'd his Feet ;
For suddenly it came into his mind,
That she the Scar above his Knee might find.
His Doubt prov'd true, she spy'd it, long before
Made on *Parnassus* by a savage Boar,
When he t' *Autolycus*, his Grandfire, came,
Who bore for Cheats and Slight of hand the name.

Hermes

Hermes his Patron gave him such rare Gifts,
That he out-did the World at cunning Shifts ;
Because so often he the brawny Thighs
Of Lambs and Goats to him did sacrifice.
Coming to *Libaea*, his Daughter there
He found deliver'd of a hopefull Heir.

Euryclea set the Babe upon his Knee,
Noble *Autolycus*, ^(m) name the Child, said she,
The Child pray'd for by thee so many a day.
To th' Parents then *Autolycus* thus did say ;

Dear Son and Daughter, I shall give the Name,
Who hither hated by so many came.

Ulysses call him ; and, when fit to come,
Send him to me and my Relations Home ;
Where I shall many Gifts the Youth present,
Then send him back to you with all Content.
He went, expecting Gifts of great esteem,
Autolycus and his Sons receiving him
With as great Kindness as can be exprest ;
But his Grand-mother out-went all the rest,
Old *Amphithea*, who, in strict Embrace,
His fair Eys kiss'd, his Head, his Brows and Face.

Autolycus his noble Sons then bid
A Feast prepare ; which with all speed they did.
And first an Ox of five years age they got ;
Whom straight they flay, and then in quarters cut :
Then the divided Joynts on Spits they fixt,
And roasted well they drew, and serv'd up next.
Thus sat they Feasting till the Sun did set,
Nought wanting that could make a noble Treat.
Grown late, each went unto his own Repose.
But when the rose-finger'd Morn arose,
Autolycus Sons straight forth a-Hunting go,
Their Dogs with them, and young *Ulysses* too.

(m) The seventh or tenth day after the birth of a Child was the Feast of Lustration or Expiation, when, all the Kindred being invited to a Banquet, the Name was imposed. The Ceremonies us'd at this Solemnity are partly exprest by *Perfius* in his second Satyr,

*Ecce avia, aut metum Divinæ materis, cunctis
Exemio puerum, frangimque atque nuda
labella
Infanti digito & infrahis aut salivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere peria.
Tunc manibus quatit, & spem macram
supplicis voto
Nunc Licui in campos, &c.*

The Grand-mother, or Aunt, the Child up takes,
On's Lips and Brow an Expiation makes
With Spittle on her middle-finger, which
Averts the bane of ill Eys which bewitch.
Then dandling't in her Arms prays for its Health,
Begg him *Licinius* Lands and *Craffus* Wealth.
May Kings and Queens with him their adopted Son :
May him all Virgins love that look upon :
And whatfoe're he treads on be a Rose.

But their chief Superstition was in the choice of a Name, which they look'd upon as an Omen of their future Felicity.

And

And soon wood-cloath'd *Parnassus* crown they scale,
There find a Flat cool'd with a breezing Gale.
When the Sun, rising from the gentle Main,
Tinfell'd the Meads, and tipp'd the blushing Grain,
They in the Bottom were, before them went
Their well-nos'd Dogs, who follow'd close the Sent.
Autolycus Sons with young *Ulysses* were,
In their strong Hand each brandishing a Spear.
Here in a Thicket lay a huge Boar, where
No Winds could penetrate nor piercing Air,
Nor could the Sun shoot through one radiant Beam,
Nor Show'rs make Entrance never so extream:
So thick it was, and roof'd all o're with Leaves.
The noise of Dogs and Hunters he receives,
As they drew nigh, and, scorning to retire,
Draws forth all bristled, with his Eys like fire.
Ulysses first against him did advance,
And stoutly charg'd the Monster with his Lance:
But the Boar gaunch'd him with a cruel Gash
Above the Knee, and tore away the Flesh,
But mis'd the Bone; whilst him *Ulysses* paid,
And his sharp Point ran through his Shoulder-blade:
Down falls the Beast extended on the Ground.

Autolycus Sons straight dress'd *Ulysses* Wound,
And, binding't, with a ^(a) Charm the Bleeding stay'd.
Thence to their Father's Palace hast they made.
Autolycus and his Sons there curing him,
Dismiss him thence with Gifts of great esteem;
And he to *Ithaca* well pleas'd did come.
His Parents, glad to see him safe at Home,
Him many Questions ask'd, and how he had
Receiv'd that Scar. Them this Account he made;
How on ^(a) *Parnassus* him a Boar had gaunch'd,
And how the Bloud his Cofin-germans staunch'd.

Wiping

Wiping his Leg, this the old Woman found:
His Leg let fall the Laver made to sound,
Which tipping sidewaies straight the Liquour sheds.
Sorrow and Joy at once her Breast invades;
Her Eyes brim-full of Tears, she could not speak.
At last her troubled Thoughts thus forth did break;
Thou art *Ulysses*, sure, that Prince I nurs'd;
And though I bath'd thee, I knew thee not at first.
This said, she turn'd to th' Queen, and did prepare
To tell her that her dearest Lord was there.
But her the Queen not in this posture spies,
Pallas had turn'd away her Mind and Eys.
Straight on her Throat his hand *Ulysses* lay'd,
And drawing her nearer unto him, he said;

Dear Nurse, why will you ruine me, who bred
Me with such care, and at your Nipple fed,
That through a world of Miseries and Toil,
This twentieth year have reach'd my Native Soil?
But what thou know'st, what God puts in thy Heart,
There lock up, nor to any one impart.
For else I promise, and it shall be done,
If the proud Suitors are by me o're-thrown,
Although my Nurse, thy Life I shall not spare,
But thou shalt like these flouting Gigglers fare.
Then *Euryclea* thus herself declar'd; (Guard?

How 'scap'd these words thy Teeth, that Ivory
You know my Constancy and Courage well,
My Bosom firm as Rock, my Heart as Steel.
But I'll inform what's fit for you to know:
If *Jove* so please, the Suitors you o're-throw,
I'll point out all those Harlots in your Court
You that dishonour, making Crimes their Sport.

Then he reply'd; Nurse, who they are ne'r tell,
That pains I'll spare thee, them I know too well,

O o

And

(a) *Pliny* in his Natural History sends a whole Chapter in enquiry whether Charms are available in Phryck or no: whose words, as far as they shall tend to our purpose, we think fit to transcribe. *Dixit Homerus prostratum sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyssim inhiuissit Carmine*: *Theophrastus* (*chadicos sanari*, &c. *Homer* hath written that *Ulysses*, being wounded in the Thigh, staunch'd the blood with a charm: and *Theophrastus* testifies that here be proper Spells to cure the *Sciatica*. *Cato* hath left in writing, that there is a special Charm for Dislocations, whereby any Bone put out of joint may be set again. *Attalus* avouches for a ceremony, that if a man chance to espie a Serpent, and see no more but say this one word *D'Os*, (that is, *Tuo*) the Serpent will be still and quiet, and never shoot with his Sting.

(a) A Mountain in *Achaia*, call'd by the later *Greeks* corruptly *Tymote*.

And all their Characters : Pray silent be,
And the whole Business leave to Fate and Me.

This said, a Laver to the Hall she bore :
For all the Liqueur she had spilt before.
When with pure Oyl she suppled had his Feet,
Ulysses to the Fire then drew his Seat,
And o're the Scar his gather'd Garment spread:
When thus *Penelope* to her Husband said;

I here in talk, Sir, longer you would keep,
But now the time draws nigh indulging Sleep,
Which should to wasting Sorrow give relief:
But my sad Fortune aggravates fresh Grief.
All Day my Comforts and my Grievs are mix'd,
Whilst on our Work I and my Maids are fix'd:
But when Night comes, and all the House take rest,
A thousand Sorrows sting my troubled Breast.

As when ⁽¹⁾ *Pandareus* Daughter in the Spring,
Perch'd 'mongst thick Branches, dolefull Notes doth
Lamenting *Itylus* her Son in vain, (sing,

⁽²⁾ *Zetbus* fair Off-spring, in her Fury slain :
So I with wand'ring Thoughts perplexed am,
Should I my Husband's Bed and my own Fame,
With my Estate, Servants and House, preserve;
Or wed some Prince, who best might me deserve,
And with a wealthy Joynture me endow.

My Son, whilst under age, would not allow
That I should wed, and leave him here alone;
But now a man, he prays me to be gone,
And, much incens'd, rather desires my Room,
Because my Suitors his Estate consume.

Sir, you have skill in Dreams, I'll mine repeat:
I've twenty Geese, which picking Corns of Wheat
With pleasure I beheld, when from the Hill
A mighty Eagle, with a dreadful Bill,

Upon

Upon them falling, the whole Flock there flew,
Breaking their Necks; but he thence mounting flew,
I in my Sleep much griev'd did weep and cry,
(Many a *Gracian* Lady standing by)
Because the Eagle my poor Geese had slain.
But he return'd, perching on th' House, again,
And with a humane Voice to me thus said;

Icarus Daughter, be not so disdain'd:
'Tis not a Dream, no fleeting Fancy this,
But certain Truth: The Suitors are the Geese;
And I, that then appear'd to thee a Bird,
Am now arriv'd, *Ulysses* thy dear Lord,
On all thy Suitors just Revenge to take.

This said, the wond'rous Dream did me forsake;
And looking out my Cacklers I did see
Feeding on Corn, where they were wont to be.

Then he reply'd; Madam, there is no need
To clear your Dream: *Ulysses* self that did,
Who said your Suitors by his Hand should fall,
Nor one escape a wofull Funeral.

Then she reply'd; Dreams hard are to explain,
All prove not true, but idle some and vain.

⁽³⁾ Two Gates there are of Sleep, one made of Horn,
'The other polish'd Ivory doth adorn:
From hence vain words and flattering Hopes issue,
But Visions issuing through the Horn prove true.
'Two Gates there are of Sleep, one made of Horn,
'The other polish'd Ivory doth adorn:
From hence vain words and flattering Hopes issue,
But Visions issuing through the Horn prove true.
My Dream from hence I doubt could never be:
If't were, 'twould Joy prove to my Son and me.
But with one Secret more thee I'll intrust;
When that unhappy Day shall come which must
Me separate from my *Ulysses* Court,
I'll for my self provide a little Sport:
In order I'll set Axes in my Hall,
Each of them hath its Annulet, twelve in all;

O o 2

Through

(1) This Enigma of the two Gates of Dreams is several waies resolv'd by the Interpreters. *Porphyry* saies that the Soul being free from the employments of the Body in time of Sleep, is bias'd about other Objects, which yet it views not perfectly and clearly, but as it were through a Veil drawn before it by that dark Nature to which it is united: which when it admits the sight of the Soul into the truth of the Objects, it is said to be of Horn, whose substance is of that nature, that being attenuated it is pervious to the Sight; but when it hinders and repels it, it is said to be of Ivory, which is of so solid and compact a body, that after most accurate attenuation it remains impenetrable to the Eye. Others by the Horn Gate understand the Eyes, whose first Tunicle is said to be *Membrana*, the Horn by the Ivory Gate, the Teeth signifying that what we speak may be false, but what we see is infallibly true. This expression of our Poet's *Argo* follows in the sixth of his *Aeneid*;

Sunt geminae Somni portae: quarum altera somnum, quae veris facilius datur exitum, Membris;
Altera candenti persellenda nitens elephanto, Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Mentes.

There are two Gates of Sleep: One made of Horn, Through which true Visions to the Skies are born;
The other Ivory, polish'd purely bright, Whence false Dreams fall to aethereal light.

And *Aspersion* in his *Epigramis*,
Divinus prebentis Vacem sub frondibus Ilmi
Vana ignavorum simulacra locasse Soporem,
Et quidnam numero Portarum quae fornice curvum
Semper fallaces glomerat super aëra formae;
Altera quae verum emittit cornu visum.

The Poet plac'd dull Dreams (as Fame receives)
And Fancies light under an Elm's thick leaves,
Two Gates close by: the one of Ivory, where
Decent full forms pass to aethereal air;
The other Horn, from whence true Dreams go forth.

(1) *Tereus*, King of *Thrace*, infected with the Vice of his Country, burns with love of *Philomela*, (Daughter of *Pandareus*, according to *Homer*, by others call'd *Pandion*) his Wife's Sister, and in the heat of his Lust ravish'd her. Which his Wife understanding, studies a strange Revenge, murders her own Son *Itylus*, or *Ityx*, and feigns her Husband with his flesh. Which being made known to him, he pursues the two Sisters, who are feign'd to have been chang'd into Birds, for their speedy flight unto *Athena*, by which they escap'd the Revenge of *Tereus*; *Philomela* into a Nightingale, and *Progne* into a Swallow: in that no Nightingales are seen in *Thrace*, as hating the Country of *Tereus*; nor Swallows ever build there, as is observ'd by *Pausanias*. The Nightingale, chanting in the solitary Woods, and feigns to be mourn the death of her Son *Itylus*, by which the Poets generally express extreme Grief and Lamentation. The whole Story is elegantly describ'd by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, but 'tis too large to be here transcribed.

(2) This Story is otherwise related here then amongst the late Greek and Roman Writers, who relate it thus: *Pandareus* had three Daughters, *Merope*, *Cleobara*, and *Aedon*. *Aedon* was married to *Zetbus*, by whom she had *Ityx*, whom she slew out of a mistake, intending to have murdered *Amenet*, Son of *Amphion*, her Husband's Brother.

Through which at distance he a Shaft could shoot.
 Now to this Triall I'll the Suitors put :
 And he that best my Husband's Bow can bend,
 And through a dozen Rings his Arrow send,
 Him I will marry, and forsake this House
 Furnish'd so well, although my former Spouse
 In Dreams will haunt me. Then the King replies ;

Thou dearest Spouse of *Laertiades*,
 Put on this Triall, since the time draws near,
 Madam, that your *Ulysses* will appear ;
 I say, *Ulysses* will be here, I know,
 E're they can pass the Rings with bended Bow.

Then spake the Queen ; Here I could stay all Night,
 And less in Sleep than thy Discourse delight ;
 Though wofull Mortals that on Earth reside
 Must Rest and Toil alternately divide.
 But I'll to my Apartment now retreat,
 Where I with nightly Tears my Pillow wet
 E're since *Ulysses* went to th' Trojan War,
 Whose very Name to mention I abhor :
 There I'll repose. For you we'll Carpets spread
 Here on the Floor, or help you to a Bed.

This said, t' her Chamber straight she did ascend ;
 Her Maids in order the fair Queen attend :
 There weeping for her Lord she lay, till fast
 In deep and pleasant Sleep her *Pallas* cast.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Revengefull Cares awake Ulysses keep :
 He hears his Queen in her own Chamber weep.
 Pallas appears, advising him to rest.
 Ominous Thunder prologues a sad Feast.
 Theoclymenus foretells the Suitors Fates ;
 For which they vote to turn him out o'th' Gates.*

BUT in the Porch the King, to take
 Repose,
 First o're himself a Bullock's raw Hide
 throws ;

Next Sheep-skins that were newly slaughter'd got :
Eurynome over all casts a warm Coat.
 He, Plots contriving, long awake did lie,
 Untill the Suitors Mistresses came by,
 Laughing, and talking of their young *Amours*.
 He, much concern'd at these so impudent—

Be-

Bethought himself, should he doe well or ill,
Such Harlots in their high Debauch to kill,
Or let them yet be prostituted Drabs.
His Heart did seem to bark, it fetch'd such Throbs.
As a fierce Spaniel suckling of her Whelps,
A Stranger spying, rages, snarls, and yelps,
Ready to seize: such Thoughts his troubled Breast
With Tumult fill'd, when thus himself he exprest;
Be patient, thou hast worse things endur'd,
When *Polyphemus*, in his Cave secur'd,
Six of thy stout Associates devour'd.
Yet his huge Strength thy Prudence over-pow'r'd,
And those who did expect like Death did save,
And with thy self freed from the Monster's Cave.

The swelling Passions of his Mind, this said,
He strove to settle; they his Will obey'd.
But he still waking lies, and tossing rowls.
As one a Pudding broiling on the Coals,
Well stuff'd with Fat and Bloud, left it should burn,
Ne'r lets it rest: so did he restless turn,
Contriving how the Suitors to destroy.
Pallas descending then from Seats of Joy,
Like a fair Lady, drawing near him, spake;

Why troubled thus keep'st thou thy self awake?
This is thy House; thy Wife and Son are here;
A Son that should by thee be prized dear.

Ulysses then reply'd; Celestial Maid,
Thou to the purpose hast divinely said:
But how alone I should these Rivals match,
The thought of this makes me to wake and watch:
For they are still all in a Body joyn'd.
Besides, this more than that distracts my Mind,
How to come off my self, if *Jove* so please
That single I shall be reveng'd of these.

Then

Then *Pallas* said; Should any Mortal give
Thee Counsel, him thou rather wouldst believe,
Though his Advice were impotent and lame,
Then me, although I thy Protectress am.
But what I tell thee now I shall make good;
If fifty drawn-up Squadrons round thee stood,
Thou shouldst disperse them with thy Sword and Shield,
And drive their Sheep and Cattel from the Field.
Wave troubled Thoughts, and take some small Repose,
From want of which oft high Distemper grows.
This said, she clos'd his Eys, and then retires
To Seats of Bliss that crown *Olympick* Spires.
Meanwhile his Queen, vex'd with like Cares and Fears,
Her soft Bed (sitting) drowns with briny Tears.
When she had wept till she could weep no more,
Thus she the chaste ^(a) *Diana* did implore;

Virgin, *Jove's* Daughter, grant me this Request,
To shoot thy deadly Arrow through my Breast;
Or snatch me hence, with a swift Hurricane,
Far as the Confines of the flowing Main:
There let me be 'mongst dismall Mansions hurl'd,
And Seats of Darkness in the lower World.
Such be the Storm as that the Gods employ'd,
When the *Pandarean* Parents they destroy'd,
And left their tender Orphans almost dead.
Fair *Venus* them with Cheese, Wine, Honey, fed.
But *Juno* gave them 'bove all Women place,
Adding to Wisdom a right Beauteous Grace.
To them *Diana* grants majestick Parts;
And *Pallas* makes them skilfull in her Arts.

Whilst Heav'n bright *Venus* cal'd, of *Jove* to know,
(The great Dispenfer of our Weal and Woe)
With whom these beauteous Virgins should be match'd,
Them *Harpyes* in a winged Tempest snatch'd,

And

(a) *Penelope* doth properly invoke *Diana* here, because she was reputed to be the Authour of sudden death to Women, as *Apollo* to men; as we have already observ'd. The imprecation of the *Demaiades*, rather than to marry with the Sons of *Peleus* their Cousin-germans, is not unlike to this, in *Aschylus*.

ὄναρ δ' ἀρπαγῆς
βέλος ὤρετο το σπέρματι
οὐκ ἴδι' ἀνδρὶ
τὸν ὑπερβόλαιον παῖτα.
Πῶς δ' αὖτ' ἴσθι' ἀνδρὶ βέλος,
οὐκ ἴδι' ἴσθι' ἀνδρὶ βέλος, ὅτι.

Ah! let me die now 'din a fatal Chord,
Ere a loath'd Husband I receive as
Lord.
First let the Devil rule, let him me bear
Into the middle Region of the Air;
Or else a Jullen Rock all over hide,
Before again my will I am a Bride.
Or may I find for Dogs and Vultures to
From such dire mischief's Death will set
me free.
Come, Death, come, cruel Death, conclude
my Fate,
Rather than Nuptials with the Man I
hate.

And to th' infernall Hags presented straight,
That they on them and their dire works might wait.
So may the Gods snatch me to Shades of Woe,
Or chast *Diana* kill me with her Bow,
That I my dear *Ulysses* may behold.
Ah! let the Earth's dark Bosom me infold,
Before that I a meaner Person wed.
'Twere to be born, though Tears all Day I shed,
If Night my Cares drown'd in forgetfull Sleep:
So't does with others, onely I wake and weep.
Methought this Night one to my Bed did come
Like him that fail'd from hence to *Ilium*:
I, over-joy'd, believ'd my Dream was true.

This said, from Eastern Hills the Morning grew.
But her *Ulysses* heard, whilst Tears she shed,
And fann'd her close standing by his Bed.
Straight rising, in the Chairs the Skins he plac'd,
And the Ox-hide into the Portal cast,
And thus to *Jove* with Hands up-lifted pray'd;

O *Jove*, who me o're Sea and Land convey'd,
Some humane Voice within (ah!) let me hear;
Without another Sign let strike my Ear.

Thus pray'd *Ulysses*, and *Jove* heard his Prayer,
Answ'ring in ^(c) Thunder from a serene Air.
The happy Omen made the King joyce.
Straight at the Mill he heard a Woman's Voice.
There did the King employ twelve Damfels still,
Who Wheat and Barley ground: they wrought untill,
Quite tir'd, eleven of them fell fast asleep;
But this twelfth Woman to her Work did keep.
She, hearing this strange Thunder, Silence broke,
And said; (of which *Ulysses* notice took)

O *Jove*, thou King and Father of the Gods,
What means this Thunder, when there are no Clouds?

This

(d) That Thunder was a testimony of Prayer being heard and answered, we find a pertinent example in *Virgil*, where when old *Anchises*, seeing the lambent Flame upon his Grand-child *Iulus*'s Head, lifted up his Hands to Heaven, and prayed to *Jove* for Help and direction; he was thus answered,

*Vix ea satis erat Senior, subitque fragore
Insonuit levum, &c.*

Scarce had the grave Sire spoke, when suddenly
It thunder'd prosperous, &c.

So does *Clavdian* make Thunder a token of the Divine Approvement of the Election of *Probus* and *Olybrius* to their Consulships,

*Ut Scepturn gessere manu, membraque rigentes
Aptare totum; Signum dat summus
Iovis
Nube Pater, gratumque facem per inane rotante
Prospere vibrati sonuerunt Omnia nimbi.*

As soon as robb'd and scepter'd, *Jove* aloud
His signal Favour thunders from a Cloud's
Well-boding Lightning through heav'n's
Arches thines:
Both at th' inauguration happy Signs.

This somewhat bodes: make good thy happy Sign
To me poor Wretch, who will in Wishes join
Let this day be to all the Day of Doom
That Feasting here *Ulysses* State consume,
Who me have tir'd with Toil and sitting up,
To grind and sift; ah! may they ne'r more sup.
Jove's Thunder and this Vote: the King o're-joy'd;
His Hopes confirming all should be destroy'd.
The Damfels then began themselves to show;
Some bring in Wood, some make the Fire and blow.
Telemachus then from his Bed arose,
Puts on his Vest, and o're his Faulchion throws,
Buckles his Sandals, up his Jav'lin takes,
And, going forth, to *Euryclea* speaks;

Hadst thou for this our Guest so small Esteem,
That thou nor Food nor Bed wouldst furnish him?
My Mother better Lodgings would provide
For meaner Persons. Then th' old Nurse reply'd;

Blame not thy Mother: here the Pilgrim sat
Drinking rich Wine, Eating whilst he could eat:
And when grown late, she to her Damfels said,
Go make the Pilgrim's Bed; which he forbad.
For he, as one Unfortunate and Poor,
Refus'd well-furnish'd Lodgings for the Floor.
He in the Porch on an Ox-hide did rest,
Cover'd with Skins, and I threw o're a Vest.

The Prince went forth, this said, arm'd with a Spear,
(Two fleet Dogs onely his Attendants were)
Unto the Council; when the ancient Maid,
Grave *Euryclea*, to the Damfels said;

Dress up the Hall with speed, and ^(c) Perfumes get,
And purple Cushions put in every Seat:
Let some the Boards with Spunges neatly cleanse,
Others the Cups and golden Goblets rinse,

P p

And

(c) That is, perfum'd Oil to be sprinkled about the Room: which *Eustathius*, upon the place, notes to be an ancient Custom, from these Verses, (whose Author he names not)

*'Αὐτὸς ἐνδύειται, ὃ δὲ βαρὺ θυμῷ,
Ἐργάζηται καὶ ἀνέμῳ, ὃ μὲν οὐδὲν ἴσθ' ἔχει,
Κερίεσσι τ' αἶμα, ὃ τὸν ἄνθρωπον σέει.*

Open the Lodgings, make the Chambers sweet,
Then make the Beds well, and a good Fire get,
And then a Bowl of pleasant Wine me fill.

And *Athenaeus* cites of *Demetrius Phalerens*, Governour of Athens, that he had a custom upon his bed to have oil, caus'd perfum'd oil to be sprinkled upon the ground.

And fetch pure Water for the Rival Guests;
The Prince this day highly intends to Feast.

Thus gave the order. They the ancient Maid,
Their Governess, without delay obey'd.
Twice ten went to the Fountain, others dress'd
The stately Hall: whilst in the Suitors prest,
Who Billets cleave: the Maids come from the Spring.

Enumeus in did three fat Porkers bring,
Which had at freedom plentifully fed;
Who, smiling, thus unto *Ulysses* said;

Art thou in Favour with the Suitors more?
Or use they thee as basely as before?
The King then to *Enumeus* thus reply'd;

May Heav'n take Vengeance on them for their Pride,
That with such Insolence thus riot here,
Against all Conscience, Modesty, or Fear.

Melanthius came, whilst thus *Ulysses* spoke,
And brought fat Goats, the primest of the Flock.
Them in the Portal fast two Herdsmen made.
Drolling, the Goat-herd to *Ulysses* said;

What, Good-man Troublefom, art thou here yet?
Know'st thou not how out of these Doors to get?
Thou, who so saucy art 'mongst Lords and Peers,
Stay'st thou untill th' art pluck'd out by the Ears?
Will nought but Blows serve such a greedy Guest?
Are there no other Houses where they feast?

Ulysses, thus affronted, nothing said,
Onely suppress'd his Rage, and shook his Head.

Philetus next, amongst the Swains a King,
A barren Heifer and fat Kids did bring,
(^d) Ferry-men brought them o're that goe betwixt,
Carrying all persons over who come next)
And them did near the echoing Portal tie:
Then spake he to *Enumeus* standing by;

What

What Stranger 's this hither so lately came?
What Country? who his Parents? what his Name?
Though poor he seem, his Looks yet Princelike are:
They often suffer Want who wander far;
And Gods do Kings oft sad Examples make.
Him by the Hand then taking, thus he spake;

Welcom, grave Father, may'st thou Wealthy be,
Who now art pinch'd with Want and Misery.
O *Jove*, of all the Gods thou tak'st least Care
For wofull Mortals, though thy Race they are,
And let'st them be o'rewhelm'd in Toil and Grief.
When I re-mind how, wanting all Relief,
Ulysses may thus wander up and down
Without a Vest, my Cheeks salt Rivers down;
If yet he live: but he, alas! is dead,
Long since descended to th' Infernal Shade.
Thinking of him I almost am distraught.

A Boy he me from *Cephalenia* brought,
His Herds to wait on, now a numerous Breed.
And these, forsooth, must proud Corrivals feed,
Who scorn his Son, and Providence deride,
And will our absent King's Estate divide.
My troubled Breast still one thing harps upon.
'Twere very ill, whilst living is his Son,
To forein Parts his Cattel for to drive:
'Tis far worse longer here for me to live
In this unpleasing Service. I long since
Had fled from such proud Masters Insolence,
Not to be born: but still I've hop'd the King
Might Home return, and their Destruction bring.

Then thus *Ulysses*; Swain, thou prudent art,
Discovering both a bold and loyal Heart:
This I shall say; and what I say I'll swear;
By *Jove*, and by this House in which we are,

P p 2

And

(d) For the Oxen and other of the Cattel were fed in *Epirum*, the Continent over against *Libaea*, as appears from these Verses in the 14. Book.

Διδυκίη is *Hesperia*, the island, from *οὐρανὸς ἑσπέρης*, the evening star *αὐγὰρ* *Βορέας* *ἐκείνη* is *ἡ ἀπὸ βορέως ἀνέμῳ*.

The Island it self being an unfruitfull and barren Country, betwixt which and the Continent there was but a narrow passage.

And all the Boards of Hospitality,
E're long thou here shalt King *Ulysses* see,
And, if thou wilt, behold with thine own Eyes
These Lording Suitors made a Sacrifice.

Then he reply'd; Would *Jove* but make this true,
Thou soon should'st see what I for him would do.
Eumæus also pray'd to all the Gods,
He might *Ulysses* see in's own Aboads.

Whilst these amongst themselves discours'd thus,
The Suitors plot to kill *Telemachus*.

But as the Place and Manner they discut,
An Eagle (bad the Sign) a Pigeon trust;
Startled at this, *Amphinomus* then said;

It will not be, aside our Project laid,
Let's for a plenteous Feast ourselves prepare.

This said, they to his Counsel all gave ear,
And the whole Gang straight to the Hall repairs,
Laying their Mantles down on Stools and Chairs,
Sheep, Goats, and Swine, young Heifers there they slew;
And, th' Inwards roasted, dealt to each his due.
Their Wine well mix'd, their Bowls *Eumæus* fraught;
Philæus Bread in curious Baskets brought;
Melanthinus diligent skinks about to all.
Their Meat serv'd up, they to the Dishes fall.

The Prince, dire Plots contriving, then thought fit
Ulysses at a little Board should sit.

His Meat before him, in a golden Cup
Wine pouring, thus he cheers the Pilgrim up;

Drink now with Princes here, I'll thee maintain
Gainst whoso'er thy Poverty shall disdain:
Nor shall this Palace prostituted be;
My Father built it for himself and me.
To spare your Tongues and Hands I all advise,
Left Quarrels from Disturbances arise.

All

All bite their Lips, and him no Answer make,
The Prince admiring, who so boldly spake.

Then said *Antinous*; Princes, keep your Seats,
And though he threaten, value not his Threats.
Since 'tis *Jove's* pleasure him awhile to save,
Let us till then Revenge and Answer wave.

Telemachus car'd not what *Antinous* said.
The Heralds^(c) through the City then convey'd
A Hecatomb; People in Throngs attend,
And towards *Apollo's* Grove th' whole Concourfe bend.
When all the Meat was roasted, dish'd and mels't,
Down sat the Princes to a plenteous Feast;
Of which *Ulysses* had an equal share:
The Waiters by the Prince so order'd were.
But *Pallas* the proud Rivals urg'd once more,
With Scoffs and Taunts, such as they us'd before,
To move the King, and his Revenge inflame.

A cross-grain'd Suitor, *Ctesippus* by Name,
(Whose Parents had in *Same* a fair House)
Trusting on's Father's Riches, to espouse
Absent *Ulysses* Wife ('mongst others) made
His close Address, and thus to th' Suitors said;

Hear me, you Princes, what I shall declare:
This Stranger hath with us an equal share.
Nor is it fit to question who they are
Telemachus treats, or hither lets repair.
But besides that I'll something more bestow,
That he may give a Servant e're he go,
Of's Liberality to be a proof.

This said, at him he threw a Bullock's Hoof,
Snatch'd from the Basket. He his Head declin'd,
Shunned the Blow, and laughed in his Mind.
The cloven Foot rebounds against the Wall.
On him *Telemachus* thus did roundly fall;

Your

(c) This was the First day of the month, or New-moon, (for the ancient Greek Months were Lunar) which was a publick Feast-day among the *Grecians*, and therefore duly contriv'd for this action of *Ulysses*, that while the whole City was abroad at their publick Entertainments, the Suitors might find no assistance from thence. *Dionysius*, *Thucydides*, *Aristotle*, &c. They conceive that the new Moon is sacred to all the Gods; for our *Ancestors* dedicated it to the Gods, because it was the first of the Month, attributing justly all Beginnings to them; whence we offer the First-fruits to all the Gods. Now it was proper that that day should be consecrated to *Apollo*, (that is, the Sun) he being the cause of Light.

'Tis well, *Ctesippus*, that things proved so:
 You struck the Stranger not, he 'scap'd your Blow.
 Thou otherwise shouldst have thy due Defect;
 And this my Spear should pierce thy wicked Heart.
 Then 'stead of Nuptial Rites thy Father should
 Have made thy Grave here. Let none be so bold
 As in my House to act vile Pranks: for I
 Am past a Child, and old enough to see
 Twixt handsome and base Actions; You as yet
 Behold me how with Patience here I sit,
 Whilst you devour these Cates, my Wine drink up.
 'Tis hard for one with many men to cope.
 I wish at length you would more civil be.
 For death it self seems better far to me,
 Should you now all conspire the same at once,
 Then still to bear these high and base Affronts;
 To strike our Guests, our Women to abuse;
 As if this Palace were a common Stews.

This through the Hall a general Silence made,
 When thus at last young *Agelaus* said;

When words are spoke so well with Reason sute,
 Sharp Reparties avoid and rough Dispute:
 For shame, r' affront a Stranger, Sirs, forbear,
 Or any Servants that Attendants are.
 But to *Telemachus* and the Queen I'll speak
 A word which haply may both Parties take.
 As long as you believ'd *Ulysses* might
 Return, and here enjoy his Native Right,
 So long he might stand off. That he should land
 We cannot now expect or understand.
 Therefore move thou thy Mother to espouse
 Whom best she likes, then shall we leave thy House,
 And (the gone from thee) thou thy State maist guide.
 Then thus *Telemachus* to him reply'd;

By

By *Jove* and my dear Father's Wants and Woes,
 Who's dead, or wandering lives, I'll not oppose
 My Mother's Nuptials, but use all my Power
 Her to persuade, and will augment her Dower:
 But 'gainst her Will I would not her remove:
 Such acts not acceptable are to *Jove*.

Here *Pallas* stirr'd loud Laughter in the Hall;
 All madly laugh'd, but knew no cause at all.
 Their Meat straight bloody grew, Tears fill'd their Eyes,
 Sorrow their Hearts. *Theoclymenus* then says;

Ah! Sirs, you are involv'd in Mists, sad Shreeks
 Invade my Ears, salt Tears run down your Cheeks;
 The Walls with Bloud be sprinkled, red the Posts;
 Thicker then Atoms walk infernal Ghosts
 About the Porch, the Entry, and the Hall;
 The Sun's eclips'd, and Darkness covers all.
 At these Expressions they extremely laugh'd,
 When thus *Enrymachus* straight at him scoff'd;

This Fellow's mad; go lead him to the Gate,
 That he may Home, because he thinks it late.
 Then *Theoclymenus* thus to him replies;

Send none to lead me out, for I have Eys,
 And Ears, and Feet, I thank you, and my Sense.
 I without leading shall depart from hence;
 Because I see that your Destruction's near.
 Not one shall 'scape just Vengeance that is here,
 Not one of you who in *Ulysses* Court
 Make of uncivil Actions thus a Sport.
 This said, he went, without once taking Leave,
 Whom straight ^(?) *Piræus* kindly did receive.
 The proud Corrivals laugh, looking about,
 And both *Telemachus* and his Strangers flout.
 When to the Prince a haughty Youth thus spake;
 None worser choice in chusing Guests could make:

A War-

(?) This is he to whom *Telemachus* recommended *Theoclymenus* when he left his Ship, and went into the Country to his Servant *Eumæus*, *Odys.* 19.

A Wanderer one, that loyers in thy Hall,
 That eats and drinks, but never works at all,
 An idle person, a vain Load of Earth;
 Th' other a Prophet, and, forsooth, holds forth;
 But I'll advise what may advantage be,
 Let them be shipp'd with speed for *Sicily*;
 There for no little Sum they may go off.

Thus said he, but the Prince minds not his Scoff;
 But look'd on his Father, when, with stretch'd-out Arm
 The Suitors charging, he would give th' Alarm.
 But fair *Penelope* in her Chair of State
 Privately at convenient distance sat,
 Where her Gallants she could distinctly hear,
 Mixing their Bits and Cups with many a Jear.
 Much Meat they had, and with it merry made;
 But never sharper Sauce their Dishes had:
 A Goddess and a valiant Prince decreed
 They for accumulated Crimes should bleed.



Edwardo

Sherborne
hanc LMArmigero Tabuam
DDIO Lib. 25HOMER'S
ODYSSEES.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses Bow all Love-suits must decide :
The Queen will be the ablest Archer's Bride.
But none the Bow could bend: for Lard they call ;
But strive in vain, the tough Yew baffles all.
Ulysses takes the Bow; Jove from the Skies
Thunders; he shoots, and bears from all the Prize.*

BUT Pallas carrying on the Plot de-
sign'd,
Puts it into Icarus' Daughter's
mind

To fetch the Suitors down Ulysses Bow,
To try their Strength, which prov'd their Overthrow.
Up Stairs she hastens, drawing forth a Key
Of Brass, the Handle wrought with Ivory :
Her Maids attending her, in order they
Ascend where Ulysses Treasure lay,

Qq

Gold,

Troubling the Queen, who, now her Husband's dead,
Has Grief enough beside to fill her Head?
Eat thou thy Meat in quiet, or else go
And whine without, and leave with us the Bow.
The Prize propounded will be hard to bear;
None of's the Bow can easily bend, I fear.
Not one of us but seems a mere Jack-straw
To what *Ulysses* was, when him I saw,
Whom I remember since I was a Boy.

Thus said he, hoping though the Prize to enjoy.
He was the first *Ulysses* Arrow felt,
Who with him most dishonourably dealt,
And more than others did the rest provoke.
To all *Telemachus* thus boldly spoke;

Sure *Jove* hath made me mad. My Mother saies
(And her but seldom idle Passion swaies)
That she will marry, and this House forsake:
Yet I'm not troubled, but still merry make.
Well, Sirs, begin, since 'tis so: such a Piece
You shall not match though you should search all

In ^(c) *Argos*, nor *Mycene*, nor in *Pyle*, (Greece,
Ithaca it self, *Epire*, or any Isle:

Which you all know, I need not speak her Praise.

Now lay by all Excuses and Delays,
And draw the Bow, that you your Dooms may know.

But first I'll try if I can bend the Bow,

And pass the Rings: which if I do achieve,

My honoured Mother then shall never leave

This House, to follow any one of You.

I'll have this Privilege, if I bend the Bow.

Thus said, his Purple Mantle off he threw,

And standing up laies by his Faulchion too.

First he the Rings sets in to just a Line,

That their Circumferences and Centres joyn;

Then

Then fix'd them with ramm'd Earth. All wonder he
Could doe't so well, that done't did never see.

Then standing forth he twangs the String, then hales:

Three times he tries his Strength, as often fails;

Still high his hopes the Prize he should obtain.

His fourth Attempt had scarcely prov'd in vain,

But that *Ulysses* wink'd, and took him off.

When thus *Telemachus* at himself did scoff;

I shall prove but a dull and heavy Beast,

Or else too young am, not fit to contest

In Martial Sports, whom any one may worst.

You, stronger Armes, try, for the Prize that thirst.

Against the Wall he set the Bow, this said,

And on the Floor close by the Arrow laid,

Then re-assum'd the place he had forsook.

When thus *Antinorus* to the Concourse spoke;

Let's try in Order, and the Fancy's mine,

That he should first beginsits next the Wine.

Antinorus thus advising, none oppose.

Liodes first, *Oenops*'s Off-spring, rose,

Who was their Priest, and next the Goblet fate,

Who much did them and their Abuses hate.

He first took up the Bow and Shaft by Law;

Then standing forth attempted it to draw,

But fail'd; his Hand the stiff String weary made,

Not us'd to shoot: and thus to them he said;

Some other take this Bow, it will not bend.

This to the Shades will many Suitors send.

And better die, then live, and not obtain.

What waiting for so long you here remain.

Perhaps there are some here that hope to win,

And bear in triumph hence the beauteous Queen:

But when the Bow they've handled, try'd to shoot,

They may as well to other Dames make sure,

And

(c) If *Argos* in this place signifies *Peloponnesus*, as some Interpreters do conjecture, then by a Poetical Figure he enumerates some of the parts together with the mention of the whole; for *Pylus* and *Mycene* are Cities in *Peloponnesus*: which Figure is very frequent in *Homer*. So *Iliad*. 2.

Οἱ δ' ἐν Δωδαίῳ, Ἐγρον ὅς τις ἐστίν,

Those from *Dulichium* and th' *Echinades*;

for *Dulichium* is one of the Islands of the *Echinades*. So *Odys.* 11.

— δ' ἐν Δωδαίῳ τῇ ὁδῷ τῇ,

Through *Greece* and *Phthia*.

The like we find in the Poets who next followed him. *Hippodamus*,

Κορέων βίαις ὁδῶν τῇ Ἀγλαῖαν ποταμῷ.

And *Aitman* in his Lyrics.

For both *Amathus* and *Paphos* were Cities of *Cyprus*. But it may here be taken for that part of *Greece* peculiarly to call'd, or for the City *Argos* it self.

And let her marry whom Fate wills. This said,
He on the Board the Bow and Arrow laid.
When thus *Antinous* his mind declar'd; (Guard?

How scap'd these words thy Teeth, their Ivory
Must to the Shades this many Suitors send,
Because thou want'st the Strength the Yew to bend?
Thy Mother no such person bore, that can
Handle an able Bow, and play the Man:
But here are several brisker Youths that shall.
This said, he to *Melantheus* thus did call;

A little Fire go in and quickly get,
And close before's a Chair and Cushion set,
Then bring the Rowl of Lard that lies within;
That warm the Bow may th' suppling Stuff work in:
Then we may bend the same, and get the Prize.

This said, a Fire he kindles in a trice,
A ⁽⁴⁾ Chair and Cushion sets, and brings the Lard.

They fall to work, no pains the Suitors spar'd
To make it yield, with chafing in grown warm:
But all in vain, none had so good an Arm,

Antinous and *Eurymachus*, who were
Chief of the Suitors, and the strongest there,
Attempted not, as not concern'd at all.

Eupeus and *Bulbulus* stole from th' Hall.
After which two some hast *Ulysses* made,
And to them, past the Gates and Entrance, said;

Eupeus and *Philetus*, Friends you be;
Shall I now hold my Tongue, or else be free?
What if your King should suddenly appear
(By some strange Miracle transported) here?
Would you the Suitors, or *Ulysses* aid?
Say what your Inclinations would persuade.

Bulbulus then reply'd; 'O *Jove*, would thou
Would'st bring to pass the thing in question now,

And

And that some God would hither him transport.
Then thou shouldst see that I would make some Sport.

Eupeus in like sort implor'd the Gods,
He might *Ulysses* see in's own Abodes.
After he found he faithfull Servants had,
Thus he to them, himself discovering, said;

I that so much have suffer'd now am here
In my own Countrey, after Twenty year.
I know that none of all my Servants do
Care that I should return, but only you.
The very truth to you I'll now declare:
If by *Jove's* means these Roysters conquer'd are,
I'll give you Wives and Wealth, your Houses build,
And you shall both be Friends and Brothers styl'd
To my dear Son. But you not to deceive,
Behold the Mark which me the wild Boar gave,
When with *Autolycus* his Sons I went
A-hunting o're ⁽⁵⁾ *Parnassus* steep Ascent.

(5) A high Mountain in *Achaia*.

Here he to them the Cicatrice did show.
Which after they beheld, and well did know,
They weeping hung about him in Embrace,
Kissing his Shoulders, and his Head and Face.
He did the like to them. This they had done,
Shedding glad Tears, till Setting of the Sun,
Had not he thus forbid; Left any should
Come forth, and in this Posture us behold,
And tell't within, no longer Kindness show.
Let's now goe in, but not together go;
First I, then you: and this shall be the Sign.
For the proud Suitors as one man conjoyn,
I shall nor Bow nor Quiver touch at all.
But bring them me, *Eupeus*, through the Hall,
And put them in my Hands. The Women tell,
That they must shut their Doors, and bar them well.

But

(4) The Chair was for the Archer to sit in when he shot, the Scope or Mark being too low for them to shoot standing. And this appears afterwards when *Ulysses* takes the Bow. The Lard serv'd to moisten and mollifie the drie Bow, that thereby it might the easier yield and bend; not to anoint the Arms of the Archers, that their Nerves being thereby corroborated they might draw it with the greater strength: a great mistake in *Zuinger* and *Spondanus*.

But if that any of them hear within
Sad Groans and Cries, with a confused Din,
Let them not stir, nor what's the matter ask,
But there in quiet go on with their Task.
Philetus, of the Palace-Gates take care,
Lock them up, them well bolt and strongly bar.

Back to the Hall, this said, *Ulysses* goes,
And re-assumes his Seat from whence he rose.
Next in *Eumæus* and *Philetus* go.

When bold *Eurymachus* takes up the Bow,
And at the Fire it suppling warm'd; but had
The same Success: at which extreamly mad,
With deep Sigh thus his Passion he exprest;

I for my self am vex'd and all the rest.
Thus to be baffled is not that which galls,
By which we lose expected Nuptials:
Address our selves to several Dames we may
In other places beside *Ithaca*:

But that none here can draw *Ulysses* Bow,
This to our Shame Posterity will know.
Then thus to him *Antinous* reply'd;

Grieve not so, Sir, we better shall provide.
Now is *Apollo's* Festival, you know,
Who farthest shoots, and draws the Silver Bow:
Let us compose our selves, these Trinkets all
Let stand, where now we leave them, in the Hall:
None, I suppose, will meddle with them there.
But let the Skinker Wine in Bowls prepare,
That we Libating may take up the Bow.
And let *Melambius* the Goat-herd go
Early for Goats, the best of all the Flock,
Which we'll to *Phæbus* offer, and him invoke.
Then we will venture once more for the Prize.
They all approve *Antinous* Advice.

The

The Heralds Water for their Hands straight brought;
Others fetch'd Wine, and empty Goblets fraught.
When they'd all drank, and their Libations pay'd,
Ready for Action, fly *Ulysses* said;

You bold Corrivals, hear what I'll impart;
I'll tell you true the Dictates of my Heart.
Eurymachus and *Antinous* I request,
(Because the last said well, and counsell'd best)
Early let *Phæbus* Victory bestow
Where he shall please, but let me try the Bow;
That I may prove my Strength with you, if still
I have the same Dexterity and Skill
I once enjoy'd, or whether they be lost
By my long wandering thus from Coast to Coast.

This word did all the Suitors much offend;
Mistrust they had that he the Bow might bend.
To whom in ranting Terms *Antinous* said;

Unlucky Stranger, art thou still stark mad?
Art not content with Princes here to Feast,
All Privileges having of a Guest,
And hear our Table-talk, which none before
Enjoy'd, like thee, a Vagabond and poor?
Wine put into thy Head this fond Design:
Distempers rage that rise from too much Wine.
So Wine ⁽¹⁾ *Eurytion* in *Pirithous* House
Distracted, taking a too deep Carouse;
Where on the *Lapithe* he mad did fall,
Raising that high Disturbance in the Hall:
But they, inflam'd with the like raging Fit,
Cropt both his Ears, and up his Nostrils slit,
And by the Heels they dragg'd him out a-door,
After mix'd Slaughter had disdain'd the Floor:
So for his Insolence he dear did pay.
Stranger, to thee this evil word I say;

R r

If

(1) *Pirithous* was King of the *Lapithe*, a people of *Thessaly* dwelling about *Pindus* and *Orhrys*, who invited the *Centaurs*, not far distant from him, to his Nuptials; one of whom, *Eurytion* here, (by others call'd *Eurytus*) inflam'd with Wine, and surpriz'd with the incomparable Beauty of the Bride, offer'd to make a Rape upon her; which bred a sudden Quarrel between the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithe*, described at large by *Ovid* in the 12. of his *Metamorphosis*.

Now *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,
Foul Rapine harbours in his savage Breast,
Incens'd by Beauty and the heat of Wine.
Lust and Ebriety in Outrage join.
Straight turn'd-up Boards the Feast profane, the fair
And tender Spouse is haled by the Hair.
Fierce *Eurytus* *Hippodame*; all took
Their choice, or whom they could.
Sick'd Cities look
With such a face. The Women shreek,
we wile.
When *Thersites* first; O *Eurytus* un-
wile!
Dare't thou offend *Pirithous* as long
As *Thersites* lives? in one two suffer wrong.
The great-soul'd Hero; not to boast in vain,
Breaks through the Throng, and from his Hands again
The Rape reptis'd. He no Reply affords.
Such facts could not be justify'd by words, &c.

The *Centaurs* from the Navel downwards carried the shapes of Horses, begotten by *Ixion* on a Cloud, formed like and mistaken for *Jans*; representing the vain pursuit of imaginary Glory, attempted by unlawful means, and the prodigious Conceptions of Ambition.

If thou but offer'st once this Bow to touch,
No longer thou shalt cram and swell so much
Amongst us here; but thee we'll ship and send
To King *Echetus*, to man-kind no Friend.
Which if you would avoid, be quiet; fare
As we do, but with us never compare.

Antinous, then *Penelope* reply'd,
It is not fit thus Strangers to deride,
If once our Guests, and we them Favour show.
Think'st thou, if he should draw *Ulysses* Bow,
That therefore him I should my Husband make?
He cannot hop't: feed no such gross Mistake.
Eurymachus the Queen thus answered;

We don't believe, Madam, that him you'll wed:
But we fear Scandal, when the baser sort
Our Actions shall thus to our Shame report,
Such Princes who would value at a Straw,
That court his Wife, whose Bow they cannot draw?
Others will say, A Beggar thither got,
And through the Annulet his Arrow shot.
Such Taunts will fix a high Disgrace on us.

Then said the Queen; Not so, *Eurymachus*:
None ever found the People's Favour yet,
Who thus deboshing up their Betters eat.
But why should that disparage you at all?
He hath a goodly Person, strong and tall,
And him to be of fair Extract we know:
Let him then try his Strength, and take the Bow.
If *Phæbus* please that he perform the best,
I shall present him with a Coat and Vest,
A Sword, a pair of Sandals, and a Spear,
That he nor Dogs nor Men shall need to fear;
And I'll his Passport sign whither he please.
Then to his Mother thus her Son replies;

Madam,

Madam, none here more powerfull is then I;
Who I think fit, my Father's Bow shall try.
Not any of the Chiefs of *Ithaca*,
Or those that in more fertile *Eliu* sway,
Shall drive me from my Resolution; so
If me it please, him I'll present the Bow.
But, Mother, now be pleased to walk in,
Look to your Webs, see how your Damsels spin.
Leave Mens Affairs to me: sure in this Hall
'Tis my Concern to rule and order all.

The Queen her Son's wife saying much admires,
And straight to her Apartment thence retires;
There for *Ulysses* weeps, till her at last
Into a pleasant Sleep *Minerva* cast.
Forthwith *Eumæus* taketh up the Bow;
At which the proud Corrivals angry grow:
And one of them these threatening words did bolt,

Whither the Bow dost carry, Swine-herd Dolt?
Thee thy own Dogs shall eat, the Dogs thou breed'st,
Which thou at home to guard thy Porkers feed'st,
If *Phæbus* and th' immortal Gods to us
Be at to morrow's Feast propitious.
Thus ranted out, and startled at their Threats,
In the same place the Bow again he sets.

The Prince then from another side o'th' Hall
Thus rated him; Obedient unto all
None well can be; take up the Bow, and on:
Else thee, although I'm younger, hence I'll stone
To thy own Farm. Ah! could I but as well
With these that riot here as with thee deal,
I with a Mischief soon would send them hence,
Who act with so much Pride and Insolence.
Nothing the jolly Suitors do retort,
But smile, converting Anger into Sport.

R 12

Then

Then to the King the Bow the Swain convey'd;
And, from the Prince, to *Euryclea* laid;

Shut fast your Doors; and if they hear within
Sad Groans and Cries, with a confused Din,
Let them not stir, nor what's the matter ask,
But there in quiet go on with their Task.

The Prince thus ord'ring, she with speed obey'd,
And all the Doors fast in an instant made.

Slily *Philatus* steps out of the Hall,

Locks up the Gates and outward Portals all.

There he the Cable of a Ship up takes,

With which he faster all the Entrance makes:

Then entering sits down where before he sat,

And minds the King, who now the Bow had got,

Turning't about, for fear the ^(c) Horn were bor'd

With eating Worms in th' Absence of its Lord.

When one of them, observing him, thus spake;

Sure by this Bow he would another make,

He turns it up and down so in his Hands:

Skilfull in Mischief are most Vagabonds.

He'll take a Pattern, he looks on't so oft.

When thus another proud Corridor scoffs;

May Fortune him a special Favour send,

(And not till then) when he this Bow shall bend.

Thus jeer'd the Suitors, whilst *Ulysses* bore

The able Bow, perusing it all o're.

A skilfull Harper so, before he sings,

Winds up and down with ease concording Strings,

Pitching the Sheeps-gut either high or low;

As did *Ulysses* ordering his strong Bow.

Then taking 't up, he twangs the well-stretch'd String,

Which like a Swallow's shriller Voice did ring.

At which the Suitors pale as Ashes look, struck.

And (Thundering) *Jove* them with more Terror

But

But the dire Omen glad *Ulysses* made,

Because the God thus promis'd him his Aid.

And up he takes a Shaft lay on the Board:

His Quiver after many did afford,

Which 'mongst the Suitors must as Favours go.

Then with strong Arms he drew the yielding Bow.

The well-aim'd Shaft, through the first Annulet sent,

Through all the rest just in the Centre went.

Which when it had its passage duly made,

Then to *Telemachus* *Ulysses* laid;

Not any here, Sir, now at you can scoff:

I've done the business easily, and come off.

Nor former Strength, nor my old Skill I want.

I am above the scornfull Suitors Taunt.

But now 'tis late, and Supper-time draws near:

Singing and Musick next must please the Eare,

Which beside Cates concern a liberal Board.

Then winks he on's Son, who straight girds his Sword,

His Javelin takes, and draws (in Arms compleat)

Down to his Father, standing near his Seat.

(c) *Eustathius* on this place, *Kepā-
mōv* ὁ γὰρ, οὗτος, ὁ ἐυκλείης, ὁ ἑλίου, ὁ
μυῖς, ὁ ἐν τῇ μέσῃ τοῦ σώματος, ὁ ἑλίου,
The Bow, they say, as it appears, was
made of Horn, not, like the ancient Scy-
thian Bows, of Wood. But I see no ne-
cessity for this interpretation, because
the Horn may be understood of the two
Tips of the Bow, which usually were
made of that material.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Antinous shoots; 'tis thought a Chance.
Eurymachus Quarter asks. The Prime's Lance
Amphinomus kills. He to his Father gets,
Who with a few on all the Suitors sets.
Pallas appears: Corrivals slaughter'd all.
Women dress up and cleanse from Bloud the Hall.*



U T now the King himself from's Tat-
ters strips,
And with his Bow and well-fill'd Qui-
ver leaps
On the broad Threshold; out his Shafts then shakes.
Before his Foot, then to the Gang thus speaks;
This Game is wone, though difficult to win,
But now a harder Match we must begin,
Which will, if *Phæbus* help, make up two Games.
This said, a Shaft he at *Antinous* aims,

Who

(c) *Dionysius the Thracian* notes that from this place of *Homer*, where *Antinous* is slain whilst he is lifting the Cup to his mouth, grew the Proverb among the *Grecians*,

Πόδα πορεύει κούπε κούπε & γινώσκει.
Many things hap beinist the Cup and Lip.

Who by both Handles held a ^(c) golden Cup
In jocund posture, ready to turn't up,
And take a deep Carous; but little thought
Ar's Elbow Death should spoil so sweet a Draught.
What Suitor would have thought, a single Arm,
Though ne'r so stout, could work this deadly Harm?
Ulysses Shaft found in his Throat no check,
Till the sharp Point transpierc'd his tender Neck.
He, stag'ring backwards, down the Goblet throws,
A purple Conduit flowing from his Nôse.
Down comes the Table, spurn'd o're with his Feet,
Making a Medly of Drink, and Bread, and Meat.
Up start the Suitors when they saw him fall,
And sudden Murmuring flies about the Hall:
About the Walls they look and search each-where,
If they could find a Shield or single Spear.
When thus enraged they *Ulysses* blame;
Thou dost not well, Villain, at Men to aim:
No more shalt thou for any Prizes shoot.
Th' hast kill'd a Person who, without dispute,
Was Prince of all the Youth in *Ithaca*.
Therefore on thee shall Dogs and Vultures prey.
The Suitors blabber'd thus, supposing still
That he had slain *Antinous* 'gainst his will.
Nor did it once into their dull Pates fall,
How like Calamity waited for them all.
When frowning, thus *Ulysses* made Reply;
You Dogs, you never thought belike that I
Would e're return to my own House from *Troy*,
Who my Goods wasted, would my Wife enjoy,
And prostitute her Women when you please,
Slighting both *Jove* and all the Deities.
Nor dreaming Men would e're avenge the same.
Death without mercy I to all proclaim.

This

This said, pale Fear seiz'd them all one by one:
Each looks about Destruction how to shun.
Onely *Eurymachus* made this faint Reply;
If Thou our *Ithacan Ulysses* be,
Thy Threats are just, these Trespasses we own,
Both in thy Court and in the Countrey done.
But here *Antinous* lies, their onely Cause:
He made us break all Hospitable Laws.
He neither wanted Nuptials, nor desir'd;
But supreme Power his hot Ambition fir'd,
(Which *Jove* deny'd;) he aim'd at absolute Sway,
To be chief Monarch of all *Ithaca*,
And laid a Plot to kill thy onely Son.
But Death preventing him, take pity on
Our sad Condition, once thy People styl'd.
We'll make th' Amends when once thou'rt reconcil'd:
For what we here have in such Riot spent,
Each of us twenty Bulls shall present,
And Gold and Silver send in Loads to thee.
Till then 'tis just thou thus incens'd should'st be.
Then, frowning on him, thus *Ulysses* spake;
If o're to me your Heirships you would make,
All that's your own now, and adde more thereto,
I would not hold my Hands; your Ruine's due:
Under my just Revenge you here must lie.
All I can grant you now is, Fight, or Fly;
Else to get off no idle Fancies shape:
But I believe not one of you shall scape.
This said, their Knees relax'd cold Agues shook:
When thus *Eurymachus* to them trembling spoke;
Sirs, he'll not hold his Hands; If once the Foe
Take up the Quiver and the deadly Bow,
He'll never leave till every man he kill.
Recall your Valours then, and draw your Steel;

So

Against

Against his Shafts for Targets Tables take :
 Imbodied fure we something on't shall make.
 If once all we of him can clear the Hall,
 The Town alarm'd we'll to Assistance call ;
 And he shall soon this Undertaking rue.

This said, *Eurymachus* his Faulchion drew,
 And raging like a Tempest on him set.
Ulysses shoots him underneath the Teat.
 The Arrow in's Liver fix'd, he drops his Sword :
 Down falls he, having reel'd against the Board.
 Liquour and Cup come tumbling on the Ground.
 His Brow makes th' Earth, his Heels the Seat refund ;
 Whilst an eternall Darkness clos'd his Eyes.

Amphinomus next at stern *Ulysses* flies,
 Drawing his Sword, so his Escape to make.
 But him *Telemachus* ran through the Back,
 As he against his Father did advance :
 Out at his Bosom came the brazen Lance ;
 Whilst with his Fore-head he salutes the Floor.
 The Spear *Telemachus* leaves blushing with Gore,
 Fix'd in *Amphinomus*, fearing lest they
 Might mischief him, if he made longer stay.
 Then to his Father swift as Lightning made,
 And, drawn up to him, thus rejoicing said ;

Sir, I shall forthwith you a Target get,
 And with two Javelins and a Helmet fit :
 I'll arm my self, and (well to stand the Storm)
Bubulcus and *Subulcus* I will arm.

Then said the King ; Dear Son, no time neglect,
 Fetch them whilst these my Arrows me protect ;
 Left, when alone, they force me from the Gate.

This said, the Prince went to his Chamber straight,
 Where hung the Arms : from thence he loaden bears
 Four Shields, four Helmets, and eight glittering Spears.

First

First he Himself, and then his Servants arms ;
 Who guard their King dispensing feather'd Storms.
Ulysses, long as any Shafts he had,
 So well still aim'd, that each Shot left one dead :
 There thick they lay, weltring in purple Gore.
 But when the shooting-King had Shafts no more,
 Against the Wall his useles Bow he sets,
 And o're his Shoulder his bright Target gets,
 And with a glittering Cask his Brows impales,
 Grac'd with a waving Plume of Horses Tails ;
 And straight each Hand arms with a glittering Spear .
 A Door there was i'th' wel-built Wall, which near
 The farthest part o'th' Room did shew a Way
 Into a neighbouring Walk that by it lay.
 Good this *Ulysses* bids *Enumæus* make.

When *Agelaus* to his Friends thus spake ;
 O, Sirs, let one get up to yonder Door,
 And call toth' Town aloud for Help : no more
 Shall he shoot's Darts, the Killer we shall kill.
 Then out *Melanthius* cry'd ; You counsel ill,
 For near that Passage stands yon sturdy Lout,
 Who will not let you once your Head thrust out.
 But I'll you Arms down from the Chamber bear :
 For fure the Son and Father left them there.

This said, *Melanthius* hastens up the Stairs,
 And thence twelve Shields and plumed Helmets bears,
 And twice six Lances. Straight the Suitors arm.
Ulysses trembled at this fresh Alarm,
 Seeing them shine in Steel, and Javelins shake :
 He a hard Task had now to undertake.
 Then to *Telemachus* he said ; Ah ! Son,
 Some of the Women have this Mischief done,
 Or else *Melanthius*. He made this Reply ;

Sir, 'tis my Fault, no other's, only I

S f 2

To

Thou art afraid to fight. Come, stand by me,
And what *Mentor* will doe thou soon shalt see;
How I'll thy former Benefits repay.

Thus said, as yet she would not win the Day,
But lets *Ulysses* and his Off-spring trie

Their Strength and Valour 'gainst the Enemy.
Up to a golden Beam she takes her flight,
And like a ^(c) Swallow perch'd to see the Fight.

When *Agelaus*, old *Damastor*'s Son,
Spurs on *Eurynomus* and *Amphimedon*,
With *Demoptolemus*, *Polydorides*,

And *Polybus*, (amongst the Suitors these
For Strength and Courage did the rest transcend
That now were left, and did their Lives defend;
The rest were with *Ulysses* Arrows slain)
These woes he to renew the Fight in vain:

Mentor is fled, who talk'd and seem'd so stout,
And they are left alone to fight it out.
Let us not all at once, first only fix
Keen Lances cast: if so we may transfix
Ulysses Heart, and win the Day: his Breast
Once enter'd, then a Fig for all the rest.
They dart, but *Pallas* wrong their Javelins steers,
The Door, the Threshold, th' Wall receive their Spears.
Whenas this threatening Storm was over blown,
Thus spake *Ulysses* to his Friends and Son;

At random throw amongst that impious Throng,
Who would us kill, whom they before did wrong.
This said, they all at once their Javelins threw.
Ulysses *Demoptolemus* there flew,
The Prince *Euryades*, *Philetius*
Pisander, and *Eumæus* *Ekaus*.
These on the Floor in Death's Convulsions lie;
The rest to th' safest part o'th' Room do flie.

They

They following pluck their Javelins from the slain;
Whilst the Corrivals throw their Spears in vain.
What-e're th' attempt, *Pallas* makes fruitless all;
This hits the Floor, the Gate this, that the Wall.
Telemachus Hand *Amphimedon*'s Javelin rac'd;
The Point the Skin scarce piercing over-past.
Eumæus Shoulder from *Ctesippus* Lance,
Passing his Target, did receive a Glance,
Which, scarce blood fetching, lighted on the Ground:
When those few Friends which stout *Ulysses* found
Again fresh Javelins 'mongst the Suitors threw.
Ulysses first *Eurydamas* there slew,
The Prince *Amphimedon*, *Philetius*
Ctesippus kill'd, *Eumæus* *Polybus*.
Philetius with these words follow'd his Spear;

Thou high-tongu'd Man, wont to revile and jeer,
Made up of foolish Boasts, let's to the Gods
The matter leave, who have of us the Ods.
Onely take this Return for that rude Hoof
Thou sent'st *Ulysses* under his own Roof,
Craving thy Alms. This said, *Ulysses* slew
Agelaus, run with his Javelin through.
Telemachus *Leocritus* struck there
Quite into th' Navel with a home-thrust Spear:
The reeking Point through's Back a Passage found.
He falling, with his Fore-head bears the Ground.

Then *Pallas* from above her Target took.
At which all grow amaz'd, Death's in their Look,
And, like a Herd of Cattel, take their flight,
Cattel whom in the Spring the ^(d) Fly doth fright.
But th' other Partie on like Vultures rush,
Who, when the fearfull Quarry leaves the Bush,
And takes the Champaign, sudden on them set
And make their Prey, e're they can Shelter get.

(d) By this Similitude of an Ox molested with the Fly call'd *Oestrus*, or *Asilus*, is represented the extremity of Terror and Affrightment. So *Virgil* in the 3. of his *Georgicks*;

Est lucos Silati cecus, ilicibusque vitentem
Pluribus Alburnum, volitant, cui nomen
Asilo
Romanum est, Oestrum Graii vocant
Asiles, acerba sonant, quo ceta exterrita
spavit
Diffugiunt armenta.

A Flie about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,
And high *Allurnus* green with haunting
Plants,
Asilus call'd by th' *Romans*; but the same
The *Greeks* style *Oestrus* by a *Gracian*
name,
Extreamly fierce and loud; whose sting
To him,
To heltring Woods affrighted Cattel
run,
And with their Bellowing strike Hea-
ven's arch'd Rounds;
Which Groves and shallow *Tanagrus*
resound.
With this dire Monster *Juno* long ago
Her Spight did on th' *Inachian* Heifer
show.

No

No Quarter now, no hope in Strength or Flight.
To reap this Harvest neighbouring Swains delight.
So these upon the flying Rivals fall
Without Distinction, favouring none at all. (Floor
Their pass'd Brains Groans beget; whilst the whole
Where late they stood is stain'd with purple Gore.

Liodes then *Ulysses* Knees imbrac'd,
And thus himself on the King's Mercy cast;

Me I beseech thee spare, me Pitié shew:
I with thy Women never had to doe.
I sat amongst my Patrons, and still bid
Them to abstain from those foul Acts they did.
They would not, but went on to be unjust:
And now they suffer for their Pride and Lust.
With them let not their guiltless Chaplain lie;
No such Example make Posterity.

Then, frowning on him, thus *Ulysses* said;
Art thou their Chaplain? then thou oft hast pray'd
In my own Court, far off the happy Day
Might be of my Return to *Ithaca*;
That thou might'st wed, and Brats have by thy Wife:
Expect not therefore I will save thy Life.

Then from the Ground he up a Faulchion catch'd,
Which *Agelam* dropped, when dispatch'd.
With this he took him on the Neck so just,
His Head lopp'd off lay muttering in the Dust.
But *Pheonius*, whom the Suitors, 'gainst his Will,
Forc'd both to sing and play, he did not kill.
Holding his Harp he stood by th' upper Gates,
And of two waies which best was cogitates:
Should he for Refuge to ^(c) *Jove's* Altar run,
Where old *Laertes* and his onely Son
So oft had sacrific'd; or whether he
Should cast himself down at *Ulysses* Knee.

The

The last of these two Thoughts did seem most found.
'Mongst Cups and tumbled Chairs upon the Ground
His Harp he leaves, since dangerous are Delaies,

(d) And thus, his Knees imbracing, Quarter praies;

Save me, *Ulysses*, my Bloud do not spill.
You'll soon be sorry if *Pheonius* you kill,
Who sings to Gods and Men: *Jove* doth inspire
My Muse, and adds a spirit to my Lyre.
I'll chant to thee, as to a God, an Air
Shall ravish thee: ah! Sir, my Life then spare.
Telemachus thy Son will tell thee all,
How I against my Will play'd in thy Hall.
Enforc'd I sung at their disorder'd Feasts,
O're-powr'd by many and uncivil Guests.

Telemachus heard how he for Quarter pray'd,
And, hasting near, thus to his Father said;
Hold, Sir, ah! hold; him Innocent, Sir, spare;
And *Medon*, who of me a Child took Care,
If by *Philetus* or *Eumens* he
Be not yet slain, nor in thy Heat by thee.
Him *Medon* heard, who sculking lay unseen
Under a Chair, wrapt in a Bullock's Skin.
Straight up he starts, and throws off his Disguise,
And at the Prince's Knees thus Quarter cries;

Sir, I am here; thy Father, ah! engage
He kill me not, put now into a Rage
On the proud Sutor's score, who his Goods spoil'd,
And thee contemn'd as if thou wert a Child.

Then smiling, said *Ulysses*; Take my Word,
Thy Life my Son hath saved from the Sword.
Know, and tell others, that they may beware,
Good Deeds then Wicked Deeds far better are.
But go thou forth, and *Pheonius* take along,
And sit without, free from this slaughter'd Throng,

T t

Till

(f) This is a most exact description of the *Græcian ἀνελπιστὰς*, that I wonder there should be that difference among the ancient Grammarians in the explaining of it.

(c) *Jupiter* "ἔπειθε", so call'd from *ἔπειθε* signifying the *Enticement* or *Quintessence* encompassing the Court-yard: for, as *Athenius* observes, *ἐπὶ* is constantly to be taken in *Homer* for the Court-yard; which afterwards among the latter Comedians signified a *Palace*; as in *Diphilus*,

Ἀλλὰ δὲ δαεσμένον ἵκη, αἷς καὶ δαῖσι,
Ἡρώδῃ, ἢ πενυλίῃ, ἢ μισγυλίῃ.

Favour in Palaces to seek to have,
Is for a Beggars, Exile, or a Slave.

In this place was the Altar of *Jupiter* "ἔπειθε" for when *Ulysses* had commanded *Medon* and *Pheonius* to leave the Hall, and go *ἐκείθεν*, it follows,

— τὰ δ' ἔπειθε δαῖσι μελέων ὡς ἔστι.
Ἐκείθεν δ' ἄγε τὰν δαίε μελέων ὡς ἔστι.

They straight obey, and the dire Hall
forsake,
And to the Altar of great *Jove* they make.

So is the Altar whither *Hecuba* and *Priam* had described by *Virgil* to be sub'd, in the open Air;

Adibus in mediis, nodaque sub æthere
arx,
Ingens *Ara* fuit, juxtaque veterima
laurus
Incubens *Ara*, atque mirâ complexa
Penates:
Hic *Hecuba* & nata nequidquam altaria
circum,
Præcipites arâ cum tempestate columbae,
Condensa & Divum amplexa sinistrâ
venabant.

Amidst the Palace, in the open Air,
An Altar stood; an ancient Laurel near
Embrace'd the Gods with a declining
shade.
Here *Hecuba* and all her Daughters
slept,
As Flocks of Pigeons from a Tempest
hast,
And round the Statues of the Gods
embrac'd.

Now that this Altar was that of *Jupiter* *Hecuba*, appears from *Trojanorum*,
At th' Altar of *Hecuba*, sick of breath,
Bold *Pyrrhus* put the aged King to
death.

And *Ovid* in his *Iliad*, speaking of *Priam*.

Cui nihil Hercei profuit ara Jovis.
Not sav'd him th' Altar of *Hecuba* *Jove*.

Till I an end here of my Business make.

Both straight obeying the dire Hall forsake,
And by the Altar of great *Jove* they sat,
Looking about, expecting still their Fate.
Ulysses then strict Search made every-where,
If any lurking scap'd, and living were.
But he found all weltring in Dust and Gore.
Like new-drawn Fishes lying on the Shore,
Wishing their watery Coverlet in vain,
Whilst the hot Sun concludes their Hope and Pain:
Just so in Heaps the slaughter'd Suitors lay.
When thus *Ulysses* to his Son did say;

Call *Euryclea*, my *Telemachus*,
That she may take some Orders straight from us.
The Prince his Father with all speed obey'd,
And, the Door opening, to his Nurse thus said;
Dear Nurse, amongst the Maids who govern't all,
My Father calls, make hast into the Hall.
His Voice she hearing, opens straight the Door,
Following *Telemachus*, who went before;
Where 'mongst the Dead the King she found, all o're
Besmear'd with Blood, sprinkled with Dust and Gore.
Like a huge Lion who a Bull hath slain,
His shaggy Breast and Cheeks warm Blood distain,
And with a terrible Aspect he appears:
Ulysses Hands and Feet Blood so besmears.
Soon as the dismall Business she did spie,
She straight began to raise a joyfull Cry
At the Work done. *Ulysses* her forbad,
And with dehorting words thus to her said;
Conceal your Joy, and (dearest Nurse) refrain:
'Tis impious to triumph o're the slain.
Fate, for foul Crimes, presents them this Reward,
Whose Pride not any person living spar'd,

Were

Were he or good or bad. Thus therefore they
For foul Offences in Destruction pay.
Number thou up those Women have my House
And me dishonour'd, and my vertuous Spouse.

Then *Euryclea* said; Dear Son, I shall,
I'll give you straight a just Account of all.
Twice twenty five young Damfels are within,
All taught to work, to card, to weave and spin.
Amongst these onely twice six faulty be,
Who scorn thy chaste *Penelope* and me.
Telemachus is now grown up, but yet
That he should rule them's Mother thought not fit.
But I will up and tell the Queen, whom fast
A sleep some gentle Deity hath cast.

Then he reply'd; Wake her not yet, but all
Those your kind-hearted Women hither call,
Who in my Absence here have been so bold.
This said, she went and the King's Order told.
Eumens and *Philetus* and his Son
He calling to him, thus to them begun;

Bear hence these Bodies; bid the Maids, when come,
Help cleanse the Seats, the Tables and the Room,
And with wet Sponges every Chink make clean:
And when the House is put in order, then (Gate,
Lead forth those Strumpets 'twixt the Hedge and
And there with Steel cool their intemperate Heat,
Untill their lustfull Blood the cold Earth warms,
Who hugg'd the Suitors in lascivious Arms.

By this the faulty Female-Troup appears,
Sadly bewailing, drown'd in trickling Tears.
And first they bear the Bodies from the Hall,
Disposing them just by the Palace-Wall,
Ulysses made them doe't. When they had rinc'd
The Chairs and Tables, and with Sponges cleans'd,

T t 2

Telema-

Telemachus and the two other Swains: (pains
With Brooms swept clean the Floor, the Maidens
Were spent in carrying out the Fith and Dust:
Ulysses self stood by, and said they must.

The House made clean, the guilty Females they
Betwixt the Quick-set and the Gate convey,
There drove them up, from whence they could not fly.

Then said *Telemachus*; They shall not die
Here by the Sword, (that were a Death too brave)
Who both on me and my Dear Mother have
Cast such Reproach, our Palace common made,
While lewd Pranks they with lustfull Gallants plaid.

This said, a Rope on a cross Beam he bound,
High, left their dangling Feet should touch the Ground.
So her expanded Wings a Dove or Thrush
Shakes in the Net conceal'd within a Bush,
Entring the Hedge catch'd in unhappy Beds:
So noos'd in wofull order hung their Heads,
Shaking their Feet a while, untill their Breath
Stifled, they dy'd a due and shamefull Death.
Next to the place they forth *Melanbim* get,
There cropt they off his Ears, his Nostrils slit:
His Members they cut off, his Hands and Feet,
And angry threw them to the Dogs to eat.

After that they had wash'd, and finish'd all,
They to *Ulysses* went yet in the Hall,
Who thus to ancient *Enryclea* said;

Bring [©] Sulphur straight, and let a Fire be made,
To air the Room; and then intreat the Queen
With all her chaster Damfels to come in;
Not one of all her Train behind must stay.

She thus reply'd; This is all well you say.
But I'll a Robe first and a Mantle bring:
Such Weeds fit not the person of a King:

You

You must not so appear. Then he reply'd;
Howe're Fire and Perfume straightway provide.
Th' old Nurse, this said, dispatch'd, and in a thought
Fire in a Censer and strong Sulphur brought.
Whilst he the Hall and Chamber did perfume,
She went and told them all the King was come.
They came with Tapers clustering in a Throng;
About his Neck, his Hands and Shoulders clung;
Kiss'd and embrac'd him; Tears their Cheeks bedew.
He takes all well, who their Affections knew.

HOMER'S

(*) It is generally deliver'd by Historians, that *Epimenides* first brought into Greece the Rites and Ceremonies of Cleansing or Expiating Houses and Fields polluted with Humane blood. So *Diogenes Laertius* writes in his Life. But we find here some foot-steps of that Superstition long before the time of *Epimenides*. Of personal Lustration the most accurate description now extant is this of *Claudian's* in his Panegyrick to *Honorius* the Emperour,

*Lustralem sic triste Facem, cui lumen
adornat
Sulphure caruleo nigroque Bitumine sum-
ma,
Circum membra rotat doctus purganda
Sacerdos,
Rose pio spargens, & dira faganibus
Herbas;
Numina terrificumque Jovem Triviam-
que precatus,
Trans caput aversus manibus jaculator in
Astrum
Secum rapturas emicata Picula Tetat.*

The Lustral Fire-brand so, whose bla-
zing Smoke
With Pitch and Sulphur black and blew
doth look,
The Priest, well skill'd in Expiations,
bare
About his Limbs, and sprinkled him all
o'er
With holy Dew, and Herbs expelling
Bane;
The Gods imploring, *Jove* and bright
Diane,
Them o're his Head into the South he
throws,
With which all Spells and dire Inchan-
ment goes.

When any Country or City was to be cleans'd, the Sacrifice was first led round the same, as appears out of *Polybius*, & *Kadmagus* *ἐπιμύσσει*, & *Ξενοφών* *μεθύσσει* *τὴν τὴν πόλιν* *καὶ τὴν χώραν*. They appointed a *Purgation*, and led the *Priests* round about the City and Country adjacent: whence those *Sacra* were call'd by the Romans *Ambrosia*. But that Sulphur was peculiarly us'd, we have the testimony too of *Pliny* in his Natural History; *Sulphur balat & in Religiosis locum ad expiandas fassus Dicitur; Sulphur is employed ceremoniously in hallowing of Houses: for many are of opinion, that the smoke and burning thereof will drive forth all Inchantments: and of Juvenal, Satyr 2.*

*Tu tellorum animas, quos hinc talis
ad illos
Umbra venit, experem lustrari, si qua
do entur
Sulphura cum tedu, & si foret humida
Luvus.*

On the 10th day of June, 1954, the Alabama Power Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Alabama, and the Illinois Central Railroad Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Illinois, entered into a contract, the terms of which are set forth in the exhibit attached hereto.

The contract was made and entered into for the purpose of providing for the construction and operation of a certain power plant, the location of which is shown on the map attached hereto.

7



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Old Nurse o're-joy'd up to the Queen doth go,
And, waking her, tells that her Lord's below.
Penelope (with female Fancies fed)
Long scruples, till the King describes their Bed.
Transported then she leaps into his Arms.
Pallas Night, almost spent, prolongs by Charms.*

H old Nurse hafts laughing to the
Drawing-room,
To tell Penelope that her Lord was
come.

Nimble she tripp'd, not feeling Strength decay'd;
Then, standing near her Pillow, thus she said;

Rise, dearest Daughter, rise, Penelope,
That thou may'st him behold thou long'st to see,
Ulysses, who, though late, at last is come;
Those Roysters all hath kill'd who here at Home

Devour'd



Georgia Wharton
Hanc



Amigera Tabulam
D.D.D. I.O. Lib. 23

Devour'd his State, and did his Son deride.
 The Queen, her not believing, thus reply'd ;
 Dear Nurse, the Gods thus make thee rave, who can
 Make Wife men Fools, and wife the Foolish man :
 'Tis in their Hand to fend Follie or Wit.
 They thus distract thee, who wert once discreet.
 Why didst thou wake me grieving, from so deep
 And pleasant, such a golden-fetter'd Sleep ?
 I never had the like since first (*) my Joy
 Went to that hatefull Siege of curst Troy.
 Go down : If any else had been so bold
 To break my Rest, or me such Tidings told,
 I should have sent her back with worse News :
 But, *Euryclea*, Age shall thee excuse.

Then the old Nurse reply'd ; I fool you not,
 Dear Daughter, all I say is true : then know't,
 The King is come, and now within thy Court,
 That Stranger whom the Suitors made their Sport.
Telemachus knew all before, but hid
 The whole Concern, as him his Father bid ;
 That the proud Crew Examples might be made.
 At this o're-joy'd she leap'd out of her Bed,
 And, shedding Tears, the aged Maid embrac't.

Dear Nurse, said she, is this all true thou say'st ?
 How came he hither ? How could he alone
 The Rivals worst, so many against One,
 Who alwaies ready stood upon their Guard ?

Then she reply'd ; I neither saw nor heard
 More then their dying Groans : we trembling all
 Our Chambers kept, till me your Son did call
 Down to his Father, where the King I found.
 Hemm'd in with Heaps of slaughter'd Bodies round.
 You had admir'd to see how there he stood,
 Like a stern Lion, fincear'd all o're with Bloud.

In

In th' outward Court they lie heap'd in a Pile.
 He with large Fires the Rooms perfumes ; the while
 Sends me, unto his Presence you to call.
 Make hast, that there you may find Joy for all
 Your late Afflictions and your Sorrows past ;
 Since what so much you long'd for 's come at last.
 He is in Health return'd to his own House,
 Saw here his hopefull Son, his Vertuous Spouse.
 And the sad Havock which the Suitors made,
 For't with their Lives they have full dearly paid.

Then thus, Dear Nurse, *Penelope* repli'd,
 Do not the want of my Belief deride.
 Thou know'st that nothing can more welcome
 Then his Return both to our Son and Me :
 But 'tis not as thou say'st. This curst Crew
 Some God incens'd for their Offences slew ;
 Since they all Strangers us'd alike, nor had
 Regard to any, whether good or bad.
 They justly suffer'd : but *Ulysses* lost
 Will ne'r, I fear, review his Native Coast.

How scap'd such words thy Teeth, their Ivory Guard ?
Euryclea said ; you'r of Belief too hard.
 He in the Hall stands by the Fire : nay, more,
 I saw his Scar got by a savage Boar,
 When him I bath'd ; which I to you had told,
 But on my Mouth he starting up laid hold.
 Come, follow me, and if I tell a Lie,
 Let me with new-invented Tortures die.

Then she reply'd ; Though wife, thou canst not sound
 The Gods Decrees, nor plumb those Deeps profound.
 But let us go, that I may see my Son,
 The Suitors kill'd, and him by whom 'twas done.
 This said, the Queen descends, much thoughtfull, should
 She question him and at some distance hold ;

V v

Or

Or leap into her dearest Lord's Embrace.
 But through the Hall she passing quite, her place
 Over against her Lord near the Fire took.
 He by a Column fate with down-fix'd Look,
 Expecting, having seen him, when she'd speak.
 But long she sat, nor once would Silence break,
 Gazing on him, whom, in mean Garments clad,
 She knew not : when *Telemachus* thus said ;

My Mother, (no, ah ! thou too cruel art,)
 Why sitt'st thou from my Father thus a-part,
 And wilt not speak, nor the least Question ask ?
 For any other Lady 'twere a Task
 Too hard, from her dear Husband to abstain,
 Now after twenty years return'd again,
 Through Worlds of Toyl, of Misery and Want:
 You have a Heart harder than Adamant.

Then thus reply'd the Queen ; Dear Son, I find
 Such strange Confusion in my troubled Mind,
 I cannot speak, nor question what I would,
 Nor dare look up his Face once to behold.
 If this *Ulysses* be, which yet I doubt,
 Sure I some certain way should know him out.
 He hath some Marks, which, if we were alone,
 Would better be to me than others known.
Ulysses at the Answer that she made,
 Smiling, thus to *Telemachus* then said ;

Son, when your Mother and I a-part shall go,
 Then presently she will me better know :
 Shabby my Looks, so mean my Garments be,
 That for her Lord she'll not acknowledge me.
 But now let us consult what's to be done.
 If any of the People kill but ^(c) One,
 Having but few in his behalf will stand,
 He flies and straight forsakes his Native Land :

But

But we have many slain, the greatest too
 In *Ithaca*. Resolve what's best to doe.
 When to his Father thus his Son replies ;
 You, Sir, best know, you'r ablest to advise.
 No Mortal whosoe're, as goes the Fame,
 Better then you, Sir, plaies an After-game.
 Lay you your Plot, and we'll doe what we can ;
 Nor Valour want we, if it be in Man.
 When thus the prudent King himself exprest ;
 I'll speak my Judgment, what to me seems best.
 First let us bathe, then put rich Garments on ;
 The like must be by all the Women done :
 Let *Phemius* play before us in great state,
 As if we Dances were to celebrate :
 That some without may say they Nuptials hear,
 As they pass by, or those inhabit near.
 That e're wing'd Fame the City give th' Alarm
 Of this their Deaths, we may walk to the Farm,
 And there consider in the shady Grove
 What's best to doe, and what seems best to *Jove*.

Their King they as an Oracle obey'd ;
 All bath'd, and in rich Habits ready made :
 The Women drest themselves in gay Attire ;
 And *Phemius*, as at Nuptials, touch'd his Lyre :
 Sweetly he sung, their light Feet beat the Ground,
 And Dancing make the arched Hall resound.
 Then some said, that heard this without the Gate,
 The Queen had chosen now a Princely Mate,
 She would no longer keep her Husband's House,
 Nor more expect her so-long-look'd-for Spouse.
 So some did say, but nothing knew. Meanwhile
Euryome baths and 'noints with purest Oyl
Ulysses, him in Royal Habit clads ;
 And to his Face and Person *Pallas* adds

V v 2

Beauty

(c) He alludes to the Laws of the Athenians, who punish'd all Homicide, though unwittingly committed on the meanest of the people, with Exile for one year. This appears from these Verses of Euripides in his *Hippolytus*,

Ἐνὶ δὲ Θανάτῳ καταπύοντες ἅπαντας
 Μικροῦ καὶ μεγάλου Πταχάρηδός,
 Καὶ τῶνδ' αὖτ' ἰδμεν ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπον,
 Ἐναιέμεναι ἰσχυρὸν ἀλ' ἄνευ πορίης.

When *Hercules* in his Distraction had slain two Sons of *Iphiclus*'s and one of his own, as soon as his Passion was over, he was desir'd by *Iphiclus* and *Licymnius* to absent himself for one year, αὐτὸν ἐξοῦσθαι (saith *Nicolaus Damascenus*) at the *Cyprene* Is, and then to return to *Thebes* again.

Beauty and Size, and on his Tresses sets
Lustre that shone like purple Violets;
As Gold and Silver by some Artist wrought,
Whom ^(b) *Mulciber* and bright *Minerva* taught;
On's Head and Shoulders she such Splendour stow'd,
That from the Bath he came forth like a God;
And where he sat, that place resumes again.

Then thus he spake unto his self-will'd Queen;

Beyond all Women thou unhappy art,
Since Heav'n hath so obdured thy Heart.

What other Woman would estrange her so

To her dear Lord, who (after worlds of Woe)

The twentieth year himself to her address?

Nurse, go and make my Bed, that I may rest.

Her Soul is Steel, or else she would relent.

Penelope these words in Answer sent.

I am not, Sir, at all puff'd up with Pride;

Nor do I thee admire, nor yet deride.

But I remember well what then thou wert,

When hence thou failedst, if the same thou art.

But, *Euryclea*, go and make that Bed

In the great Chamber, which *Ulysses* made

Himself, and on the same soft Blankets let

Forthwith be cast, and a rich Coverlet.

Thus said the Queen, her dearest Lord to trie.

But he, offended, made this rough Reply;

Strangely you talk, your Order's something odd:

Who can remove that Bed, unless some God?

Celestials may by their supernal Power,

But never Mortal shall, though in his Flower.

This as a Signal fram'd I with much Art;

I made it big; 'twas I perform'd that part.

A stately Olive in my Court did sprout,

With spreading Branches, like a Beam about.

This

This (when I had our Wedding-Chamber built
With well-lay'd Stone, well plaister'd, ciel'd and gilt,
Made able Doors) close by the Root I lopt,
And off luxurious Boughs and Foliage cropt;
Then with an Augre bor'd, and by a Line
I cut and joyn'd what-e're I should conjoyn.
So of this Olive I my Bed-sted made,
With Ivory, Silver, and with Gold in-laid;
Strongly cording the Bed with ^(c) purple Thongs.
This the great Signal is, to me 't belongs.
Nor know I, Dame, if whole you keep it yet,
Or by a rude Remove have spoiled it.

All Doubts remov'd, weeping, she quits her place,
And throws her self into her Lord's Embrace,
Kissing his Head and Face, and, round his Neck
Her Hands clasp'd, said; Thy Rage, *Ulysses*, check,
Thou who so prudent art, and, know'st that we
Shar'd equal Woes, divorc'd by Fates Decree
From Nuptial Joys in an unlucky hour,
Both in our Prime, whom Age doth now devour.
Be not offended that I thus delay'd
Thy dear Embrace: for I was still afraid,
Left you (many such juggling Tricks do play)
Me with dissembling Language should betray.

^(d) *Helen* had ne'r offended as she did,
And chang'd her Husband's for a forein Bed,
Had she but dream'd the *Greeks* should her transport
From *Ilium* back to *Menelaus* Court.
But *Jove* into that Errour let her fall,
And suffer'd her not to forethink at all
The Mischiefs that would follow: 't was that wrought
Our Woe; from hence were all our Sorrows brought.
Your Bed so full describ'd, I'll not deny,
Hath me convinc'd, which none but you and I,

And

(b) As the Poets feign'd all Artists in general to receive their Skill from *Minerva*; so in particular those that dealt in Metals, from *Mulciber*, that is, *Vulcan*: and therefore they are both nominated in this place. What the Ancients meant by *Vulcan*, we find in these Verses of *Orpheus*:

*Νύμφας ὕδατος, πυρὸς Ἥραος, αἰθέρος Διὸς ἀνέμῳ,
ἢ δὲ Σιδάωνι Πτοερὶδαν ἰχθύας, ἢ δὲ Ῥο-
αίῃδαν.*

Nymphs Water, Vulcan Fire, Ceres is Grain;
Neptune and Enosichthon are the Main.

Whence because all Metals are by the medium of Fire subjected to the Artists, they were esteem'd to be under the protection of *Vulcan*.

(c) It seems in the time of our Poet, before the use of Cordage, they bound their Beds with Thongs of Leather, beautified with Colours answerable to the quality of the Person.

(d) This Similitude, consisting of seven Verses in the original, is generally accounted spurious by the Grammarians, as not answering to what preceded. Some there be who, by another sort of Interpunction, make another sense corresponding with the Argument thus; *Helen* had never consented to the Enticements of a Stranger, had she consider'd what I have said: but because she was cheated, (*Venus* representing *Paris* in the form of *Menelaus* her Husband) the *Grecians* undertook the Expedition for her Recovery. Pardon me therefore if I be solicitous to know your Person, before I acknowledge you for my Husband.

And *Aëolis*, (a Maid, my Father's Gift,
When I his Roofs for this your Palace left,
The Chambermaid to th' Room) e're yet did see.
Now I believe all that you said to me.

This spoke, a gentle Grief his Wrath disarms;
He weeps, his Queen imbracing in his Arms.
As when the Skie after a Tempest clears,
And Land to Storm-tost Mariners appears,
Of whom some scaping swim unto the Shoar,
But their bulg'd Ship with Sand leave cover'd o're,
Their Bodies wrapt in Weeds, the Banks they reach,
Their weary Limbs reposing on the Beach:
So glad was she her Husband to behold,
Nor would her Arms from his Embrace unfold.
And in this Posture they had held till Day,
But that *Minerva* stopp'd *Aurora's* way,
Not suffering her from th' Ocean to approach,
Nor her swift Steeds joyn in her golden Coach,
Lampus and *Phaëton*, who quick Light convey
To Mortals, call'd the Horses of the Day.

When thus *Ulysses* to his Queen begun;

My Dear, our Business yet we have not done,

A world of several Labours we must through,
All which necessity compells me to.
For so *Tiresias* Ghost erewhile foresaid,
When I descended to th' Infernal Shade,
How we in Safety might return, & enquire.
My Dear, to Bed let us forthwith retire,
Where we may please our selves with gentle Rest.
Then thus the joyfull Queen her self exprest;

The Bed shall ready be, Sir, when you please.
But since the Gods have you convoy'd through Seas
To your own Palace and your Native Land;
Since well your future state you understand;

Now

Now tell me what I must hereafter hear.

Better to know the worst, then live in fear.

Then he reply'd; Why my ensuing Fate
Wouldst thou, dear Wife, that I should now relate?
Well, I will tell thee, and the Truth recite,
Which neither me nor you will much delight.
I many populous Cities must explore,
Still carrying in my Hands a handfom Oar,
Untill I find a People saw not yet

The swelling Main, nor ^(f) Salt use with their Meat,
That know not how to steer with Sails a-trip,
Nor handle Oars, which Wings are to a Ship.
My Sign shall be, When first I meet a man
Mistakes the Oar for a Van,
Then in that Countrey I must fix my Oar,
And there great *Neptune*, th' Ocean's King, implore,
Offering a Lamb, a Bull, and pregnant Sow;
From thence then Home to my own Palace go,
And there whole Hecatombs in Sacrifice
Offer the Gods who plant the ample Skies.
Then Death from Sea shall me (grown Old) arrest,
When I am happy, and my People blest.
I this Responſe had from *Tiresias* Shade.
Then to the King *Penelope* thus said;

If thee the Gods Old-age more happy give,
Then thou preceding Sorrows must outlive.

Betwixt themselves they these Discourses had.
Meanwhile their Bed Nurse and *Euromene* made,
And lighted Lamps. When they had finish'd all,
Back *Euryclia* goes into the Hall.
Euromene, bearing a Taper, led
Them to their Chamber and their Marriage-Bed,
Then left them to themselves; where th' ancient Feat,
Love's sweetest Lesson, they with joy repeat.

When

(f) I find that the Ancients generally interpreted this place of *Epirus*, not far distant from *Libea*. So *Pausanias* in his description of *Africa*, *venit ad Mauris, Kergidion, & Salsum* *off* *tem* *Ephebus* *sublim* *regis* *quoniam*, &c. *Pyrrhus*, being highly conceited of his Strength, encountered the *Carthaginians* (the most experienced of all the Barbarians), being descended from the *Phoenicians* in a Naval Fight, his Armada consisting only of *Epirots*, who when *Troy* was taken knew not the Seas nor use of Sails, as *Homer* testifies. These that knew not the Sea were ignorant of the use of Salt, according to our Poet; whence it may be conjectured that he knew of no other Salt but what was made of Sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the Sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it by the Name of an Instrument wherewith they winnowed Corn.

(g) The Poets attribute a Chariot to the Sun, in regard of the swiftness of his Motion, and to express what is beyond the object of Sense by that which is subject unto it. His Horses, as their names express, are no other than Light and Heat, whereof the Sun is the fountain. *Homer* here allows him but two, but the rest do generally attribute four to him. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*,

Interd volucres Pyrois, Eous & Æthon,
Solus equi, quartusque Phlegon, binn-
tibus auris
Flammiferis implent, &c.

Meanwhile the Sun's swift Horses, hot
Pyrois,
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright
Eobis,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with
Heat,
And with their thundering Hoofs the
Barrier beat.

When both the Prince and the two Swains forbear
Longer to Dance, so did the rest were there,
And, weary, thence to their Repose retire.
The King and Queen enjoy'd their full Desire,
And then fell to discourse. His well-pleas'd Spouse
Tells him how much she suffer'd in his House;
What Revel-rout the Suitors there did keep,
Devouring his best Beeves and fatteft Sheep,
Drinking whole Tuns of Wine. But he relates
A Series of his Sufferings and sad Fates.

Pleas'd with his Tale, to sleep she could not fall,
Nor close her Eys, till he had told her all.

Who first recounts how the ^(c) *Ciconians* he
Ore-came; next, what the ^(b) *Lotophagi* be;
How *Cyclops* us'd him, how he him did treat,
And without Mercy his Companions eat;
How *Æolus* him treating Homewards sent,
But Fate did his Arrival then prevent;
Back from his near-reach'd Shore a Hurricane
Toft him (lamenting) through the boisterous Main.
Of ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Lævrygonian* Giants he tells then,
How they destroy'd his Ships and most of's men;
How with one Ship alone he escap'd to Sea.
Next, tells he *Circe's* Charms and Subtilty:
Then how he went to *Phæto's* difmall Gates,
What of *Tiresias* he enquir'd, relates:
How all his Friends and Mother he beheld,
She that him bore and foster'd when a Child:
Next, *Syrens* Charms, *Charybdæ* rocky Cape,
And *Scylla's* Dogs, which seldom any scape:
Then how his men the Sun's fair Cattel slew;
How *Jove* his Vessel up with Lightning blew;
All his Affociats swallow'd in the Sound,
How he escap'd, the Isle *Ogygia* found,

Where

Where fair *Calypso* him to be her Lord
Long courted, treating him at Bed and Board:
That him she would immortal make, she said,
Ne'r to be old; but all would not persuade:
Next how he came to the *Phæacian* Shore;
How him there all did as a God adore;
Of Gold and Garments a rich Present made,
And then by Sea to *Ithaca* convey'd.
As thus he talk'd, Sleep seiz'd him unawares
In golden Chains, which cures Heart-eating Cares.

But *Pallas* then another Plot contriv'd.
When Sleep enough his Spirits had reviv'd,
And his dear Wife's Embraces, Dawn's approach
From Sea she hastens in her golden Coach,
Conveying Light to Mortals. From his Bed
Ulysses rising, to his Queen thus said;

We both have had enough of Grief, my Dear;
Thou in my Absence many Troubles here;
But me the Gods wearied with Woe and Toil,
Crossing my Passage to my Native Soil.
Now since in Bed we former Comforts find,
Next to Domestick Cares let's turn our Mind.
What Sheep the wasting Suitors did consume,
I'll fetch in some to help supply their Room;
The *Græcians* others shall for me provide;
Till all my Coats and Stalls are re-supply'd.
But I must now into the Field, to give
My Father Comfort, who for me doth grieve.
But, dearest Wife, thee I command, although
Thou art Discreet, (for straight the News will go
Of these proud Suitors Slaughter to the Town)
To keep within thy Chamber, nor come down,
Nor see, nor speak with any there. This done,
Forthwith he arms himself, and then his Son,

XX

Æneus,

(c) The *Ciconians* were a people that inhabited *Smirna*, a City of *Thrace*, as we have already seen in the 9. of the *Odyssey*. They were assitient to the *Trojans*, reckon'd up among the *Auxiliaries*.

Εὐφῆμος δ' ἄγγελος ἔκαστος ἦν ἀντιμάρτυρας,
ἵδὼς Τρώων ἀντροπῶν καὶ κτελέων.

Euphemus led the valiant Cicons on,
Grandchild to glorious Ceas, Troizen's Son.

(b) The *Lotophagi* were inhabitants of the Island *Lotophæa*, which lies before the lesser *Syrus*, is call'd, because they fed on the fruit of the *Lotus*-tree, of which there is great abundance in that Isle.

(i) Of these Giants see *Odysseus*. 10. where the Story is deliver'd at large.

Eumæus, and *Philætius* bids prepare,
Like him, in glittering Armour to appear.
All clad themselves in Steel, and soon obey'd :
Whom forth through open'd Gates *Ulysses* led.
Now the Sun rose, but *Pallas* them convey'd
Forth of the City cover'd with a Shade.

HOMER'S



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hermes conducts to *Shades* the *Suitors* Ghosts :
Greek *Heri's* meet them on th' *Infernall* Coasts.
Amphimedon and *Agamemnon* talk.
Laertes found in his own Garden-walk.
A War begins, *Eupitheus* sad Decease.
Pallas, like *Mentor*, makes a lasting Peace.

Ulysses (a) leads to the *Infernall*
Strand (b) The *Suitors*, (c) Ghosts, arm'd with his
golden Wand,
With which he seals up Mortals Eys from Cares,
And opes again, to follow their Affairs.
He leads them on, they after murmuring flock.
As Bats, that in the Belly of a Rock,
When any one drops from their number out,
All fluttering rise, and, Humming, fly about :

X x 2

So

(a) *Mercury* has this Epithet attributed to him from the Mountain *Cyllene* in *Arcadia*, where he was especially worshipped.

(b) *Mercury* was feign'd to pass between *Jupiter* and *Pluto*, fetching Ghosts from the Under-Shadow, and carrying them thither, because he taught that no man came into the World or went out of it without the Divine appointment. Which office we find generally attributed to him by the Poets, *Virgil* *Aeneid* 4.

—hæc animal ille vocat *Oreo*
Pallentes, alias sub tristia *Tartara* mittit :
Dus fumos admittitque, & lumen moris reïgnat.

With this pale Souls from *Erebus* he calls,
And others in sad *Tartarus* intralls :
Sleep causes, and repells ; thats dying Eyes.

So *Hermes* led them muttering through broad waies.
 They reach th' Effluxes of the swelling Seas,
 Then *Leucas* Rock, thence on their Course they keep
 To the *Sun's* Portals, and the Land of Sleep;
 When straight they come into a flow'ry Mead,
 Where, after Death, departed Souls reside.
 Here first the Shades they of *Achilles* found,
Patroclus and *Antilochus* so renown'd,
 And *Ajax*, for his Valour honour'd most,
 Except *Pelides*, of the *Græcian* Host:
 These close about *Achilles* Shade all drew.
 Then *Agamemnon* with his slaughter'd Crew
 Approach'd, who late were by *Ægisthus* slain,
 To whom *Achilles* Shade did thus complain;
Atrides, we suppos'd that thundering *Jove*
 Thee most of all the *Græcian* Chiefs did love;
 Because so many thou didst lead, and such
 As *Troy* subdu'd, where we endur'd so much.
 And wert thou (ah!) so barbarously destroy'd?
 (As none that's born can fullen Fate avoid.)
 Would thou hadst dy'd with Honour in Command,
 And met thy Destiny on the *Pbrygian* Strand:
 Then had the *Græcians* bravely thee interr'd,
 And thou great Glory on thy Son conferr'd:
 But now on thee a sadder Death did seize.

Then he reply'd; Renown'd *Æacides*,
 Thou far from *Greece* fell'st on the *Trojan* Plain,
 Many on both Sides in thy Rescue slain;
 Whilst all with Dust be-rounded thou didst lie,
 Forgetfull of thy *quondam* Chivalrie.
 All day we fought, and had not then giv'n back,
 Had not *Jove* scar'd us with a Thunder-crack.
 Then off we bore thee, lay'd thee on a Bed;
 Bath'd and anointed, on thy Corps we shed

Rivers

Rivers of Tears, and offer'd thee our Hair.
Tbetis with all her Nymphs thither repair:
 (They of our Sorrows to the Sea could hear.)
 Startled thereat our Hearts were full of Fear,
 And we had thence with our whole Navy fled,
 But that old *Nestor*, grave in Counsel, did
 Our Rashness stop, and thus to us did say;
 Fly not for shame, once valiant *Græcians*, stay;
 His Mother, with her Sea-Nymphs in her Train,
 Comes to lament her Off-spring from the Main.

These words straight dissipate our Panick Fears.
 Th'old^(c) Sea-gods daughters, thronging round thy *Hersè*,
 Their Griefs with Cries and Flouds of Tears express,
 Covering thy Corps with an immortal Vest.
 There the nine *Muses* sung alternately
 Thy Funeral-Song, thy wofull Elegy.
 Thou could'st not see an Ey of all were there
 (So sweet, so sad their Notes) without a Tear.
 There seventeen Days and Nights we never slept,
 Whilst both immortal Gods and Mortals wept.
 On th' eighteenth we kindled thy lofty Pyre,
 Casting fat Sheep and Oxen on the Fire;
 And thee imbalmd with Honey and pure Oyl,
 And the God's Vest consum'd upon the Pile.
 Both Horse and Foot, compleatly arm'd, surround
 The crackling Flames, whilst dolefull Cries resound.
 Thy Body burnt, thy^(d) Bones we gather'd up
 I th' Morn, and mix'd them in a golden Cup
 With Wine and Oyl, which Cup thy Mother brought,
 Giv'n her by^(e) *Bacchus*, and by *Vulcan* wrought.

In this promiscuously thy Bones do lie
 With thy *Patroclus* Reliques, and hard by
Antilochus his, whom thou honour'd'st most
 After thou hadst thy dear *Patroclus* lost.

(c) *Nereus*, from whom the Sea-nymphs were call'd *Nereides*.

(d) It was an ancient and long-continued Custom among both *Greeks* and *Romans*, to burn the Bodies of the dead, to put their Ashes into Urns either of Stone or Metall, and to enclose them in their Sepulchres. *Iliad* 23.

'Οὐδ' ἄν ἴδῃς τὰς τοὺς νεκρὸς ἀπὸ τῶν ἀνδρῶν
 ὅπως ἀνακαταβύθῃ, τίς οὐκ ἴδῃς
 ὡς ἔτι.

Ah! in that golden Urn our Reliques
 Lay
 Which thee thy Goldsmith-Maker *Tbetis*
 Gave.
 Soon as the *Alpheus* fell, with Tears and
 Groans
 Thy in a golden Urn enclasp'd his Bones,
 Which wraps in Linen as *Achilles* Tens
 They leaving, next design the Monu-
 ment.

The same we find in use among the
Romans, mentioned by *Tibullus*,

—Non hic mihi Mater,
 Qua legat in mastris ossa perusta fons,
 compared with this of *Ovid* in his
Metamorphosis,

Quidque regis superest una requiescat
 in Urna.

And what the Fire hath left lay in one
 Urn.

(e) This Cup was given *Tbetis* by
Bacchus, for her kind Treatment and
 Reception of him, when, being pur-
 sued by *Lycurgus*, he took Sanctuary
 in the Sea. Which *Vulcan* bestowed
 on *Bacchus* for his Entertainment gi-
 ven him in the Island *Naxos*.

Over

(f) Strabo saies that the Tomb of *Achilles* was extant in his time, at the Promontory *Sigeum*, with a Temple also dedicated to him; the Tombs also of *Patroclus* and *Antilochus*: to all of whom the Inhabitantes of New *Ilium* sacrific'd.

Over your *Ulns* we did a Mountain rear,
All the *Greek* Army rais'd your *ſ* Sepulcher
Near the broad *Helleſpont*; for all to ſee
Are Sailers by, or ſhall hereafter be.
Thy Mother grac'd with Games thy Funeral Rites,
And to rich Prizes our prime Chiefs invites.
I have ſeen many Hero's Obſequies,
And Princes emulous to win the Prize;
But none like thine. Thou would'ſt admire t'have ſeen
What glorious Games the Silver-footed Queen,
Tbetis, propos'd: ſo thy immortal Name
Stands in the Records of eternall Fame.
But what gain'd I by War, baſely my Life
That loſt, return'd, b' *Ægiſthus* and my Wife?

Thus they diſcourſ'd, when the pale Suitors Ghosts
Hermes firſt brought to the Infernall Coaſts.
All wonder'd at them much when near they drew.
Onely *Atrides* *Amphimedon* knew;
For him in *Ithaca* he treated had:

To whom thus firſt pale *Agamemnon* ſaid;
Melanthius Son, who to the Shades hath ſent
You, all Coeivals, Perſons eminent?

None that your handſome *Mein* and Habits ſee
Can judge you leſs then Princes all to be.

Did *Neptune* you with rugged Storms engage,
And ſwallow 'mongſt rough Billows in his Rage?

By plundering *Tories* did you loſe your Lives,
Or fighting for your Country and your Wives?

Pray tell me true, for I was once your Gueſt:
Remember to your Palace I addreſs;

To move *Ulyſſes* there with us to joyn,
And *Menelaus*, on our *ſ* grand Deſign.

A moneth at Sea we ſpent collecting Aid,
But ſoon that City-facker we perſuade.

(*) The Trojan War.

When

When thus *Amphimedon's* Shadow made Reply;

What thou ſpeak'ſt of, all this remember I;

And ſhall to thee our Tragedy relate,

And how we ſuffer'd under cruel Fate.

We long did court abſent *Ulyſſes* Spouſe.

Marriage ſhe promis'd not, nor did reſuſe;

But foſtering in her Breaſt a ſecret Hate,

Our Deaths ſhe plotted by untimely Fate.

But thus her Suitors firſt ſhe did deceive:

She had forſooth a curious Web to weave,

And thus ſaid to us; Though my Lord be dead,

Suſpend your Suit, and urge me not to wed

Till this be wrought, that, when his ſad Fates call,

Muſt ſerve *Laertes* for his Funeral Pall.

So ſhall no *Gracian* Lady me aſperſe,

That I with nought adorn'd his Funeral Hearſe.

Thus did the Queen our eaſie Minds perſuade,

By Night unravelling what by Day ſhe made;

Holding three Summers thus and Winters on.

But when the fourth Year's gliding Sphere begun,

One of her Women her Deſign reveal'd,

And buſie her unweaving we beheld.

Diſcover'd thus, ſhe ends what ſhe begun,

And ſhews it us more glorious then the Sun.

Ill Luck at laſt *Ulyſſes* Home convey'd.

Some time he at his Swine-herd's Cottage ſtaid.

There came his Son *Telemachus* meanwhile,

In a ſtout Ship return'd from ſandy *Pyle*.

Where they, as ſoon as he had thus arriv'd,

Th' unhappy Suitors wofull Deaths contriv'd:

Then to the City came; *Ulyſſes* laſt,

But firſt *Telemachus* to Court did haſt.

Eumais guides *Ulyſſes* ſtrangely dreſt,

Like an old Beggar, in a tatter'd Veſt,

Leaning

Then, near a stately Pear-tree standing, he
Weeping contrives which would the better be ;
His Father to embrace, and straight declare
How he came safe unto his Native Air ;
Or else t'enquire of him, and Questions ask.
The second seems the better-chosen Task,
His Humour first with rugged Terms to try :
Ulysses, this resolv'd, to him drew nigh,
Who, digging round a Plant, hung down his Head :
When to his Father thus *Ulysses* said ;

Old man, thou play'st most skilfully thy part,
That shew'st such Care, such Industry and Art.
No Plant, no Fig-tree, Olive, Vine, nor Pear,
But both in rank and file well-order'd are.
Yet let me tell thee, (and thy Anger spare)
Upon thy self thou spend'st but little Care,
Who, by Old-age so very much decay'd,
Thus meanly go'st, and art so ill array'd.
That thee thy Master in such Weeds doth cloath,
Sure 'tis long of thy Negligence and Sloath.
But now I mind, methinks thou bear'st a Grace,
A portly Body, and a Kingly Face.
Why dost not bath, feed high, and take thy Rest ?
For soft Repose is for the Aged best.

But, Old man, tell me, and the Truth impart :
Whose Garden keep'st thou ? and whose Servant art ?
And one word more, inform thou me, I pray,
If I'm in *Ithaca*, as on the way
A simple Rustick told me, whom I met ;
But not a word could out o'th' Fellow get
About a Friend, whether he live and breath,
Or be descended to the House of Death.
Pray listen, Sir, and well me understand,
Is one I treated in my Native Land :

Not

Not any Guest did e're to me resort
Found kinder Entertainment in my Court.
He told me he was born in *Ithaca* ;
Laertes was his Father, he did say.
When to my House himself he first address'd,
I led him in, though I had many a Guest ;
And hospitable Gifts (such as I could)
Presented him, ten Talents of pure Gold,
A silver Goblet graven and refin'd,
Twelve Tap'stry pieces, twelve fair Vests well lin'd,
As many Robes and Mantles for his Wear,
And four young Damfels, all well bred and fair,
Which he himself selected from the rest.
His Father, weeping, thus himself express'd ;

Stranger, thou art arrived at the Coast
Of which thou dost inquire, a Place much crost,
Since here unjust and wicked People sway.
What-e're thou gav'st him was but thrown away.
But hadst thou found him living here, he would
Have made a fair Return, as well he could :
For he was just, and scorn'd ungratefull Shifts,
And would have loaden thee with equal Gifts.
But, good Sir, say, and do not me deceive ;
How long is't since your Friend you did receive ?
He was my Son, though most Unfortunate,
Whom, far from Friends, his Countrey and Estate,
Or Fishes have devoured in the Sea,
Or Beasts and Birds a-shore have made their Prey :
Nor could his Parents weep upon his Herfe,
Nor his dear Wife (whom Fame could ne'r asperse)
Deplore him dying, nor close up his Eys,
Which is an Honour due to Obsequies.
But farther yet, Sir, let me you engage,
To tell me both your Land and Parentage.

Y y 2

Where

(v) *Nericus* is the ancient name of the Island *Lencas*, which *Strabo* calls *Ἰνσουλὴ Νερικῆ*, which at first was a *Peninsula* under the Command of the *Acarnanians*, but afterwards made an Island by the industry of the *Corinthians*; call'd *Lencas*, from *Lencadins* the Brother of *Penelope*.

Those Suitors I my self had all destroy'd,
And thou, my Son, a glad some Heart enjoy'd.

Thus they discours'd amongst themselves: meanwhile
The Rusticks come from their agrestick Toil.
Supper prepar'd, they down in order sat
On several Seats, and fall unto their Meat.
Straight *Dolius* and his Sons enter the Hall,
Hard-wrought: the old *Sicilian* did them call,
Who special Care of him and his still took,
And well to *Dolius* in his Age did look.
When they *Ulysses* saw, and knew, they all
Stood wonder-struck like Statues in the Hall.
To whom *Ulysses* in kind Language said;

Father, sit down, and be not so dismay'd;
Fall to your Supper now, no time neglect:
We long stay'd for you, long did you expect.
Dolius, this said, no longer wond'ring stands,
But, to *Ulysses* running, kist his Hands,
And thus o're-joy'd unto his Master spoke;
Sir, You are come, for whom we long did look.
Some God sure brought you to your Native Soil.
Welcome: the Gods to Joy turn former Toil.
Knows, Sir, *Penelope* that you are here?
If not, let me the joyfull Message bear.

When thus *Ulysses* said; Old man, she knows;
Fall to thy Victuals, and no time now loose.
This said, down sat he in his polish'd Seat.
Whilst *Dolius* Sons about *Ulysses* get,
And his Hands kissing, thence they straight retire,
And sit in order near their aged Sire.

Thus they at Supper sat, whilst flying Fame
Did through the Town the Suitors Deaths proclaim.
Soon as they heard, together all resort,
And sighing went up to *Ulysses* Court.

Then

Then they some Bodies carrying forth interr.
To other Cities some transported were
In Fisher-men, who home their Bodies sent.
Which done, they all to Consultation went.
When they, conven'd, a full Court did make,
Eupitbes rose, and to the Meeting spake:
(His Heart for's Son ready with Grief to burst,
Antinous, whom *Ulysses* slaughter'd first, Cheeks;).
These words he spake, Tears trickling down his

Strange things *Ulysses* has done for the *Greeks*.
He lanch'd a Royal Navy from our Coast,
Mann'd with brave Men, and Men and Ships hath lost;
And now return'd hath our prime Princes slain.
But ere for *Elis*, where th' *Epeans* reign,
Or *Pyle* he make, let's his Escape prevent,
Or else for ever we may all repent.
'Twill be Reproach in after-times, if you
Punish not those your Sons and Brothers slew.
I shall in Life no longer pleasure have,
But with Grief loaden sink into my Grave.
Let us his Transportation straight prevent.

This said, they all the Business much resent:
When to the Council *Medon* did resort,
And *Pheimus* with him, from *Ulysses* Court.
These standing in the midst, all were dismay'd;
When *Medon* thus to the great Council said;

You *Ithacans*, give Ear awhile to me.
Ulysses did this by the Gods Decree.
For while 'twas acting I espy'd a God,
Who, like old *Mentor*, at his Elbow stood,
Infusing Courage in him, and withall
Urging the Suitors forward to their Fall.

These words the general Concourse much dismay'd:
When thus the Hero *Alciberes* said;

(For

For onely he fore-saw this rising Storm,
 And gravely thus their Judgments did inform)
 You *Ithacans*, now hear what I'll relate :
 You are the Cause of their untimely Fate.
Mentor and Me you scorn'd, when You we chid,
 Would not the Madnes of your Sons forbid,
 Who such unjust Wrongs offer'd in his House,
 Wasting his State, misusing's vertuous Spouse ;
 But his Return, they never dream'd of that.
 Let me advise you ; Lay aside your Plot,
 Oppose him not, lest worser you betide.

This said, the greater part th' Advice decry'd,
 And clamouring rush together, nothing sway'd
 By the last Speech, but what *Eupitbes* said.
 So Arming straight, they their Design pursue,
 And forth in glittering Regiments all drew.
Eupitbes the ill-tutour'd Squadrons led ;
 Reveng'd he for his Son would be, he said :
 But there he fell, and ne'r return'd again.
 When thus to *Jove* *Minerva* did complain ;

O thou who govern'st all, so favour me,
 That I may know thy undisclos'd Decree :
 A lingring War design'st thou in that Isle ?
 Or wilt thou else both Parties reconcile ? (mask
 Then He who oft Heav'n with black Clouds doth
 Said ; Daughter, why such Questions dost thou ask ?
 What-er'e thou hast design'd ne'r prov'd in vain.
 Hath not *Ulysses* all the Suitors slain ?
 Do as thou wilt ; let now all Quarrels cease,
 And let them joyn in everlasting Peace.
 Those being punish'd, let him alwaies reign.
 They shall forget their dear Relations slain,
 And, as before, in blessed Union joyn,
 Where Peace and Riches shall with Justice shine.

This

This said, he sends ready *Minerva* down :
 She darts like Lightning from *Olympus* Crown.

When they with Meat and Drink were well fill'd,
Ulysses thus the Company advis'd ;

Go one, and see if any draw this way.
 Straight *Dolius* Son, as bidden, did obey :
 And he a Party marching tow'rs them saw,
 Then shouts ; *Ulysses*, arm, they near us draw.
 This said, themselves they for the Fight prepare.
Ulysses four, six Sons had *Dolius* there.

With these *Laertes* and old *Dolius* arm.
 Age don't exempt when sudden's the Alarm.
 When all in compleat Steel the King beheld,
 Through open Gates he draws into the Field.
 To them, like *Mentor*, the Celestial Maid
 Conjoyns her self : at which *Ulysses* glad
 Says to his Son ; Thou wilt in this Contest
 Be try'd : it will be seen who does the best.
 But do not thou thy Ancestors disgrace,
 Who ne'r in Valour gave to any place.

Then he reply'd ; Dear Father, you shall see,
 I neither shall dishonour them nor thee.
 At this *Laertes*, much rejoycing, said ;

You Gods, I hear that now which makes me glad,
 My Grandchild vying Valour with my Son.
 Then to *Laertes* *Pallas* thus begun ;

O *Arcefiades*, when thou hast pray'd
 To *Jove* and his fair Daughter, th' Heavenly Maid,
 Then throw thy Lance. This said, he makes his Prayer.
 She gives him Strength, and he first throws his Spear,
 Which pierc'd *Eupitbes* Cask and Skull. To ground
 Th' old Hero falls, his rattling Arms resound.
 In rush *Ulysses* and his valiant Son,
 And at them with their Swords and Javelins run.

And

And with great Slaughter they had slain them all,
Had not *Minerva* stopp'd them with this Call :
Hold, you *Ithacans*, from War abstain,
No more Bloud be shed, no more be slain.
Thus *Pallas* laid, and Fear surpriz'd them all,
And from their trembling Hands their Javelins fall
Upon the Ground, and, at her Voice agast,
To save their Lives they make toth' Town in hast.
Ulysses follow'd close the routed Crew,
And after them like a swift Eagle flew.
Then *Jove* at them his dreadfull Thunder shot,
Which lighted just before *Minerva's* Foot :
When to *Ulysses* thus the Goddess saies ;
Jove's Off-spring, stand, stand, *Laertiades* ;
No farther in this War do thou engage,
Lest thus displeasing *Jove*, thou him enrage.
The King at *Pallas* Threatnings makes a stand,
And joyfully obeys the Maid's Command.
Pallas, like *Mentor*, as she had design'd,
Thus them again in happy Peace conjoyn'd.

FINIS.
